April 18, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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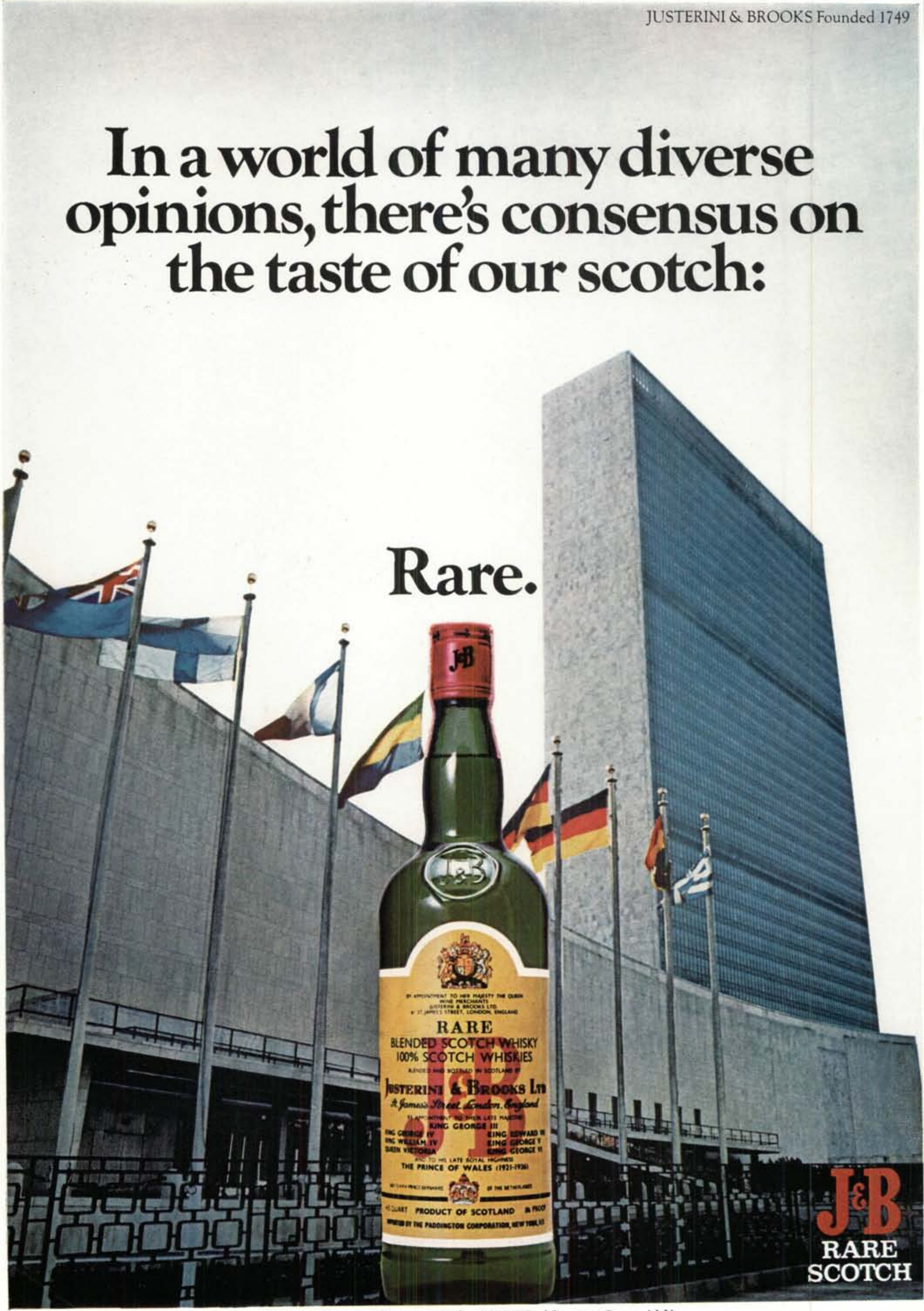
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—A garrulous melodrama about some small-time crooks in Chicago. The author is David Mamet, and the brilliant cast consists of Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Anna Christie—A limited engagement of a revival of Eugene O'Neill's play, with Liv Ullmann, John Lithgow, Mary McCarty, and Robert Donley. Directed by José Quintero. Previews Wednesday, April 13. Opens officially on Thursday, April 14. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Annie—A musical based on the comic strip "Little Orphan Annie," with a book by Thomas Meehan, music by Charles Strouse, and lyrics by Martin Charnin. Andrea McArdle is in the title role. Directed by Mr. Charnin. Previews through Wednesday, April 20. Opens officially on Thursday, April 21. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Penelope Allen as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—A seven-week engagement of the Theatre Company of Boston's revival of David Rabe's play, starring Al Pacino. David Wheeler is the director. Opens Friday, April 15. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cold Storage—Most of the action of Ronald Ribman's comedy about suffering takes place on the roof of a hospital, and most of the funniest lines are delivered, with masterly skill and relish, by Martin Balsam, as a terminal-cancer patient. With Paul Sparer and Michael Lipton. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 24.)

Dirty Linen—Tom Stoppard's playlet, which ought never to have left Mother England. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Endgame—A revival of the Samuel Beckett play. Gene Feist is the director. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Joseph Kesselring's comedy **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE** will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, April 13. Opens on Thursday, April 14, and will run through Sunday, April 24. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A revival, with Zero Mostel, of what is evidently an indestructible musical. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

Hagar's Children—This play by Ernest Joselovitz about the effects of kindness and affection on five "unmanageable" adolescents at a correctional farm is sentimental and riddled with hokum, but it makes an acceptable evening, all the same, mostly because of the sincere and credible performances by the young cast, under Robert Graham Small's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A musical based on a Parisian comedy by Luis Rego. Michael Stewart wrote the book and lyrics, Cy Coleman composed the score, and the cast includes Lenny Baker, Joanna Gleason, Ilene Graff, and James Naughton. Directed by Gene Saks. Previews Wednesday evening through Saturday eve-

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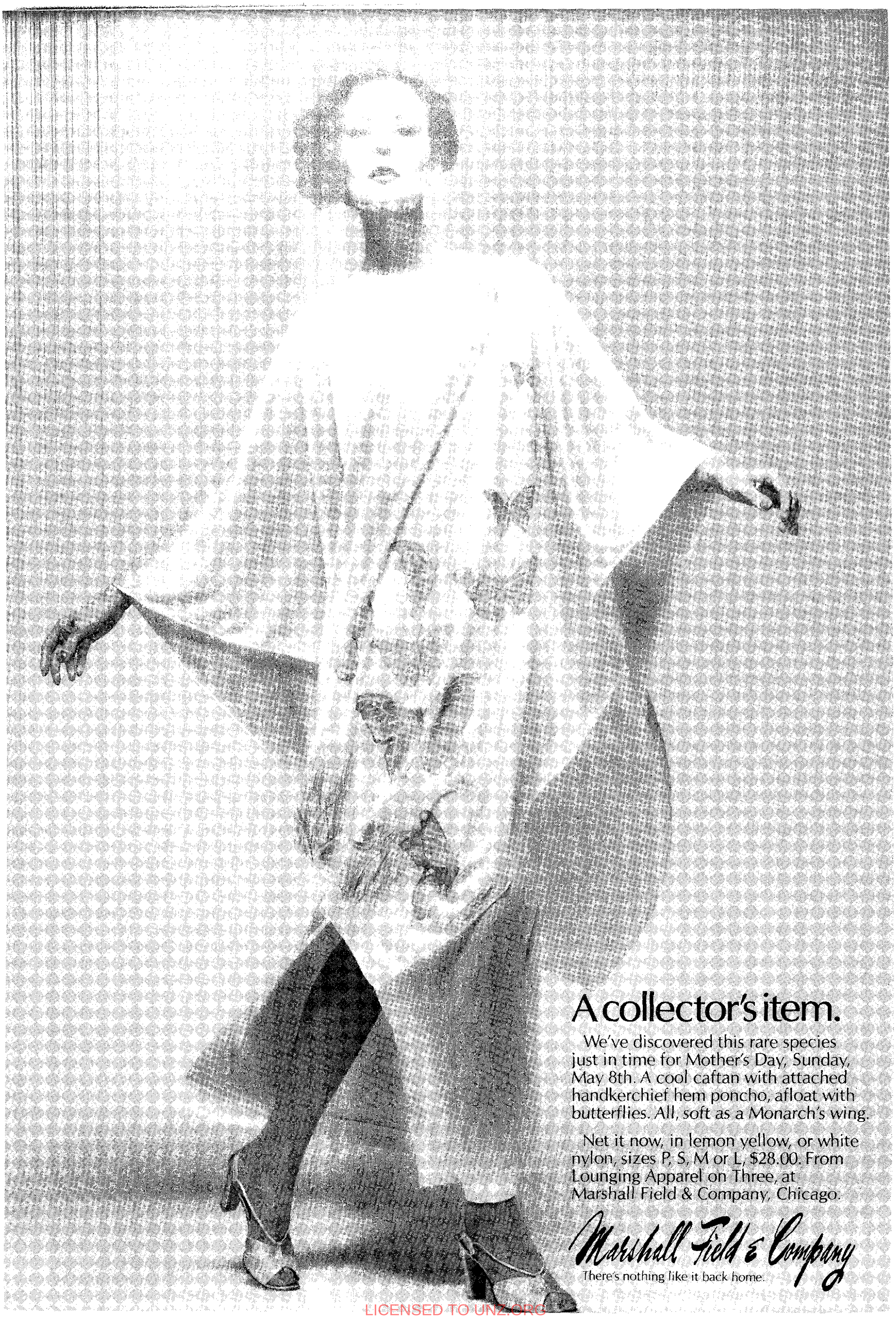

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ning, April 13-16. Opens officially on Sunday, April 17. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, April 14, at 2.)

JOCKEYS—A play by Frank Spiering and Milton Katselas. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

JULES FEIFFER'S HOLD ME!—A revue—entertaining more often than not—adapted from comic strips that Mr. Feiffer has drawn and written over the past twenty years. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LADIES AT THE ALAMO—Estelle Parsons, Eileen Heckart, Rosemary Murphy, Susan Peretz, and Jan Farrand in a play about bitchy women struggling to preserve professional and personal status. The author is Paul Zindel, and the director is Frank Perry. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LILY TOMLIN IN "APPEARING NITELY"—Miss Tomlin does impersonations and tells homely jokes à la Will Rogers, but the performer continuously and exhilaratingly outwits the performance. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays, and Friday, April 15, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, April 22, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MONSTERS—Two one-acters. William Dews' "Side Show" is a harsh Grand Guignol comedy about a pair of Siamese twins, cleverly played by Robert Drivas and Richard De Fabees. Albert Innaurato's "The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie" is about a hugely fat boy and, later, man who is "eating himself to death" to the bafflement and disgust of his unloving family. James Coco gives the performance of his career in the title role, and Rosemary De Angelis is wonderful, too, as Benno's sharp-tongued, embittered mother. The play, while not for the squeamish, is both funny and tragic. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

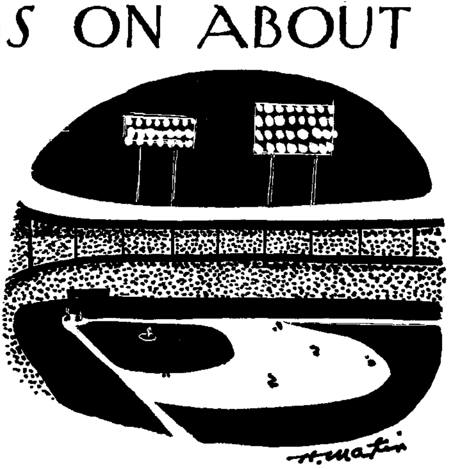
MUMMENSCHANZ—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NIGHTCLUB CANTATA—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED—Tom Courtenay is the star of Simon Gray's comedy about a London publisher who asks less of life than life is determined to give him. An able cast backs up Mr. Courtenay, under the direction of Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A PARTY WITH BETTY COMDEN AND ADOLPH GREEN—A happy evening of song and skits. The hosts provide the audience with everything except a good-night kiss. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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ROMEO AND JULIET—Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright star in this scrupulous, uninspired production of Shakespeare's romantic tragedy. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SHADOW BOX—An impressive Broadway début by a young playwright named Michael Cristofer. The subject of his play is the difficulty in our society of facing the intolerable fact that we die; contrary to what one might expect, the play is not in the least a gloomy one. The superb cast has been ably directed by Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM—An entertainment made up of Stephen Sondheim's music (mostly) and lyrics. Imported from London with the original cast—Millicent Martin, Julie N. McKenzie, David Kernan, and Ned Sherrin, who also directed. Previews Wednesday evening, April 13, through Sunday matinée, April 17, at 3. Opens officially on Monday, April 18. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, April 19, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, April 21, at 2.)

SLY FOX—A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, John Heffernan, and Trish Van Devere. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

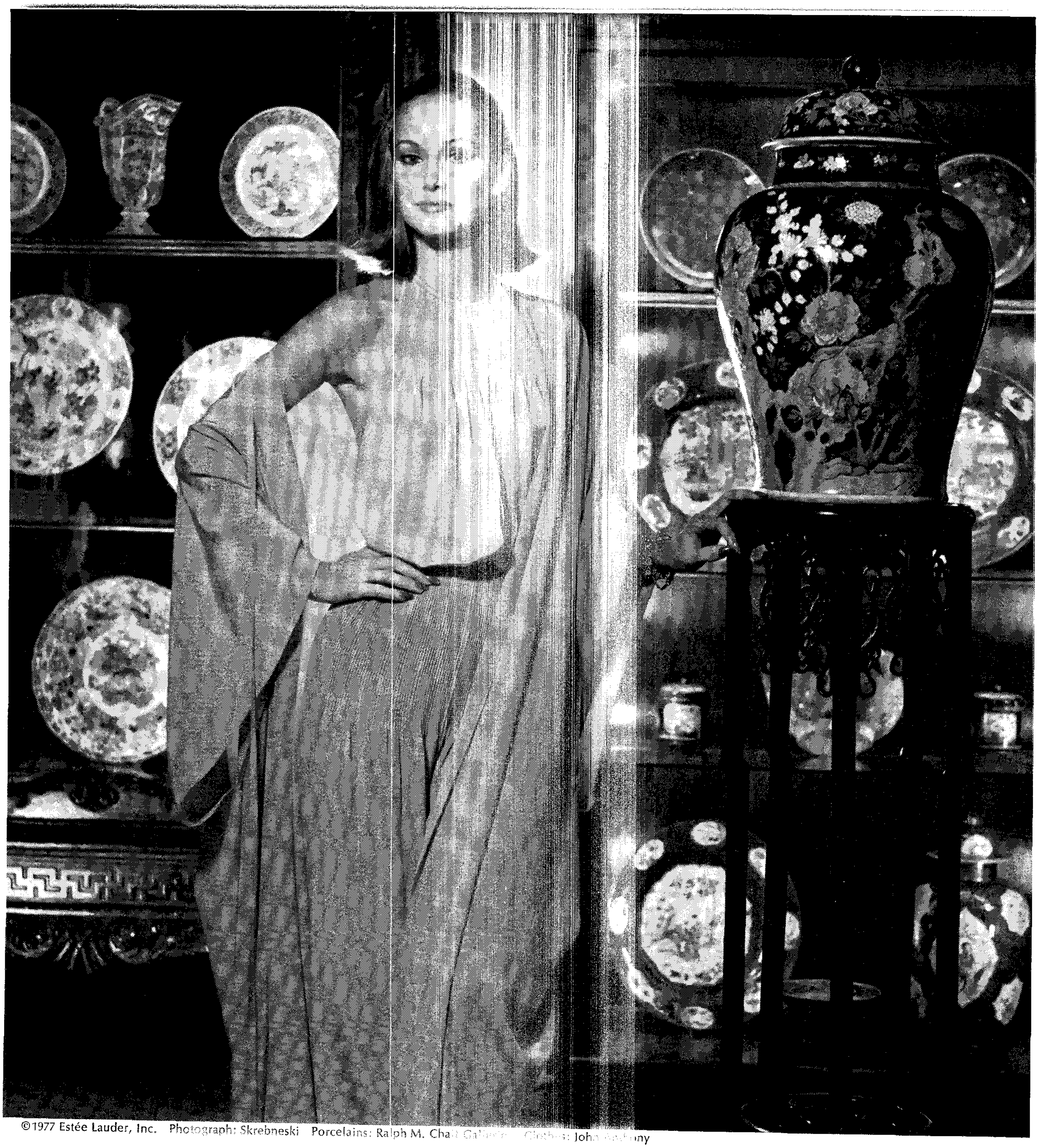
STARTING HERE, STARTING NOW—The agreeable songs of Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics) and David Shire (music), as very well sung, with a minimum of performance, by Margery Cohen, Loni Ackerman, and George Lee Andrews. It all adds up to an evening of tuneful merriment that is more cabaret than theatre. (Barbarann, 349 W. 46th St. 581-3866. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

STATUES, EXHIBITION, and THE BRIDGE AT BELHARBOUR—Three two-character, one-act plays by Janet Neipris. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 24.)

THÉÂTRE DE LA VILLE—This company from Paris, appearing here for the first time, in a thirteen-performance engagement of Giraudoux's play "La Guerre de Troie N'Aura Pas Lieu" (known here as "Tiger at the Gates"). With Jean-Pierre Aumont, Anny Duperey, and José-Maria Flotats; directed by Jean Mercure. Opens Wednesday, April 20, and will run through Saturday, April 30. Simultaneous-translation sets will be available. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD—A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

LONG RUNS—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Tammy Grimes, Kenneth Haigh, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, April 17, at 7:30.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Beverly May. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,065 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Don



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Murray, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO** and **DUCK VARIATIONS:** David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. The first deals with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents, the second with the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 17.)... **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is William Chapman. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BROADWAY IN CONCERT—Three musicals in concert form. For openers: Madeline Kahn, Rita Moreno, George Rose, Laurence Guittard, and Barry Bostwick in **SHE LOVES ME** (book by Joe Masteroff, music by Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick). Through Sunday, April 17.... ¶ Richard Kiley in **KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY** (book and lyrics by Maxwell Anderson and music by Kurt Weill) will open Tuesday, April 19, and run through Sunday, May 8. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE CIRCUS—The hundred-and-seventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's circus. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, April 13-14, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday, April 15, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; Wednesday, April 20, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 21, at 10:30 and 7:30; and Friday, April 22, at 1:30 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of an eight-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 11—Monday and Tuesday evenings, April 18-19, and Saturday matinée and evening, April 23: "Swan Lake." ... ¶ Wednesday through Friday evenings, April 20-22: "La Bayadère," "Pillar of Fire," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

PEARL LANG DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, April 13, at 7:30: A new, unnamed work; "Piece for Brass;" and "Shira."... ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8, and Sunday, April 17, at 6:30: "Prologue," "I Never Saw Another Butterfly," "Lamentations of Jeremiah," "A Seder Night," and "Kaddish."... ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: "Prairie Steps," "Piece for Brass," and the new work.... ¶ Sunday, April 17, at 2: The new work, "I Never Saw Another Butterfly," and "Shira." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

LOUIS FALCO DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, April 13, at 8, and Saturday, April 16, at 2 and 8: "Hero," "The Sleepers," and "Champagne." ... ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 8: "B-Mine," "Two Penny Portrait," and "Caviar." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160.)

EDWARD VILLELLA DANCE COMPANY—Appearing for a single performance. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, April 17, at 3.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY—An eight-performance engagement—Monday, April 18, at 8 (preview), and Tuesday, April 19, at 7 (benefit opening): "Ritmo Jondo," "Landscapes" (company première), "Cassandra," and "Psalm."... ¶ Wednesday, April 20, at 8, and Thursday, April 21, at 2: "Choreographic Offering," "Phantasmagoria," and "The Green Table" (company première).... ¶ Thursday, April 21, at 8: "Air for the G String," "Two Ecstatic Themes," "The Shakers," "Landscapes," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Friday, April 22, at 8: "Ritmo Jondo," "The Wingèd," and "The Emperor Jones."... ¶ Saturday, April 23, at 2: "Psalm," "The Wingèd," and "The Emperor Jones."... ¶ Saturday, April 23, at 8: "Air for the G String," "Two Ecstatic Themes," "The Shakers," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Psalm." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160.)

LES BALLETS TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 13, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Les Oiseaux d'Or," "The Dying Swan," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," and "Ecole de Ballet."... ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8: "Giselle," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "The Dying Swan," and "Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet."... ¶ Friday, April 15, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "Les Oiseaux d'Or," "Isadora in Bayreuth," and "Don Quixote."... ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 2: "Les Sylphides," "Spring Waters," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," "Pas de Quatre," and "Don Quixote."... ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," "Go for Barocco," and "Ecole de Ballet."... ¶ Sunday, April 17, at 3: "Giselle," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," "The Dying Swan," and "Go for Barocco." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

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BABY JANE DEXTER (Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. 473-9367. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.)—Bessie Smith, Janis Joplin, Kate Smith, Mahalia Jackson, Big Maybelle—all are summoned up, aurally and/or visually, by Baby Jane Dexter, a trumpeting, growling contralto, whose sins and virtues come in an equal mix. Sins first: Her diction is, in the current mode, either mushy or extravagant (part of "Stormy Weather" came out "Galoom and miseray everyware"); she paces her songs poorly and clutters the spaces between them with ungainly monologues; and her repertory is hung largely on the cardboard bones of Dylan and Randy Newman. Her virtues: She has a strong, pure voice, which she can flick in an instant from a pianissimo to a fortissimo; her intonation is flawless and she is already a jazz singer; and she has superabundant juice and pep. Reshaped and redirected, she could move easily down the swinging path that Janis Joplin was aimed at. Her accompanists—**BILL SCHNEIDER** on piano, **JOHN CARUSO** on bass, and **CHRIS ADAMS** on drums—are excellent, but, as has been noted here before, the piano at the Ballroom is absurd; its upper registers are so out of tune that they *attack*.

•

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The proprietor of this ground-floor loft is Rashied Ali, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. Saxophonist James Vass heads up a quartet through Saturday, April 16. On Tuesday, April 19, **PHILLY JOE JONES,** who is best known for his work with Miles Davis in the fifties and who is still a robust drummer, will bring in his quartet. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY,** a spirited, head-turning big noise (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Many of the numerous soloists are impressive; Foster has stated that he hires only players who are able to solo—"I don't want people who can read, I want people who can *play*." They play. Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—**BABY JANE DEXTER** (see above) is here Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

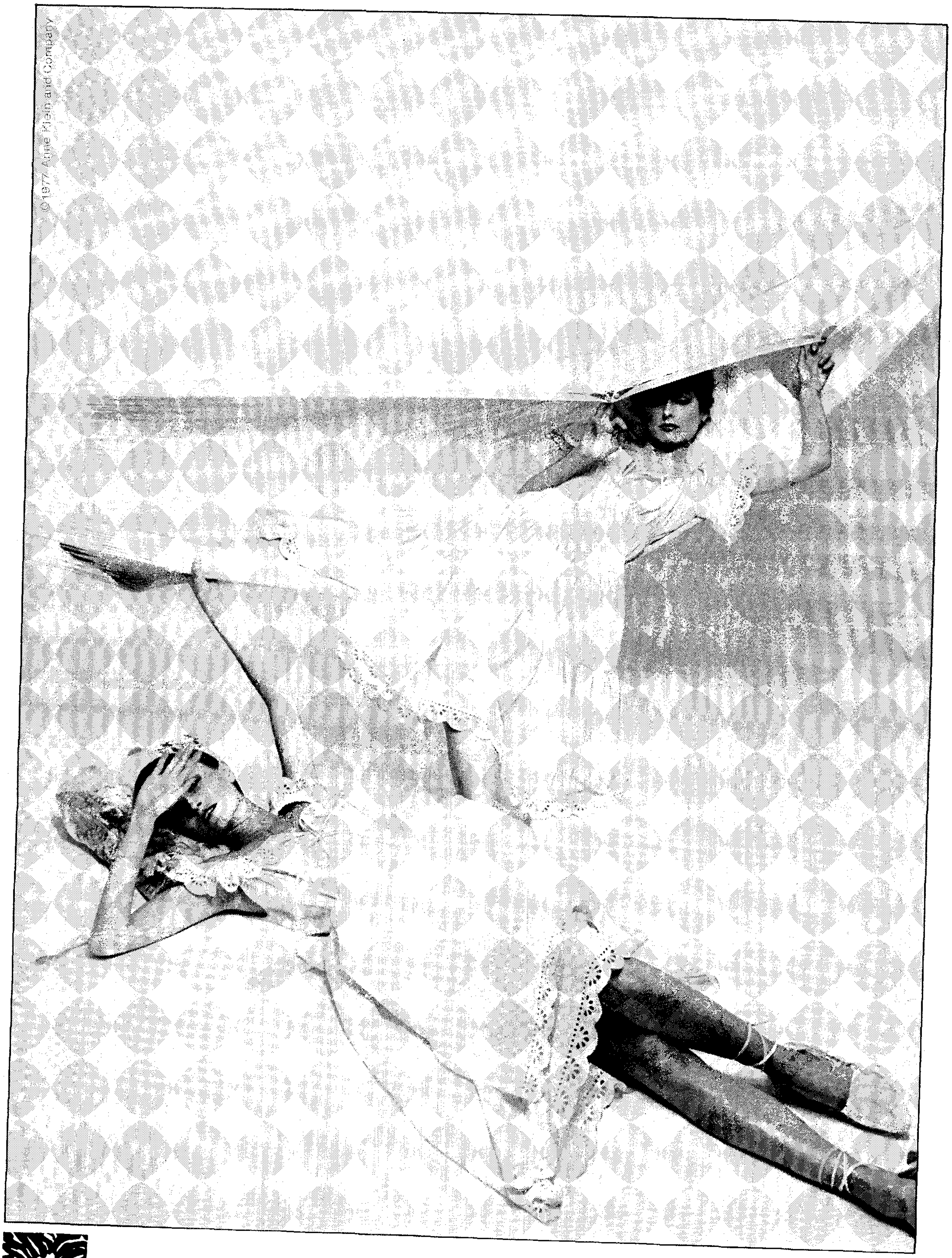
BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Pianist Ray Bryant performs in the picture-window music corner through Saturday, April 16; on Wednesday, April 20, pianist **SAMMY PRICE,** who used to lead the Texas Blusicians (a recording-studio group of the forties that included Lester Young), and who remains the pride of Honey Grove, Texas (where he was born in 1908), will take charge. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Pianist John Hicks fronts a trio on Wednesday, April 13; Thursday through Saturday, April 14-16, saxophonist Houston Person and singer Etta Jones work with an authentic, if lethargic, R. & B. trio; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19-20, pianist Sonelius Smith will bring along a trio; and on Thursday, April 21, trumpeter **DANNY MOORE'S** quintet will take over. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—It's a varied lineup, all right: singer and guitarist José Feliciano will perform opposite revivalist singer Cathy Chamberlain and her band on Friday and Saturday, April 15-16; on Sunday, April 17, British folkie Ralph McTell will be here; on Monday, April 18, the Four Seasons and Frankie Valli will make a Bottom Line début; on Tuesday, April 19, guitar wiz Dicky Betts, who made the Allman Brothers Band sound like peaches and cream for years, will be here with his own band; on Wednesday, April 20, Elliott Murphy and his group will perform one night of fine, sturdy rock; and on Thursday, April 21, keyboard jazz-rock activist George Duke will begin a four-night visit. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—right now it's **JIMMY ROWLES,** one of the house favorites, and his bassist—and patrons who like to talk. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH



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Summer seen through fresh eyelets. By Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Company. Your personal fashion statement, communicated in an *unmistakable* manner. Anne Klein & Company, 205 West 39th Street, New York.

4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** does traditional and very exuberant interpretations of classic popular songs, aided by his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper. . . . **TEDDY WILSON**, the restrained, elegant pianist who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty-odd years, does wonderfully by himself, too. He's in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Chung Kuo Yuan, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—*The* Kansas City blues singer **JOE TURNER** has come back for an extended stay, and he's treating his young and old admirers to "Honey Hush," "Cherry Red," "An Hour in Your Garden," and "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," to name a few. With him are pianist **LLOYD GLENN**, the where-have-you-been-all-my-life blues and boogie-woogie marvel, and rhythm guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT**. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, April 19, soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** will sit in with the regulars. Sunday, April 17, Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss will begin smiling at eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Good things do come in small packages: five nights a week—Wednesday through Sunday, from ten to three—genuine swing music prevails inside this tiny bar. **BROOKS KERR**, the twenty-five-year-old stride stylist and instigator of the swing revival; drummer **SONNY GREER**, an eighty-one-year-old former Ellington associate (they started hanging out together in 1919); and clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-eight and an ex-Ellington section man, are the players. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. On Sunday, April 17, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will join up with pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** and bassist Earl May from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Pianist Monty Alexander leads a trio Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is supported five nights a week by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. **PEE WEE ERWIN** will come in to take Eldridge's place for a week, beginning Friday, April 15. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MCALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to two. Dinner.

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Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOE VENUTI**, the great jazz violinist, is constructively accompanied by pianist **JOHN BUNCH**, bassist **MILT HINTON**, and **ERNIE HACKETT**, the late cornettist's son, on drums. Through Saturday, April 16. **RED NORVO**, the father of the vibraharp, will arrive with a quartet on Tuesday, April 19. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Dan Hill, a young message-laden folkie from Toronto, performs through Sunday, April 17; on Wednesday, April 20, the Alessi Brothers, who are twins, will come in to play rock and roll. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra that plays for dancing and listening Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**ANDREA MARCOVICCI**, a wonderful surprise of a young singer, is as unaffected and seems as sure of herself as if she were at Balducci's buying a head of lettuce. She's about as far from the school of brooding cabaret emotionalism as Joan Baez. Although she's considerably broader than Baez, Marcovicci was once a guitar-wielding folksinger herself, before recent successes at this club and as a television and movie actress (she was in "The Front"), and her voice is deep, rich, and subtle, more evocative of "Long Black Veil" than of "Send In the Clowns." Her flawlessly paced repertoire includes "Life on Mars," by David Bowie; "You Don't Know Me," an Eddie Arnold relic from the fifties; "The Lover's Latin Lament," by a young New York composer, Bruce Roberts; and "Drift Away," a well-preserved five-year-old rock standard. Marcovicci stuns her audiences with the seemingly effortless way she puts over songs, and with her appearance—in a dress of white flounces, she looks like a fresh-faced girl from the country. She was brought up on East 54th Street. Through Saturday, April 16. On Sunday, April 17, soul singer Gerri Griffin will be here, and on Tuesday, April 19, singer Barbara Cook will arrive. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining.

PIPES
TOBACCO
KEYS
KEY

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. **ILLINOIS JACQUET**, the flame-throwing tenor saxophonist, leads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **GIL EVANS**, pianist, composer, and guru to his young associates, directs a twelve-piece band. Music from ten to two-thirty. On Monday, April 18, from six to nine, the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences will present two student ensembles, one from the University of Bridgeport, the other from the University of New Hampshire.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—The **NEW CALIFORNIA RAMBLERS** are here Tuesdays, and they are probably the best of all the repertory groups. The splendid personnel includes **RICHARD SUDHALTER** on cornet (he is the leader, too) and the magisterial **JIMMY MAXWELL** on trumpet, a reed section of **SAM PARKINS**, **AL GALLODORO**, and **EDDIE BAREFIELD**, and a rhythm section of **MARTY GROSZ** on guitar, **VINCE GIORDANO** on tuba, bass, and bass saxophone, and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**, who was there when Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver and Armstrong were putting it all together. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts. Wednesdays and Thursdays, altoist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth hearing, guides his nonet through tunes by Lennie Tristano, trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER** (who's in the band), and himself, plus an obligatory Chick Corea number and an occasional sidearm curve, such as Louis Armstrong's 1926 "Cornet Chop Suey" solo (transcribed for ensemble play). Fridays and Saturdays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** and trumpeter **DANNY STILES** co-pilot a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**CHARLES SULLIVAN**, one of the best young trumpet players around, leads a quartet through Saturday, April 16. On Tuesday, April 19, keyboardist Mike Nock's quartet will begin supporting alto saxophonist **CHARLIE MARIANO**. On Mondays, **BOB MOVER**, an awesome contemporary alto saxophonist in his early twenties, is here with a quintet. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—This small, inoffensive cabaret draws hip, offbeat, music-hall-inspired original talent, such as **MILLSENBLUM**, a singing and song-writing duo from the Catskills. Galen Blum, a comfortably dishevelled-looking woman, is a funny and theatrical singer with a good voice; her partner, David Mills, accompanies her with guitar chords and a big grin. Much of their act is loose and improvisational; they tend to put out at every performance. They're present Sundays through Tuesdays at ten and midnight. Singer Helen Schneider performs Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG**, play in the bar Wednesdays from nine-fifteen to midnight. Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, **LARRY CORYELL** and **ARCHIE SHEPP** will share the facilities with their respective groups; and on the following weekend (Friday and Saturday, April 22-23) **CECIL TAYLOR** and **ANTHONY BRAXTON**, who are both six-million-dollar new-jazz virtuosos, will trade sets. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Trumpeter **WOODY SHAW**, who grows in stature every year, leads an ensemble through Thursday, April 14; on Friday, April 15, **BETTY CARTER**, a tightrope-walker of

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BORGHESE
BORGHESE
BORGHESE

Lord & Taylor
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Princess Marcella Borghese
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a singer, will perform with the John Hicks trio. Carter will be on hand nightly except Mondays, which are **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Nearly all the music is pre-fifties jazz in this the Columbia University branch of the Jazz Hall of Fame. The M. V. P.s: Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams is responsible for a quartet; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet: Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, George Kelly, who played with the Savoy Sultans in the forties, leads a group called the Jazz Sultans; Saturday and Sunday, April 16-17, and Thursday and Friday, April 21-22, **TINY GRIMES**, the four-string Charlie Christian disciple, heads up a trio; and Saturday and Sunday, April 23-24, Countsmen such as **EARLE WARREN, BUDDY TATE, PAUL QUINICHETTE,** and others will perform. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 13, at 5:45: **CARMEL QUINN.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 20, at 5:45: **BHASKAR—DANCES OF INDIA.**

LOFT JAZZ—New music and new jazz in Spartan surroundings. Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. (777-8656, 473-9936). Friday, April 15: **SHELLY RUSTEN TRIO.** . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16: **HAMIET BLUIETT DUO.** . . . ¶ Friday, April 22: **SHELLY RUSTEN TRIO.** . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23: **SUNNY MURRAY** and **BYARD LANCASTER.** (Performances at 9 and 11.) . . . Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St., near Broadway (677-9728). Wednesday, April 13: **BENNIE WALLACE.** . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14: **ROYAL BLUE.** . . . ¶ Friday, April 15: **SONELIUS SMITH.** . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16: **SAM BROWN** and **ART JENKINS.** . . . ¶ Sunday, April 17: **NDIKHO XABA AND THE NATIVES.** . . . ¶ Monday, April 18: **PALACE ALL-STARS (WITH RICHIE COLE).** . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 19: **JEMEEL MOONDOC ENSEMBLE.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 20: **CLIFFORD JORDAN.** . . . ¶ Thursday, April 21: **BILLY LYLES.** . . . ¶ Friday, April 22: **DIZZY REESE ENSEMBLE.** . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23: **GENIE SHERMAN.** (Performances weeknights at 8 and Sundays at 4.)

NILS LOFGREN and **38 SPECIAL**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

DAVID MURRAY—The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Friday, April 15, at 8:30.

ANGEL and **PIPER**—Palladium. Saturday, April 16, at 9:30.

ROD LEVITT OCTET—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, April 17, at 2, 3, and 4.

BILL MONROE AND THE BLUEGRASS BOYS and **THE WRETCHED REFUSE STRING BAND**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, April 17, at 7 and 10. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

CHUCK MANGIONE QUARTET AND ORCHESTRA—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, April 17, at 8.

MARY LOU WILLIAMS AND CECIL TAYLOR—A concert of new music. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Sunday, April 17, at 8:30.)

BOSTON—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, April 19, at 8.

STEVE ALLEN—With Terry Gibbs and his orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall, Friday, April 22, at 8.)

TEDDY PENDERGRASS—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 22, at 8.

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III—With Mose Allison. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. 598-3757. Friday, April 22, at 8.)

NATIONAL JAZZ ENSEMBLE—Chuck Israels conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Mike Brecker. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, April 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BERNARD AND FRANÇOIS BASCHET—The flowerlike petals of these large stainless-steel sculptures serve as sounding boards for their various glass and metal sonic devices, which give off astonishing chords when rubbed or strummed. Through April 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

AL BLAUSTEIN—Figurative paintings and sketches of objects—paint boxes, easels—around the artist's studio. Through Friday, April 15. (ML Gallery, 58 E. 79th St.)

DANIEL BRUSTLEIN—Large figurative paintings. Through April 30. (Learmonth, 178 E. 72nd St.)

CHRIS BURDEN—This man, whose artistic triumphs include having himself shot in the arm with a .22 rifle, has now designed and built, practically all of it by hand, a coffin-shaped one-passenger car that was recently tested on the streets of Paris. Its specifications include a top speed of fifty m.p.h. and a hundred and fifty miles per gallon. Drawings done in the course of the project are also shown. Through April 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

GRETNA CAMPBELL—Landscape paintings of Maine and New Jersey. Through April 30. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

DAVID CANTINE—Small abstract paintings by an artist who works in oil and acrylic; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 16. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JANET CULBERTSON—Paintings and drawings of the Galápagos Islands and their enormous indigenous tortoises. The drawings of these solemn creatures are also enormous and are done by a curious process in which a detergent is sprayed on the ink lines, corroding them to good effect. Through April 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

WILLIAM F. DRAPER—Realist landscapes of Guatemalan jungles, South Carolina swamps, the Machu Picchu ruins in Peru, mountain villages in Ecuador, and the rolling mountains of Ireland by this unusually peripatetic American artist. Through Saturday, April 23. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Large magna-acrylic color-field paintings. Through April 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ALAN EVAN FELTUS—Placid, classical nudes, painted in earth tones and conveying a sense of monumental stillness; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, April 15. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LUIS FILCER—Semi-abstract paintings done in a thick impasto. Through Wednesday, April 20. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

PHILIP GUSTON—New paintings. Through April 30. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

LILY HARMON—Works that combine collage and painting. Through Saturday, April 23. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BARBARA HEPWORTH (1903-75) / **FRITZ SCHOLDER**—Sculptures in stone, wood, and bronze by this Englishwoman, whose works were subject to the same influences as those of her friend and associate Henry Moore. Through Saturday, April 16. / Ten vigorous drawings and a number of lithographs, all depicting American-Indian subjects. Through Saturday, April 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WOLF KAHN—Large, restful landscapes of the Vermont countryside, with occasional views of the Connecticut River, by an artist who reduces them, more or less, to large, simple planes. Through April 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HAYLEY LEVER (1876-1958)—Paintings and drawings, many of coastal villages here and in England. Through May 7. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DONALD MALLOW—Outsize, superrealist watercolors done in and around Blue Hill, Maine; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 23. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

CONRAD MARCA-RELLI—Small constructions, uniformly eight inches by eleven, in wide white frames; also collages of heavy oiled paper, combined with burlap and wide strokes of heavy vinyl paint. Through Saturday, April 23. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JANE MORTON NORTON—An eerie quality of light surrounds the castles and cliffs of these imaginary landscapes. Through Saturday, April 16. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

CARL-HENNING PEDERSEN—Heavily painted watercolors and brush drawings mostly of nightmarish birdlike creatures, by a founding member of the Cobra group. Through May 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

MORTEZA SAZEGAR—Large paintings based on the grid principle and composed of multicolored squares of paint ranging in size from infinitestimal to a couple of inches. In most of the works, a vague pattern emerges. Through April 30. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

DAVID SHARPE—Squiggles, dots, and short parallel rows of clear color make up these imaginary landscapes seen from imaginary airplanes and set down in oils or watercolors. Through Saturday, April 23. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

HELEN SOREFF / STANLEY LINDWASSER—Abstract paintings and drawings in which horizontal lines, varying in thickness along their length, appear like slashes in their neutral backgrounds. / Two walls of a gallery room and its floor are covered with three grids made up of cords painted in patterns of bright colors. Through Saturday, April 23. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

MOSES SOYER (1900-74)—Small paintings, including four self-portraits. Through April 30. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

WILLIAM TUCKER—Three large abstract sculptures, one of them a menacing wooden structure, like a mine entrance, plus abstract drawings, by a British artist now resident in Canada. Through April 27. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **LA BOETIE,** 9 E. 82nd St.: A single subject—woman—as portrayed in a variety of mediums by artists associated with such diverse schools as Impressionism and Abstract Expressionism; also some African sculptures. Through May 21. . . . **DAVIS & LONG,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: "*Vorticism and Abstract Art in the First Machine Age,*" comprises more than eighty works by Percy Wyndham Lewis, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, Jacob Epstein, and others. Through April 30. . . . **FEIST,** 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Drawings, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, by about fifty artists, among them Annibale Carracci and Paulus Potter. Through Saturday, April 16. . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: Paintings and sculptures by a dozen twentieth-century artists ranging from Matisse to Willem de Kooning. Through April 30. . . . **HUTTON,** 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Captivating examples of works by the Blaue Reiter artists, who included Kandinsky, Nolde, Klee, and Macke. The selection is uniformly first-rate, and the paintings retain all the vitality and freshness of color that shook up the art world just before the First World War. Through June 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Illustrations for books and magazines by Ralph Barton, Garth Williams, and Mary Petty are among the works on view. Through May 14. . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Alden Mason and Jon Friedman and collages by Maureen McCabe. Through April 30.

SCULPTURE—An exceptionally attractive survey of what's fashionable in the world of sculpture, consisting of models for proposed greatly enlarged works by, for instance, Christo (a miniature Whitney Museum all trussed up in tarpaulins), George Sugarman (a cutout in colorful composition board of a proposed cabaña), Louise Nevelson (a freestanding construction), and—this one already in its intended size—a Cleopatra's Needle by Muriel Castanis, who works in lace stiffened by a resinous solution. Through April 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

BERLIN NOW—A month-long survey of that city's

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current cultural aspects (art, music, literature, film, urbanism), spread out all over this city's theatres, galleries, and institutes. This week, in the matter of art, there is a show of collages by Hannah Höch, at Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (through Tuesday, April 19; open Mondays); a group show of Pop, Op, and Minimal artists at the Galerie Denise René loft, 484 Broome St. (through Tuesday, April 19); a group show of realist paintings, drawings, and sculptures at the New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. (through Tuesday, April 19; Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5); an exhibit of photographs of present-day Berlin by Henry Ries, at the Goethe Institute at New York University, 42 Washington Mews (through Tuesday, April 19; Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8); a show of etchings by novelist Günter Grass, at Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; a selection of nineteenth-century architectural drawings of Berlin, at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5). For information about the survey in general, call 744-8472 weekdays.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ADGE BAKER—Drawings of animals by an English artist, now in her eighties. Through Saturday, April 16. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

BILL BARRELL / PETER DEAN—Mythological figures and situations are the starting point for many of the fresh, lighthearted oils by this artist. / Psychedelic subject matter and clamorous colors are characteristic of this artist's compositions, which are full of rampaging beasts and human figures as well as imaginative symbols. Though April 26. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HENRY BOTKIN—Collages of cut up and painted fabric applied to board. Through April 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

BERNARD CHAET—Still-lifes in oil of items from the kitchen utility drawer, as well as of fruits and vegetables, by an artist who was the resident realist at the Yale School of Art when it was otherwise wholly committed to abstract works. Through Saturday, April 23. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

ROY DE FOREST—Wildly fanciful paintings in which dogs, foxes, rabbits, horses, and occasional people are depicted in flat, sharply contrasting colors. Also drawings and a construction. Through April 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

PIERO DORAZIO—Abstract paintings characterized by broken bands of color. Through April 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—A new series of painted-paper collages, entitled "Théâtres de Mémoire," in which every inch of the large panels is filled with his well-known hollow-eyed figures and doodles. Through Saturday, April 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Views of the city and the Hampton flatlands by an artist who has studios in both places and paints them with equal affection. Through Thursday, April 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL GOLDBERG—Works on oatmeal-colored paper in which the central area has been scraped and burred, sometimes clean through; occasionally, charcoal and watercolor touches have been added. Through Saturday, April 16. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

GRACE HARTIGAN—Semi-abstract oil paintings, some on canvas and some on paper, in several of which dolls and other toybox figures are the basis of her lively and vividly colorful compositions. Through April 30. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

WALT KUHN (1877-1949)—Paintings and drawings that range from early impressionistic landscapes to circus performers and still-lifes from the thirties and forties. Through May 7. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

PAUL LINFANTE / GRÉGOIRE MÜLLER—Pastel representations of apples, and self-portraits. / Etchings. Through April 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

STEPHEN LORBER—Still-life paintings, many of baskets. Through April 28. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

JOHN MARIN (1870-1953) / **ANNE RYAN** (1889-1954)—Thirty-six oils (they span his entire career) in which one senses that the artist longed for the freedom and swift directness of his real métier—watercolors. / Fabric-and-paper collages that bear the stamp of this artist's individual style. Through Saturday, April 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

CARLOS MÉRIDA—Cubist paintings and works on paper. Through April 30. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

FRANK METZ / RUTH ECKSTEIN—Recent oils, watercolors, and drawings. / Works combining *frottage* and collage, and prints. Through April 28. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

CLAIRE MOORE—Collage drawings in which anecdotes are spelled out in printed words (e.g., a ransom note), emended holographically, and sometimes illustrated with line drawings. Through Friday, April 22. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

FORREST MOSES—Realist paintings of marshlands, gently flowing streams, lush valleys, and rocky wastelands, all of them found within a thirty-mile radius of Santa Fe by this New Mexican artist who roams the territory afoot; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, April 21. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Another series of his autobiographical paintings, this time concentrating on studio furnishings that somehow escaped his attention before—Ping-Pong balls, beads, pendants, crumpled heaps of fabrics, light bulbs, and so on. Through Saturday, April 16. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

HORACE PIPPIN (1888-1946)—A retrospective of the powerful primitive paintings by this black artist from Pennsylvania, who suffered a shattered arm during combat in the First World War and took up painting with a doggedness and clarity of purpose reminiscent of van Gogh's. A benefit exhibition. Through April 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Prints, handmade-paper works, two clay sculptures, and other objects in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through May 14. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL ROBBINS—Blurred images of motorcyclists hurtling along, drawn (sometimes in color) by an artist whose aim is to catch the visual quality of speed. Through Saturday, April 23. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—A dozen pieces by this pioneer in found-metal sculpture, these dating from 1956 to the present and incorporating choice bits from a wide assortment of junk yards. Through Saturday, April 23. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WILLIAM THON—Painterly landscapes, with just a dash of abstraction, depicting scenes in Maine, plus paintings of small work boats rolling with the seas off Ireland and Greece. Through Saturday, April 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

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STEPHEN VARBLE—Life-size paper dolls with painted faces and *outré* costumes, and drawings in mixed mediums which incorporate handwritten phrases. Through Saturday, April 16. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

RUTH VOLLMER / JEANNE MILES—A six-foot Plexiglas globe made up of a transparent dome set on a hemisphere with a mirrored interior is one of the polished sculptures by this artist, who usually works in open geometric forms done in metal. / Abstract checkerboard designs in vibrant colors suggestive of stained-glass church windows and usually set within a circle of a contrasting solid color. Through Saturday, April 16. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

SUSAN WILMARTH—Abstract canvases; first solo show in New York. Through April 30. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Minimal paintings by three generations of artists, among them Mondrian, Newman, and Rockburne. Through May 7. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

ANTONIO BERNI—Surrealist paintings, drawings, and etchings. Through May 7. (Bonino, 98 Prince St. Open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

CHRIS BRITZ—Trompe-l'oeil paintings of such fixtures as doors, radiators, and light switches. Through May 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

LOUIS CANE—Seven oil paintings, each consisting of identical arrangements of three overlapping unstretched canvases painted in black, gray, and various shades of very dark green and laid directly on the wall; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 16. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

ROBERT CUMMING—Whimsical pieces, including a tiny upright piano, about three and a half inches long, with a man standing inside the back of it; a set of huge steel pen points, two of which serve as abdominal armor for a nude couple shown in a photograph ("Pen Pals" is its title); and a swarm of metal mosquitoes housed in an exquisitely finished case. Through May 4. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

BOB FELDGUS—Paintings in which the various shapes of plants, wooden beams, and buildings reflected in mirrors converge. Through Thursday, April 21. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

ANTONIO GAUDÍ (1852-1926)—A loan show of the remarkably delicate architectural drawings (for palaces, residences, fountains, piers, and so on) by this eccentric and imaginative Spanish genius whose church, still under construction in Barcelona, is one of the wonders of the architectural world. Through May 24. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

BARBARA GROSSMAN—Landscapes and portraits, most of them full length, done in oil, watercolor, and charcoal. Through Wednesday, April 20. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at 1.)

DONALD JUDD—Fifteen clean-cut boxes, five feet square and three feet tall, beautifully made of raw American Douglas fir plywood. Through Saturday, April 16. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

BRIAN KAZLOV / SANDRA GROSS—Color-field paintings on shaped canvases. / Collages. Through April 30. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

BERNARD KIRSCHENBAUM—"298 Circles," an environmental work of thirty-one-and-a-half-inch discs painted in graduated shades of white and suspended from the ceiling just about down to the viewer's hips, so that wading through them is like walking into one of Monet's lily ponds. Through April 30. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

MARJORIE KRAMER / DAN LOBEL—Unblinking self-portraits in oil, and equally realistic landscapes. / Landscapes and—less successful—figure paintings on shaped canvases. Through Thursday, April 21. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Pat Lasch—Small works on muslin, each consisting of a small photograph of a member of her family bordered by hand-painted doily-like patterns. Through April 27. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Noel Mahaffey / Dorothy Handelman—Large superrealist paintings that comment on the conflict raging on Times Square and Piccadilly Circus between neon incandescence and the pitch-black dark of night. / A lyrical account, in printed words and small, allusive photographs, of a romance that starts abroad and moves in gentle stages across this country. Through Saturday, April 23. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Philip Carlo Paratore / Dove Bradshaw—Large fantasy paintings, in oil, filled to the frame with dreamlike figures—nudes, Andean women in felt hats, exotic birds, incubi, African figures. / Tiny chairs molded in a creamy porcelain, set on free-form bases of the same substance and invested with female sex organs. Through Wednesday, April 20. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Charles Ross—A two-gallery exhibit of large-scale works (colored-pencil drawings, telescopic photographs of the stars, prisms) having to do with the Milky Way galaxy. (Weber, 420 West Broadway, and Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.) Both shows through Saturday, April 16.

Peter Saari / Tony King—Mr. Saari makes what appear to be fragments of Etruscan architecture, with remnants of fresco ornamentation, and sets them on mockups of ancient cornices and entablatures. / Large canvases divided into two sections—the upper one a photographic image printed directly on the linen, and the lower one a painted simulation of deeply carved wood panelling. Through Saturday, April 23. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Alexis Smith / Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt—Narrative works based on literary themes and consisting of panels on which typewritten sheets of paper and found objects are combined in collage. / The façade of a Byzantine church with mosaic insets of various saints, done in wood and glittering metal foils, by an artist who can be both devout and amusing. Through Saturday, April 16. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Sylvia Stone—Huge sculptures (the largest is thirty feet long and eight feet high) consisting of thick Plexiglas and aluminum sheets cut into geometric shapes. Through April 30. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Jack Tworkov—New paintings in which one of the senior New York artists works out fresh geometrical progressions. Through May 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Helene Valentin—Columns of unstretched canvas to which many layers of paint have been applied, plus other works. Through Saturday, April 23. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Frank Lincoln Viner / Rostislav Eismont—A single painted-fibre piece suspended from the ceiling. / Abstract wooden wall constructions painted in brilliantly colored enamel. Through Wednesday, April 20. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Stella Waitzkin / William Nichols—A library wall filled with convincing-looking books, dictionaries, encyclopedias, figurines, bric-a-brac, and so on, all sculpted in an impressionistic style of a glassy synthetic. / Huge, minutely detailed realist paintings of various blossoming sections of a lush garden park in Hales Corners, Wisconsin. Through Wednesday, April 20. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Bob Lobe—A single large hammered-and-welded-aluminum sculpture, plus three laminated-wood sculptures, all of them suggested by rock shapes. Through May 14. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Liz Phillips—What the artist calls a sound sculpture—the sound being produced when viewers pass sound-activated radio fields and when stop lights change in the vicinity of the show (thanks to a telephone hookup with the Department of Traffic). Through April 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

Beatrix Potter (1866-1943)—A comprehensive exhibit of original works, including studies of plants and insects and portraits of her pet animals. Many of the works have not been seen in this country before. Through May 14. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Show—Works in a variety of mediums by artists associated with the gallery, including Faith Bromberg, Kate Helsy, and Herbert Kallem. Through April 27. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Sculpture—At **visual arts,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Nine artists who make small works exclusively, among them Donna Dennis, Michael Hurson, and Tony Berlant. Through Friday, April 22. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.) . . . **women's interart center,** 549 W. 52nd St.: Louise Bourgeois, Lila Katzen, Rosemary Mayer, and eleven other artists. Through May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8.)

Fine Arts Building, 105 Hudson St.—**sragow** is showing fragile wall constructions by Jody Shields, consisting of bits of bright fabric, cord, beads, and paper that have been printed on or run through an etching press, and drawings. Through April 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **artists space** is showing two installations by Michael Brewster, one being a large, dim room in which an ominous electronic hum impinges on the space, thereby "shaping" it and giving rise to the title "Accoustic [*sic*] Sculpture;" the other is a smaller room in which those with 20-20 audition can hear a tiny cricket chitter. Through Saturday, April 23. . . . **fine arts building gallery** is showing printed works by a German theoretician named Hans-Peter Feldmann, who contends that most art should go through the photo-engraving process because everybody is used to seeing it in that form. Through Saturday, April 23. (Opens at 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Fifty vintage photographs of turn-of-the-century Paris. Through May 7. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

William DeLappa / A. W. Ericson (1848-1927)—Four series of photographs that look as if they had been lifted from old family albums, by a San Francisco photographer who made them all within the last couple of years. Through May 8. / Documentary pictures of California's northern frontier as it looked during the early years of this century. Through Sunday, April 17. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Mark Feldstein—Sharply defined black-and-white prints of urban sights—the encrusted packing blade and hopper of a sanitation truck, the spoked wheels of a bicycle chained to a lattice-work fence, and such. Through April 30. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—A retrospective of two hundred and twenty vintage prints, plus memorabilia and pictures by some of Hine's contemporaries, is on view at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ A smaller selection that is devoted entirely to his photographs of the construction of the Empire State Building from the ground up. Through Saturday, April 16. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Horst—Twenty high-contrast prints of plant details, by a photographer better known for his *Vogue* fashion photographs. Through Saturday, April 16. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

George Platt Lynes (1907-55)—Portraits, fashion photographs, and studies of nudes and dancers. Through Saturday, April 16. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Wright Morris—Photographs from his entire career. Through Saturday, April 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Lilo Raymond—Still-lifes; first solo show in New York. Through May 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Milton Rogovin—Portraits of people in Chile, Appalachia, and Buffalo. Through Friday, April 22. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 4 and 6 to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Stephen Shore—Color photographs of city streets, storefronts, and suburban landscapes. Through April 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Roman Vishniac / Philip Trager—The Jewish ghettos of pre-Second World War Kraków,

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Warsaw, and other East European cities figure in a show of more than a hundred photographs. Also his color prints of images transmitted by a microscope. / View-camera photographs of Connecticut architecture. Through Saturday, April 23. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of more than a hundred and fifty works on loan from museums in the Soviet Union. Dating from the fourteenth century to the present, they include icons, portraits, landscapes. Starts Saturday, April 16. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the works of Robert Rauschenberg, whose assemblages, paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings seem to incorporate everything portable he can lay his hands on—a stuffed goat, a stuffed rooster, a stuffed eagle, comic strips, bathtubs, automobile tires, a ventilating duct, Old Master reproductions, clumps of dirt, pieces of crumpled metal. It is all grist for this artistic mill. Through May 17. (A complementary show is at Getler-Pall Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ An exhibit of furniture designed by Mies van der Rohe, including the Barcelona chair and stool. Also drawings for his furniture designs. Through May 3. . . . ¶ Landscapes in gouache by Australian painter Fred Williams. Through May 8. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's collection of British drawings dating from the turn of the century to the present, with examples by Walter Richard Sickert, Henry Moore, David Hockney, and others. Through May 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Kenneth Noland includes more than a hundred paintings, plus a recently completed sculpture on exhibit for the first time. Starts Friday, April 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Selections from the bequest of Lawrence H. Bloedel include paintings by Loren MacIver, Milton Avery, and Larry Rivers. Through June 19. . . . ¶ Fifty prints, drawings, and watercolors, culled from the permanent collection, centering on New York life. Artists include Isabel Bishop, George Bellows, and Richard Haas. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective exhibition of the paintings and drawings of French Impressionist Gustave Caillebotte. Through April 24. . . . ¶ A review of the output of American women architects, explored through photographs and text, slides, and models. Through Sunday, April 17. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Lewis W. Hine. Through May 15. (His photographs of the construction of the Empire State Building may be seen at the Washburn Gallery, 42 E. 57th St., through Saturday, April 16.) (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Caillebotte and architecture exhibits open at 1:30 on Wednesdays and Thursdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A small slide and photographic exhibit about the career of the museum's laureate anthropologist, Margaret Mead. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Royal Pavilion at Brighton is the subject of this show. Furniture and decorations from the pavilion, which has a distinctly Chinese interior, were taken to Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria, and eight of these articles have been loaned to the museum for this show. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of six of the collections that have been entrusted to the library includes drawings, early children's books, and manuscripts, among them thirty-five pages of Einstein's manuscript for his treatise on relativity, from the Heineman Foundation collection, here on view for the first time. Through April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by New York State folk artists, including Ammi Phillips and Sheldon Peck. Through May 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—The current show here is called "Grass," and that's just what it is—a surprising variety of articles made of grass. (Bamboo is a grass, which helps.) Snow boots from Denmark, raincoats from Japan, wedding decorations from Mexico and Poland. No joints. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Speeches, letters, diaries, and photographs pertaining to the social and intellectual history of American women. On loan from the Smith College archives. Starts Friday, April 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Collages by Al Loving. . . . ¶ Paintings and collages by Randolph Williams. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Sunday, April 17.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, April 13: "Samson et Dalila," with Elena Obraztsova, Guy Chauvet, William Walker, Malcolm Smith, and Justino Díaz; conducted by Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 14: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, John Alexander, Morley Meredith, John Macurdy, and Arthur Thompson; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 15: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Josephine Barstow, José Carreras, Vicente Sardinero, Justino Díaz, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Paul Franke; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 16: "Samson et Dalila," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Guy Chauvet, William Walker, Malcolm Smith, and Justino Díaz; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 16: "Lulu," with Carole Farley, Tatiana Troyanos, William Lewis, Donald Gramm, Raymond Gibbs, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; James Levine. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, April 14, at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 13, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with June Fiske, Gianna Rolandi, Henry Price, Charles Roe, Thomas Jamerson, and Alan Baker; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8: The première of Leon Kirchner's "Lily," conducted by the composer, with Susan Belling, Joy Blackett, Geanie Faulkner, Sandra Walker, Ara Berberian, George Shirley, and Benjamin Matthews. . . . ¶ Friday, April 15, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Atarah Hazzan, Victoria Vergara, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and John Darrenkamp; and "Pagliacci," with Clamma Dale, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, and Thomas Jamerson. Gigi Campanino conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 2: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Richard Taylor, and Edward Pierson; and "Carmina Burana," with Elizabeth Haley, Charles Roe, and Abram Morales. Manuel Rosenthal conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Faye Robinson, Moises Parker, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 17, at 1: "The Pirates of Penzance," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Henry Price, Richard McKee, James Billings, and Irwin Densen; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 17, at 7: "Lily," with Susan Belling, Joy Blackett, Geanie Faulkner, Sandra Walker, Ara Berberian, George Shirley, and Benjamin Matthews; Leon Kirchner. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 19, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patti Allison, Gianna Rolandi, David Griffith, Charles Roe, Thomas Jamerson, David Rae Smith, Irwin Densen, and Coley Worth; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 20, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Sharon Daniels, Henry Price, James Billings, Richard McKee, Alan Baker, and Howard Hensel; David Effron. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 21, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Sandra Walker, Puli Toro, Gaetano Scano, and Thomas Jamerson; Gigi Campanino. . . . ¶ Friday, April 22, at 8: "Trilogy," consisting of three short operas in English—"The Impresario," with Patricia Brooks, Syble Young, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Nico Castel; "La Voix Humaine," with Maralin Niska; and "L'Histoire du Soldat," with Mercedes Ellington, John Lankston, David Rae Smith, and Barry Bostwick. Imre Pallo conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23, at 2: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Richard Taylor, Edward Pierson, Will Roy, Charles Roe, William Ledbetter, and David Griffith; and "Carmina Burana," with Elizabeth Haley, Abram Morales, and Charles Roe. Manuel Rosenthal conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 23, at 8: "La Traviata," with Faye Robinson, Kathleen Hegierski, Henry Price, and Pablo Elvira; Gigi Campanino. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 1.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Verdi's "Falstaff." Staged by Tito Gobbi, with the Juilliard Symphony conducted by Sixten Ehrling. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday and Friday, April 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, April 24, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

New York Grand Opera Company—Vincent La Selva directing a performance of Puccini's "Turandot." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, April 23, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

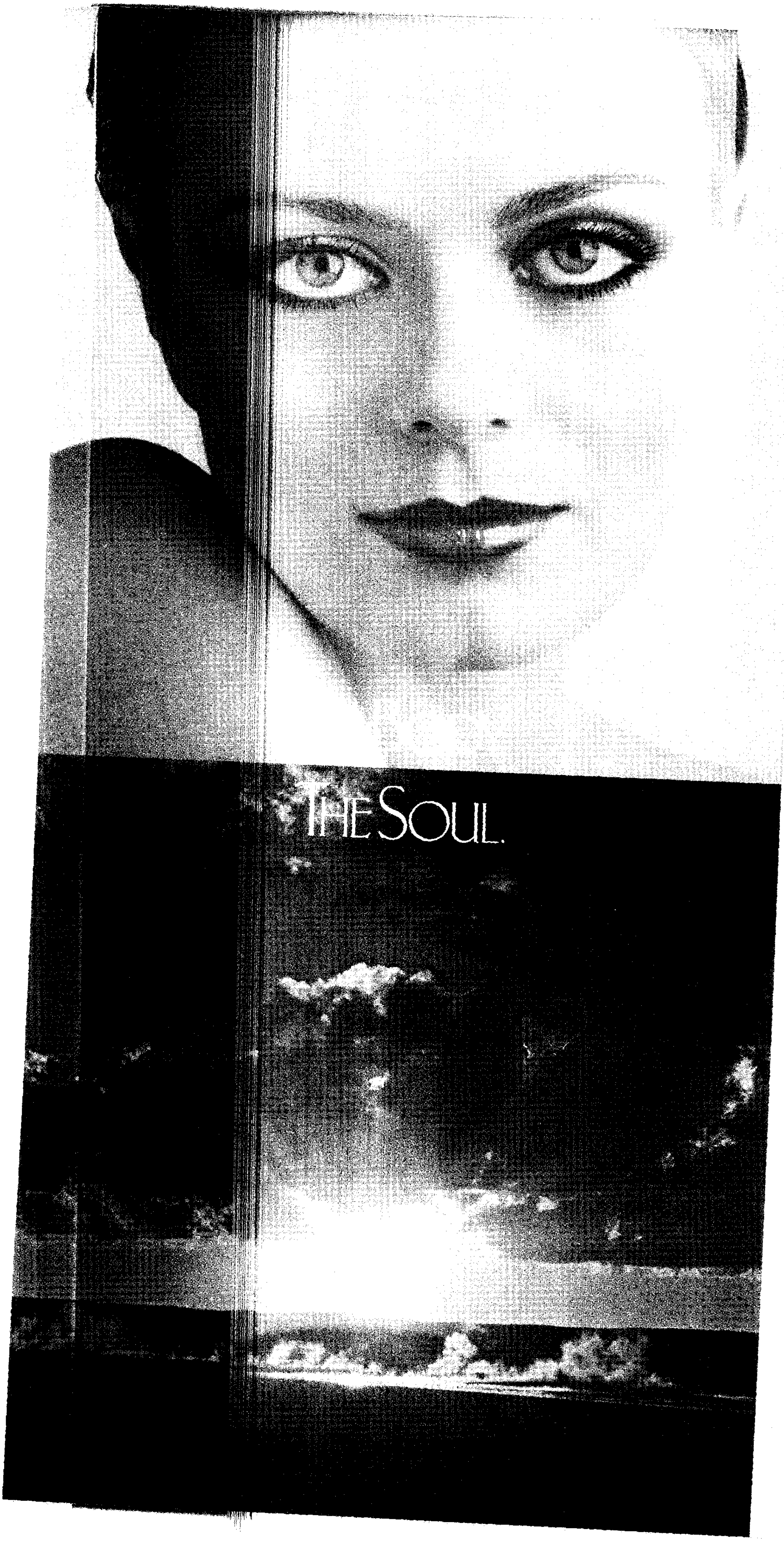
New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andrew Davis conducting Thursday through Saturday, April 14-16, at 8:30 (all with Pinchas Zukerman, violin). . . . ¶ David Gilbert conducting on Tuesday, April 19, at 7:30 (with Mr. Zukerman). . . . ¶ Neville Marriner conducting an all-Mozart program on Thursday, April 21, at 8:30; Friday, April 22, at 2; Saturday, April 23, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 26, at 7:30 (all with the Camerata Singers).

Minnesota Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Silvia Marcovici, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 20, at 8.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Allen Blustine, clarinet, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing the United States première of Puccini's "Edgar" in concert form, with Renata Scotto, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Vicente Sardinero, baritone; the Schola Cantorum of New York; and the New York City Opera Children's Chorus. The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

Berlin Philharmonic Octet—An ensemble made up of members of the Berlin Philharmonic



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Or the inner warmth of a sunrise as in Guerlain's newest fragrance, Parure, outwardly expressed as radiant beauty.

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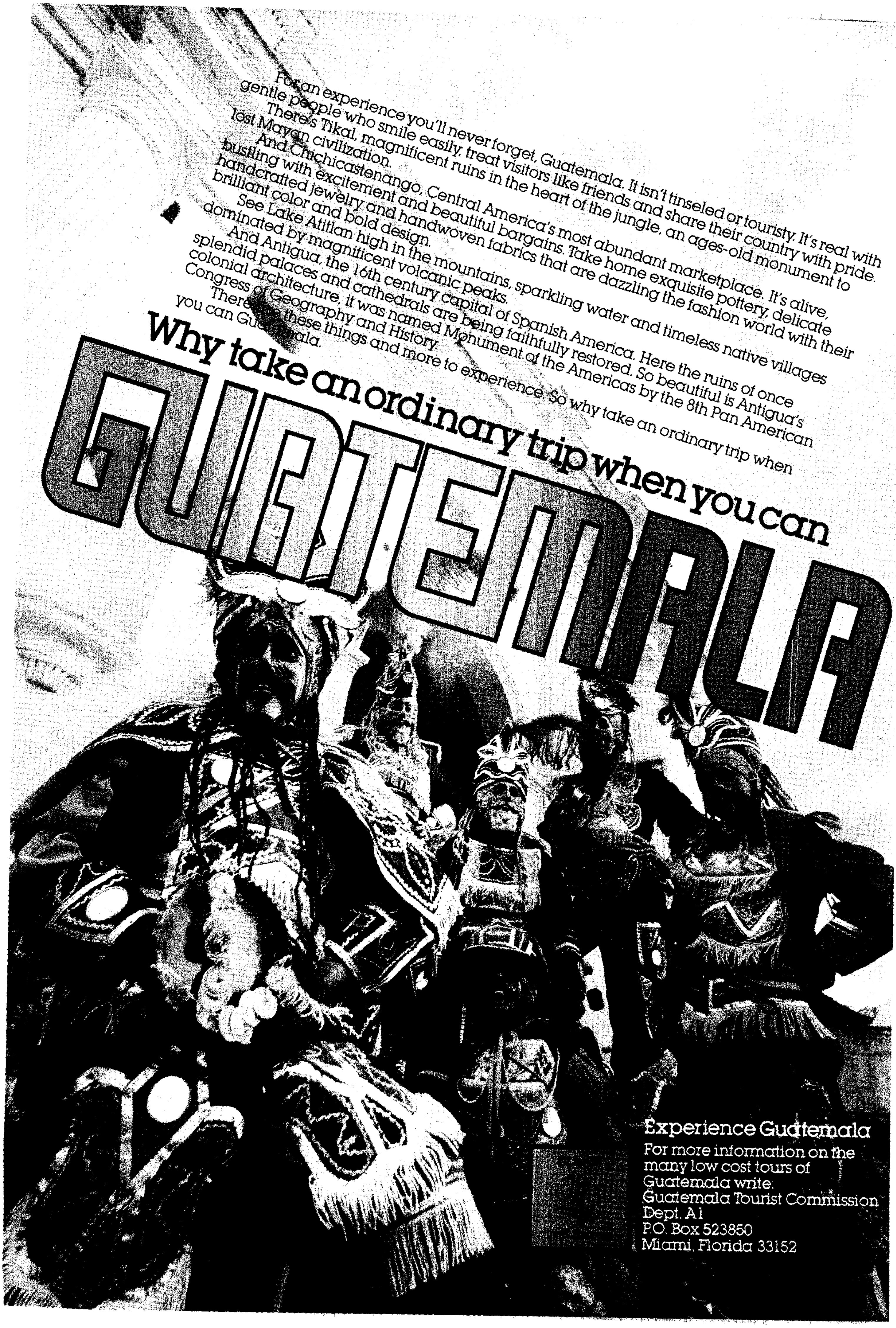

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And Antigua, the 16th century capital of Spanish America. Here the ruins of once splendid palaces and cathedrals are being faithfully restored. So beautiful is Antigua's colonial architecture, it was named Monument of the Americas by the 8th Pan American Congress of Geography and History.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Orchestra. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Wednesday, April 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 19, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Martina Arroyo, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 14, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—David Amram conducting, with Ursula Oppens, piano, and Gerardo Levy, flute. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 16, at 2.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Raphael Hillyer, viola, and Barbara Hocher, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 3.)

String Revival—Howard Shanet conducting a string orchestra, with the Composers String Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, April 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Joan Summers, soprano; John Ostendorf, bass; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30.)

Harvard-Radcliffe Collegium Musicum—F. John Adams directing. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, April 23, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Manuel Barrueco—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

New York Consort of Viols—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 14, at 8, the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 17, at 2, a Beethoven-Schubert program, with Robert Sylvester, cello.)

Jubal Trio—Lucy Shelton, soprano; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; and Susan Jolles, harp. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, April 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Elena Obraztsova—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 15, at 8.)

Patricia Craig and Nicholas DiVirgilio—Soprano and tenor, in a program of operatic selections. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, April 15, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of Elizabethan music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 15, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Gustav Leonhardt—Harpsichord, in a program of baroque music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 16, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A program of chamber music by Robert Baksa, with Robert de Gaetano, piano. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, April 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 691-4756.)

New York Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, April 17, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Virgil Fox—Organ and harpsichord, in the first of two all-Bach concerts entitled "The Bach Gamut." (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Sunday, April 17, at 5. For information about tickets, call 541-4623, weekdays between noon and 5.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Thomas Schippers, piano; Kathleen Battle, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 5, and Tuesday, April 19, at 7:30.)

Evelyn Lear—Soprano, in a program of German, Russian, and French songs. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 8.)

Empire Brass Quintet—With Michael Tilson Thomas, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 18, at 8.)

Beethoven at the Y—The Juilliard String Quartet performing the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 19, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The final programs in two series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 20-21, at 8, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 22, at 8; no assisting artists. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Misha Dichter, piano; and Jules Eskin, cello, in an all-Brahms program. The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 20, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fifth in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Janet Steele, soprano; the New York String Quartet; Joe Passaro, percussion; and Parnassus. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 21, at 8.)

Western Wind—A vocal sextet in a program entitled "Music in the New World, Part I." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Andrew Rangell—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 23, at 2:30.)

Charles Libove and Nina Lugovoy—Violin and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 23, at 3.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 23, at 8.)

Janos Starker and Alain Planes—Cello and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 23, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Music from Stony Brook—The last in a series of benefit concerts, this one performed by Julius Levine, bass; David Glazer, clarinet; Martin Canin and Gilbert Kalish, pianos; Arthur Weisberg acting as bassoonist and conductor; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 23, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Henry Cowell Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Herbert Beattie, bass; Marilyn Dubow, violin; Morris Lang, percussion; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; and a chamber orchestra conducted by Mr. Sachs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 13, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

La Follia di New York Benefit Concert—Katia Ricciarelli, soprano; José Carreras, tenor; and others. (Bernard M. Baruch College Auditorium, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St. 677-9829. Saturday, April 16, at 3.)

Metropolitan Opera Stars on Film—A second performance of a program of songs and arias sung by Lawrence Tibbett, Beniamino Gigli, Grace Moore, Giuseppe de Luca, Lily Pons, Giovanni Martinelli, Rosa Ponselle, Ezio Pinza, Kirsten Flagstad, and Jussi Bjoerling. Narrated by Francis Robinson. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday and Thursday, April 13-14, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday through Sunday, April 15-17, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Friday, April 22, at 8:05, and Saturday, April 23, at 2:05. . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Monday through Thursday, April 18-21, at 2.

Boxing—Inter-City Golden Gloves: New York vs. Chicago. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., 564-4400. Monday, April 18, at 8.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Saturday, April 23.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup East Division quarter-final playoffs: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, April 13, and, if necessary, Tuesday, April 19, and Saturday, April 23, all at 8:05.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 16, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 23. . . . **Garden State Park**, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:45; through Tuesday, May 31.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Rochester. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Sunday, April 17, at 2:05.)

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 18.)

Trotting—At **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 30. . . . **Saratoga Raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30, from Thursday, April 14, through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **Meadowlands Racetrack**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—At **St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie**: James Merrill and Richard Howard reading from their own works, Wednesday, April 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Denise Levertov reading from her own works, Saturday, April 23, at 7:30. (Second Ave. at 10th St. Admission by contribution.). . . **Great Hall**, Cooper Union: Diane Wakoski reading from her own works. (Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, April 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Discussions—"Aspects of American Poetry," with panelists Stanley Kunitz, Arthur Gregor, Josephine Jacobsen, and Theodore Weiss, and moderator Grace Schulman. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 18, at 8.)

Amateur Needlework of Today—The twentieth national benefit exhibition will include such items as ecclesiastical garments stitched in a stained-glass effect; a Winnie-the-Pooh Christmas stocking; and needlework done by Betty Furness, Dina Merrill, Tammy Grimes, Renata Scotto, Ethel Merman, and Henry Fonda. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Tuesday, April 19, through Wednesday, April 27. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening until 7:30.)

Flower Shows—The annual Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Wednesday through Friday, April 13-15, from 10 to 4, and Saturday and Sunday, April 16-17, from 11 to 4. . . . ¶ The April Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, noon to 7.

Greek and Byzantine Coins—The Robert F. Kelley collection of more than a thousand coins, including a Byzantine gold solidus offering the earliest known coin depiction of Jesus, minted by the Emperor Justinian II at the end of the seventh century, and a gold coin with the likeness of Alexander the Great. (American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 13, at 10:15 and 2: American, English, and Continental silver; chess sets; and *objets de vertu;* from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 2: English furniture and decorations; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 21, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings by such artists as Winslow Homer, Childe Hassam, and Rembrandt Peale; from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 16.

THE SHIP THAT BROUGHT AMERICA ITS TASTE FOR SCOTCH.

December 5, 1933 was a noteworthy day for Scotch drinkers. For it was the first time in 13 years that drinking it was legal. Prohibition was repealed.

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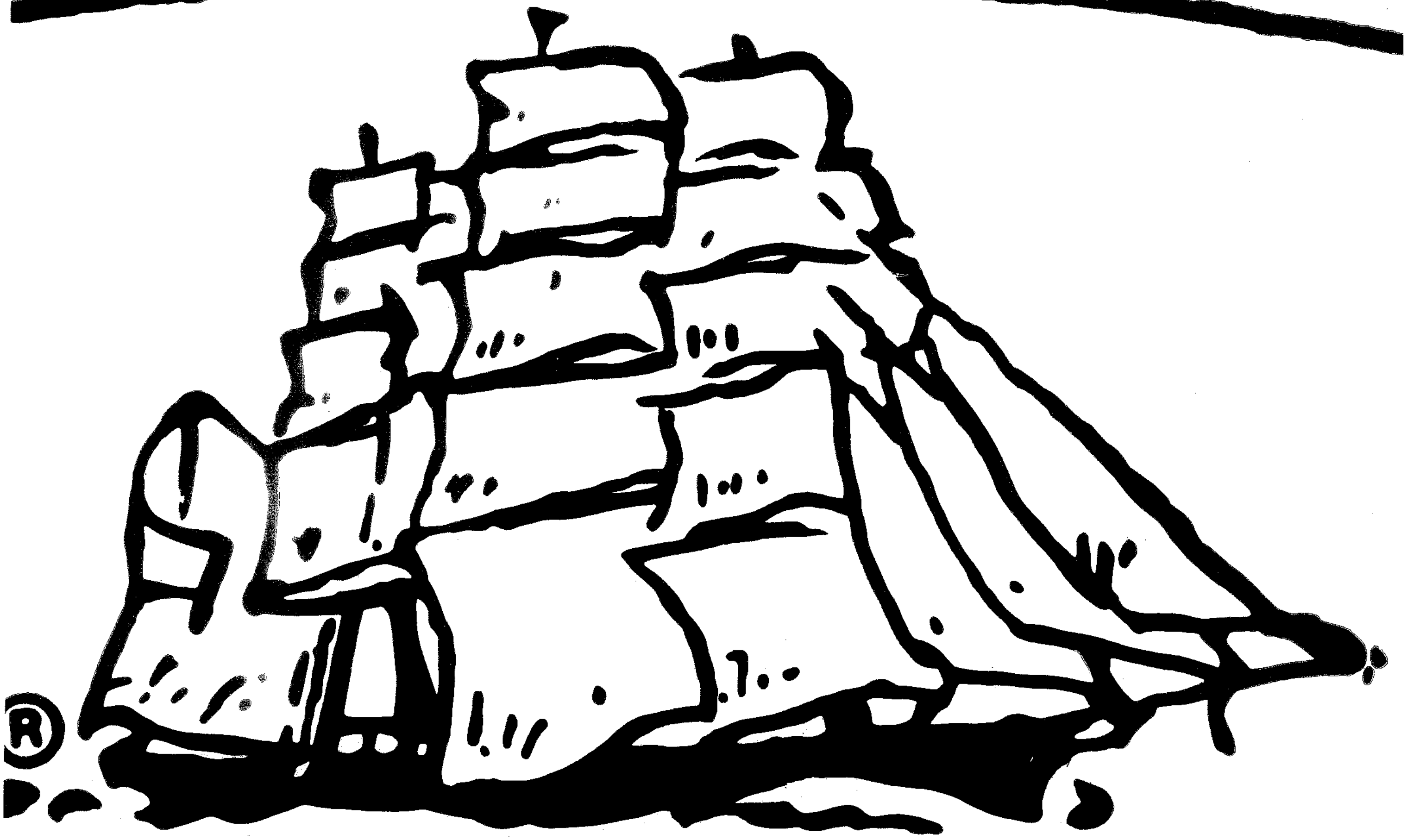

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Harlan County, U.S.A."

JEAN RENOIR CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 10th. (873-8702)
April 13: "Les Zozos."
From April 14: "Not a Pretty Picture."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Rocky."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 14: "Airport '77."
From April 15: To be announced.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 19 (tentative): "The Domino Principle."
From April 20: "Annie Hall."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Audrey Rose."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Late Show."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Network."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through April 21 (tentative): "Brothers."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Man on the Roof."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 19 (tentative): "Welcome to L.A."
From April 20: "Annie Hall."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"3 Women."

59TH ST. EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through April 14: "Fun with Dick and Jane."
From April 15: "The Beast."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Aguirre, the Wrath of God."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through April 14: "Fellini's Casanova."
From April 15: "Jabberwocky."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nasty Habits."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Airport '77."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Rocky."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Slap Shot."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Wonderful Crook."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Black Sunday."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 14: "A Star Is Born."
April 15-19: "Voyage of the Damned."
From April 20: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Demon Seed."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Network."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Domino Principle."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Audrey Rose."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Airport '77."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through April 19 (tentative): "The Eagle Has Landed."
From April 20: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Rocky."

WEST SIDE

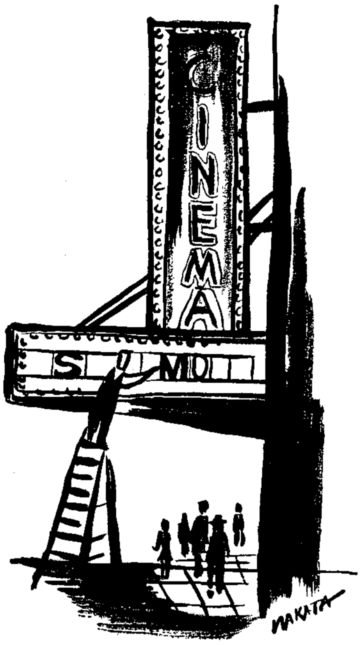
WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through April 21 (tentative): "Fun with Dick and Jane."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Network."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Demon Seed."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Islands in the Stream."
Theatre 2: "Bound for Glory."
Theatre 3: "Rocky."
Theatre 4: "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Raggedy Ann & Andy."



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Littlest Horse Thieves."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 19: "Voyage of the Damned" and "Farewell, My Lovely."
From April 20: "Silver Streak" and "Mother, Jugs & Speed."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through April 19 (tentative): "Islands in the Stream."
From April 20: "Annie Hall."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Providence."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Late Show."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Late Show."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Demon Seed."
Theatre 2: "Islands in the Stream."
Theatre 3: "Fun with Dick and Jane."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 21 (tentative): "Fox and His Friends" and "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 19: "Voyage of the Damned" and "Bittersweet Love."
From April 20: "Silver Streak" and "Mother, Jugs & Speed."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 13: "A Woman Under the Influence" (1974), directed by John Cassavetes, with Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands; and "The Effect of Gamma Rays" (1972), directed by Paul Newman, with Joanne Woodward.
April 14: "Images" (1972), directed by Robert Altman, with Susannah York and René Auberjonois; and "A Woman Under the Influence."
April 15: "Brewster McCloud" (†); and "Images."
April 16: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; and "Brewster McCloud." (†)
April 17: "Lord Love a Duck" (†); and "Where's Poppa?"
April 18: A program of two films from Iran.
April 19: "Nathalie Granger" (1972), an avant-garde film, in French, directed by Marguerite Duras, with Jeanne Moreau, Lucia Bosè, and Gérard Depardieu; and "College." (†)
April 20: "The Spider's Stratagem" (†) and "Partner." (†)
April 21: "The Exterminating Angel" (†) and "The Spider's Stratagem." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 13: "Of Human Bondage" (1934), directed by John Cromwell, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson; and "Now, Voyager" (1942), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder.
April 14: "The Shop on Main Street" (1964), a Czech film, directed by Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos, with Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska; and "The Two of Us" (1967), in French, directed by Claude Berri, with Michel Simon.
April 15: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.
April 16: "Performance" (†); and "Don't Look Now" (1973), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.
April 17: "Hester Street" (1975), directed by Joan Micklin Silver, with Carol Kane and Mel Howard; and "I Remember Mama." (†)
April 18: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937), directed by Louis King, with John Barrymore and Louise Campbell; and "Sherlock Holmes" (1932), directed by William K. Howard, with Clive Brook as the detective and Reginald Owen as Dr. Watson.
April 19: "The Middle of the World" (†) and "Le Retour d'Afrique." (†)
April 20: "What Price Hollywood" (†) and "The Actress." (†)
April 21: "Just Before Nightfall" (†); and "La Femme Infidèle" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 14: "Hester Street" (1975), directed by Joan Micklin Silver, with Carol Kane and Mel Howard; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.
April 15-16: "M*A*S*H" (†); and "Catch-22" (1970), directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin.
April 17-18: "The Gang's All Here" (1943), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda; and "There's No Business Like Show Business." (†)
April 19: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman; and "Elvira Madigan" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Bo Widerberg, with Thommy Berggren and Pia Degermark.
April 20-21: "Greetings" (†) and "Hi, Mom!" (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 16: "Zatoichi's Fire Festival" (1962) and "Zatoichi Meets His Equal" (1971), two films in this Japanese series, with Shintaro Katsu.
April 17-18: "Woman in the Dunes." (†)
April 19-20: "Utamaro and His Five Women" (1946), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; and "The Drunken Angel." (†)
From April 21: "Yojimbo" (†); and "Sanjuro" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Uncle Vanya" (†); and "The Caretaker" (1964), directed by Clive Donner, with

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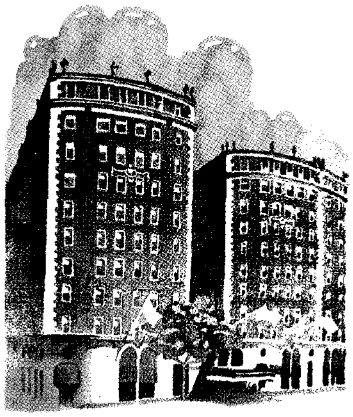

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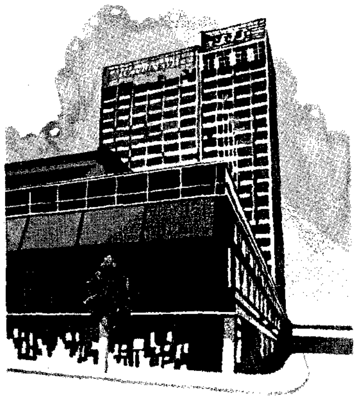

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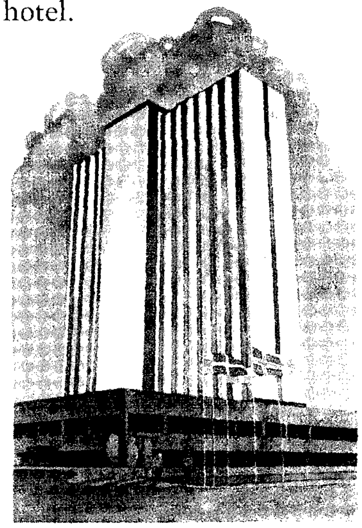

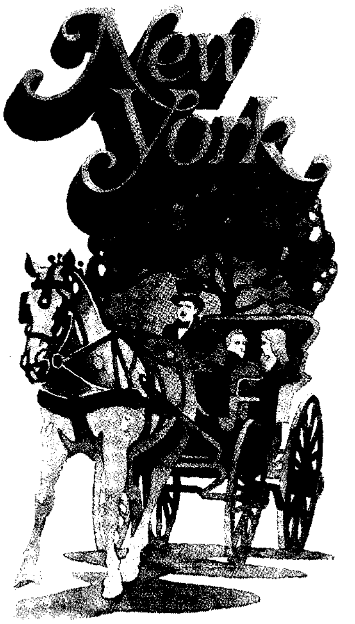

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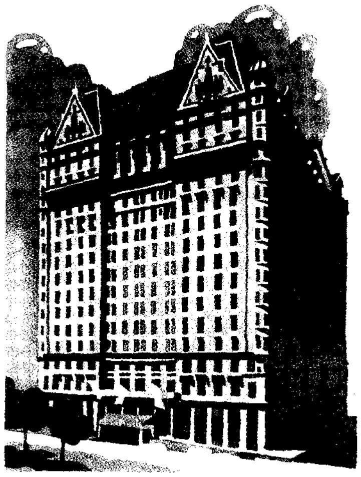

THE WORLD

UNITED STATES	
Anchorage	Anchorage-Westward
Atlanta	Peachtree Plaza
Chicago	Continental Plaza
Costa Mesa, Southern Cal.	South Coast Plaza
Detroit	Detroit Plaza (March 1977)
Detroit (Southfield)	Michigan Inn
Hawaii, Honolulu (Waikiki)	Ilikai
Hawaii, Maui (Wailea)	Wailea Beach (Early 1978)
Houston	Houston Oaks, Galleria Plaza (Late 1977)
Kansas City, MO	Crown Center
Los Angeles	Century Plaza, Los Angeles Bonaventure
New York	The Plaza
Pittsburgh	Carlton House
Portland, OR	Benson
San Francisco	Miyako, St. Francis
Seattle	Olympic, Washington Plaza, Space Needle Restaurant
Tulsa	Williams Plaza (Summer 1978)
Washington, D.C.	Mayflower
AUSTRALIA	
Sydney	(Affiliated) Wentworth
CANADA	
Calgary	Calgary Inn
Edmonton	Edmonton Plaza
Montreal	Bonaventure
Toronto	Hotel Toronto
Vancouver	Bayshore Inn
Winnipeg	Winnipeg Inn
DENMARK	
Copenhagen	Hotel Scandinavia
EL SALVADOR	
San Salvador	Camino Real
GUATEMALA	
Guatemala City	Camino Real
HONG KONG	
Kowloon	Miramar
JAPAN	
Kyoto	Miyako
Tokyo	Takanawa Prince, Tokyo Prince
MEXICO	
Acapulco	Las Brisas
Cancun	Camino Real
Guadalajara	Camino Real
Mazatlan	Camino Real
Mexico City	Alameda, Camino Real
Puerto Vallarta	Camino Real
Saltillo	Camino Real
Tampico	Camino Real
NORWAY	
Oslo	Hotel Scandinavia
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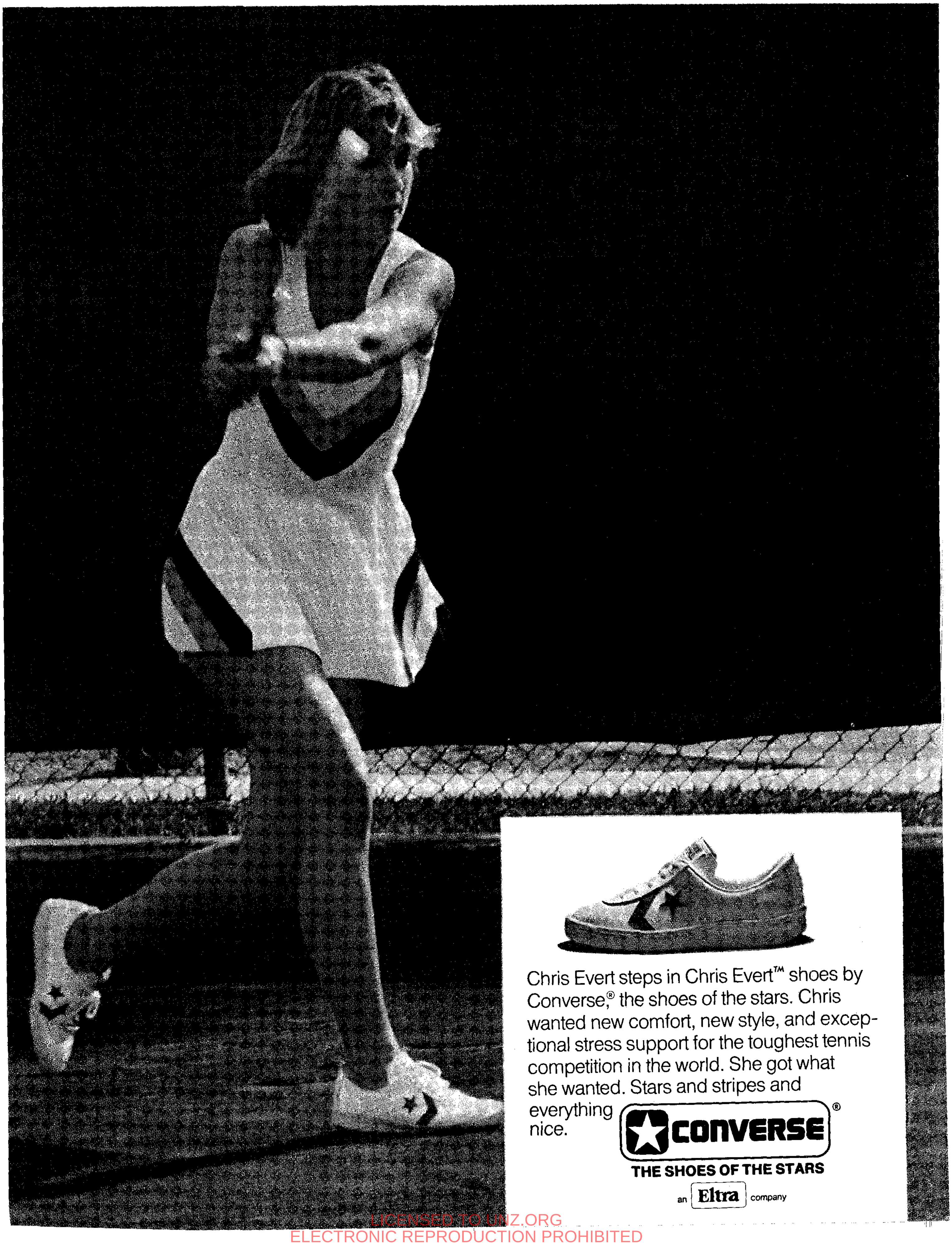

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Through April 14: "Honolulu" (1939), directed by Eddie Buzzell, with Eleanor Powell, Robert Young, and Burns and Allen; and "Ship Ahoy" (1942), directed by Eddie Buzzell, with Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert Lahr, and Virginia O'Brien.

April 15-16: "The Women" (†) and "Dinner at Eight." (†)

April 17-18: "Flying Down to Rio" (†); and "The Gay Divorcée" (1934), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

April 19: "A Star Is Born" (†) and "Seventh Heaven." (†)

April 20: "I Cover the Waterfront" (†); and "Lady of Burlesque" (1943), directed by William Wellman, with Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea, and J. Edward Bromberg.

From April 21: "Show Boat" (†); and "Roberta" (1935), directed by William Seiter, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 14 at 2:30: "Street Angel" (1928), directed by Frank Borzage, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ April 14 at 6: "La Chute de la Maison Usher" (1928), a French silent film, directed by Jean Epstein, French inter-titles; and seven short films. . . . ¶ April 14 at 8:30: "Le Sang d'un Poète" (1930), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, French subtitles; and three short films. . . . ¶ April 15 at 2:30: "La Chute de la Maison Usher" and seven short films. . . . ¶ April 16 at noon: "Tant qu'il y Aura des Bêtes" (1955), directed by Brassaï; and "White Mane" (1953), directed by Albert Lamorisse, with Alain Emory. . . . ¶ April 16 at 2:30: "The Iron Mask" (1929), directed by Alan Dwan, with Douglas Fairbanks and Marguerite de la Motte. . . . ¶ April 17 at noon: "Tant qu'il y Aura des Bêtes" and "White Mane." . . . ¶ April 17, 18, and 19, all at 2:30: "Takovy je Zivot" (1929), a Czech film, directed by Karl Junghans. . . . ¶ April 21 at 2:30: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (1938), directed by Henry King, with Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 20: Seven two-hour films, each on a different contemporary composer (Robert Ashley, David Behrman, Philip Glass, Alvin Lucier, Gordon Mumma, Pauline Oliveros, and Terry Riley). Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:05 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call museum (794-0617) for information about which film shows when. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Flaherty, Eisenstein, Jacobs, Snow, Kubelka, Chaplin, Gehr, Landow, and others. Showings April 13-14 at 7 and 9; April 15 at 8; April 16 at 2:30, 7, and 9; April 17 at 7; April 19 at 7 and 8:30; and April 20-21 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—April 14-17: A program of three films by Werner Nekes. . . . ¶ Starting April 21: "A Good Dissonance Like a Man" (1976), directed by Theodor W. Timreck, about the life of Charles Ives; and "The Dreamer That Remains: A Portrait of Harry Partch" (1973), directed by Stephen Pouliot. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Metropolitan Museum, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (TR 9-5674)—A series of films presenting New York as seen in American films, and Paris as seen in French films. April 16 at 1: "Yvette" (1928), a French silent film, directed by Alberto Cavalcanti; French inter-titles. . . . ¶ April 16 at 3: "Mannequin" (1926), a silent film, directed by James Cruze, with Warner Baxter, Walter Pidgeon, and ZaSu Pitts. . . . ¶ April 17 at 1: "Lonesome" (1928), a silent film, directed by Paul Fejos, with Glenn Tryon. . . . ¶ April 17 at 3: "Les Nouveaux Messieurs" (1929), a French silent film, directed by Jacques Feyder; French inter-titles. . . . ¶ April 19 at 4: "Wall Street" (1929), directed by Roy William Neill, with Ralph Ince and Aileen Pringle. . . . ¶ April 19 at 6: "Speedy" (1928), a silent film, directed by Ted Wilde, with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ April 19 at 8: "Applause" (1929), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Helen Morgan and Joan Peers.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—The first programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 15 at 6: "When Joseph Returns" (Hungary; Zsolt Kézdi Kovács). . . . ¶ April 15 at 8:30: "The First Swallow" (U.S.S.R.; Nana Mehedlidze). . . . ¶ April 16 at 6: "Hotel Pacific" (Poland/Czechoslovakia; Janusz Majewski). . . . ¶ April 16 at 8:30: "11 x 14" (United States; James Benning). . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "The First Swallow." . . . ¶ April 17 at 8:30: "When Joseph Returns." . . . ¶ April 18 at 6: "11 x 14." . . . ¶ April 18 at 8:30: "Hotel Pacific." . . . ¶ April 19 at 6: "Anatomy of a Relationship" (France; Luc Moullet and Antonietta Pizzorno). . . . ¶ April 19 at 8:30: "Coming of Age" (West Germany; Sohrab Shahid Saless). . . . ¶ April 20 at 6: "Well-Spring of My World" (Denmark; Christian Braad Thomsen). . . . ¶ April 20 at 8:30: "Local Color" (United States; Mark Rappaport). (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 765-5100, Ext. 311.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Actress (1955)—Ruth Gordon adapted her autobiographical play "Years Ago," which dealt with a young girl in New England determined to make her way in the theatre, and it was turned into a pleasantly modest though disappointing picture by the director, George Cukor. Jean Simmons plays the title role with grace, but the author has neglected to provide indications of talent and drive in the character; this girl seems too nice, too ordinary—she could never grow up to be that tough, indefatigable trouper Ruth Gordon. (The movie is set in 1911!) Despite the title, the central character is the girl's gruff, lovable father (Spencer Tracy); Tracy overdoes it, but he shows some energy, and the film is sadly short of it. With Teresa Wright giving a wan performance as the mother, Anthony Perkins making his first screen appearance, and, in the best sequence, Kay Williams as a musical-comedy star. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 20.)

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadores, in cumbrous armor ill fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (D. W. Griffith.)

Airport '77—The hero is a Boeing, which behaves immaculately in the most trying circumstances. With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Columbia I, and 86th St. East. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through April 14.)

Annie Hall—With Woody Allen and Diane Keaton, directed by Mr. Allen. (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie; starting April 20.)

Audrey Rose—Directed by Robert Wise, with Anthony Hopkins as a man who hangs about a West Side school because he believes that an eleven-year-old girl there is the reincarnation of his own daughter, killed in a car crash eleven years earlier. (Eastside Cinema, and Loews Ciné.)

The Beast (1975)—With Sirpa Lane, directed by Walerian Borowczyk. In French. (59th St. East; starting April 15.)

Bittersweet Love—With Lana Turner, Robert Lansing, Celeste Holm, Robert Alda, Scott Hylands, and Meredith Baxter Birney; directed by David Miller. (Olympia; through April 19.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young Fassbinder, born in 1945 and the writer and director of more than twenty feature films, here makes a film about lesbians which is furnished with elegance but sustained by a deep and primitive sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (6/14/76) (New Yorker; through April 21, tentative.)

Black Sunday—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers, a half-crazed Vietnam war veteran (Marthe Keller is his accomplice). The gadgets and cleverness of the movie amount to the haul of a gang of super-buyers run amok in F.A.O. Schwarz; the effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Loews Tower East.)

Bound for Glory—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly, but it's clearly a trial run for some of the effects that Altman brings off in "Nashville." (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 15-16.)

Brothers—With Bernie Casey, Vonetta McGee, and Ron O'Neal; directed by Arthur Barron. (Fine Arts; through April 21, tentative.)

College (1927)—A beautiful little comedy. Buster Keaton is a bookworm, working his way through college and determined to become a star athlete. The story line isn't as miraculously fresh as in a couple of his films, but it allows for some of his most startlingly inventive stunts. Despite the many pilferings from this film (it has been a gold mine for other comedians), the routines are executed with such impeccable precision and with such an air of confident innocence that they are charged with surprise—and probably will be forever. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 19.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

Demon Seed—With Julie Christie and Fritz Weaver, directed by Donald Cammell. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty, much improved version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. Among the people who toned up the dialogue were Herman J. Mankiewicz and Donald Ogden Stewart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 15-16.)

The Domino Principle—With Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, Richard Widmark, Mickey Rooney, Edward Albert, and Eli Wallach; directed by Stanley Kramer. (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through April 19, tentative.)

The Drunken Angel (1948)—Early Kurosawa about a doctor working in the human debris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written (by Kurosawa, in collaboration) with a liquid sense of shape. Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese. (Regency; April 19-20.)

The Eagle Has Landed—What if Churchill had been kidnapped by the Nazis? The gang leader is well played by Michael Caine. Donald Pleasence as Himmler has a frighteningly manic breathless laugh. The trouble with most of these what-if thrillers is our contradicting knowledge of history. This film cleverly sidesteps that by a dramatic trick that depends on invoking, of all things, English love for the courage of music-hall troupers. Worth seeing for its adroitness. Directed by John Sturges. (4/4/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through April 19, tentative.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 21.)

Farewell, My Lovely (1975)—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Playboy; through April 19.)

Fellini's Casanova—Fellini's epic about his own alienation; it takes great dedication to sit this one out. Donald Sutherland is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Cinema I; through April 14.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitated in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 17-18.)

Fox and His Friends (1976)—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; through April 21, tentative.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 59th St. East; through April 14. . . . ¶ Waverly; through April 21, tentative.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21		

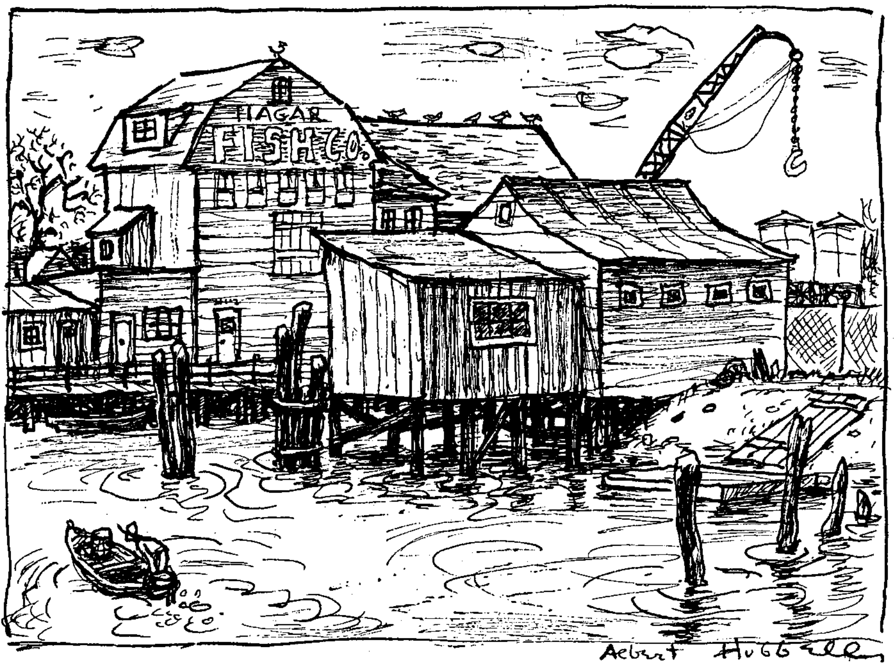
Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented performers, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars. (Cinema Village; April 20-21.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Art.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—A breezy, cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blue movies and then acts with a modish revolutionary theatrical company called "Be Black, Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. (Cinema Village; April 20-21.)

I Cover the Waterfront (1933)—Up front, this is a commonplace romantic melodrama about a wisecracking, hard-drinking reporter (Ben Lyon) who exploits his love affair (with Claudette Colbert) in order to get a good story for his paper, but the background is far from commonplace. Colbert's father (played by Ernest Torrence) is a huge wreck of a sea captain who smuggles Chinese to the West Coast; he's a moody, illiterate mercenary who throws his passengers overboard tied to anchor chains when the Coast Guard approaches. There are several strong, memorable scenes, and such unusual moments as the heroine's passing the time of day with the madam of a brothel while waiting to take her boozed-up father home. James Cruze directed; from Max Miller's book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 20.)

I Remember Mama (1948)—Kathryn Forbes' novel about her Norwegian family in San Francisco is used as the framework for a mother image of formidable proportions. This image is held to with the serene nostalgia that we reserve for our very best fantasies—Mama (Irene Dunne) is tall and beautiful, wise and omniscient. Except for a few gooey lapses (the worst is a bathetic hospital scene), George Stevens directed with warmth and intelligence; it's not a bad movie, though it has a too careful look, with meticulous reconstructions of San Francisco streets circa 1905-10. Philip Dorn is Papa, and Barbara Bel Geddes does well as daughter Katrin. As the rakehell Uncle Chris, Oscar Homolka goes in for too many flourishes and loiters too long on his deathbed. Edgar Bergen is the timid undertaker who marries Mama's sister, and Cedric Hardwicke and Rudy Vallée are also around. The movie seems too hemmed in, maybe because De Witt Bodeen's script sticks too closely to the stage adaptation by John van Druten. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 17.)



Islands in the Stream—The implacable stodginess of this Franklin J. Schaffner version of Hemingway's posthumous novel is stupefying yet impressive. George C. Scott gives a scrupulous performance as the fisherman-artist hero living in the Bahamas at the outbreak of the Second World War, who is visited by his three sons from two broken marriages, and then by his first wife (Claire Bloom). The movie brings out the worst in Hemingway—his mystique. With Julius Harris, David Hemmings, Gilbert Roland, and Michael-James Wixted as the middle boy, Davy. (3/14/77) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through April 19, tentative.)

Jabberwocky—Based on the Lewis Carroll poem, with Michael Palin, directed by Terry Gilliam. (Cinema I; starting April 15.)

Just Before Nightfall (1971)—Claude Chabrol's mask of prankish cynicism may be one of the most foxing visages in modern cinema. This film, written by him from a novel by Edouard Atiyah, is ostensibly about a sadomasochist killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' own wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol. In French. (8/4/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 21.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Sutton, Paramount, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Littlest Horse Thieves—From the Disney studios, with Alastair Sim, Peter Barkworth, and Susan Tebbs; directed by Charles Jarrott. (Music Hall.)

Lord Love a Duck (1966)—George Axelrod's malicious and funny survey of late-sixties teen-aging. With Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 17.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Plaza.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Cinema Village; April 15-16.)

The Middle of the World (1975)—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the

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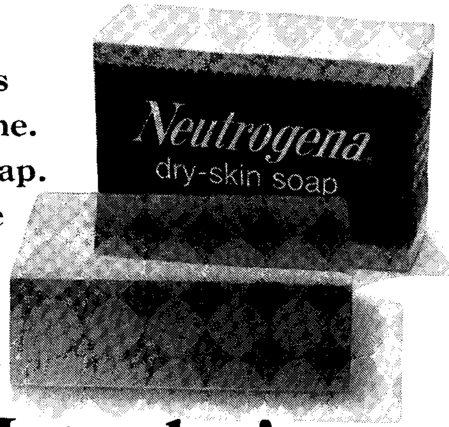

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two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. Directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 19.)

Mother, Jugs & Speed—A comedy-adventure about an ambulance company in Los Angeles. With Bill Cosby, Raquel Welch, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Peter Yates. (Playboy, and Olympia; starting April 20.)

Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven (1975)—Another work by the prodigiously productive Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In this one, Mother Küsters (Brigitte Mira, one of Fassbinder's regular acting troupe) is a plump woman who would normally be dedicated to *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche*, but the West German economic miracle has happened, and instead she is putting screws into electrical equipment at the kitchen table. This far from ordinary housewife, characterized by a suppressed merriment, has to deal with the practically unassimilable information that her factory-worker husband has run amok, killed the boss's son, and then killed himself. There is a lot of Brecht in Fassbinder, but Brecht was confirmed in his sardonic nonbelief, and one has the feeling that Fassbinder is hectically looking for what not to believe in. An immensely gifted and worried film. In German. (3/28/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, a movie of high wit and inspired silliness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Cinema II.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids, people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Trans-Lux East, U. A. East, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Not a Pretty Picture (1976)—With Michele Manenti and Jim Carrington, directed by Martha Coolidge. (Jean Renoir Cinema; starting April 14.)

Partner (1969)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double"—in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, and with original and daring tricks of style, but not easy to take. With Stefania Sandrelli and Tina Aumont. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 20.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 16.)

Providence—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Cinema 3.)

Raggedy Ann & Andy—An animated musical feature, directed by Richard Williams. (Guild.)

Le Retour d'Afrique (1973)—A gaunt, droll story, set in Geneva, about a couple starting out on a journey to Algeria that is never actually taken, though it changes the two of them politically. The picture has a subdued gaiety and a firm intellect rare in films. Produced, directed, and written by Alain Tanner, who directed "Charles Dead or Alive" and "La Salamandre." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 19.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Gramercy, Columbia II, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema.)

Seventh Heaven (1927)—In the first year that Academy Awards were given, Frank Borzage took the prize for directing this tender, sweet (and silent) film starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 19.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 21.)

Silver Streak—Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. (1/17/77) (Playboy, and Olympia; starting April 20.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Beekman.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges' enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 20-21.)

A Star Is Born (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. The director, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Hollywood and the perils of fame—how Vicki Lester becomes a great star, while her spoiled, big-headed husband, Norman Maine, sinks via alcoholism and despair. The film is a peculiar sort of masochistic, self-congratulatory Hollywood orgy. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 19.)

A Star Is Born—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (72nd Street East; through April 14.)

There's No Business Like Show Business (1954)—The competent hoofing by Donald O'Connor and Dan Dailey isn't enough to compensate for a seedy plot about a family of vaudevillians and for performers like Johnnie Ray, who sings like a rutting cat and then—as if to win our indulgence—announces he is going to be a priest. Marilyn Monroe, Ethel "Iron Lungs" Merman, and Mitzi Gaynor perform without much distinction; there's no life to this thing. The score is by Irving Berlin; Walter Lang directed, for Fox. (Cinema Village; April 17-18.)

3 WOMEN—With Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; directed by Robert Altman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

UNCLE VANYA (1963)—A filmed stage production, directed for the stage by Laurence Olivier, for the screen by Stuart Burge. With Michael Redgrave, Joan Plowright, Rosemary Harris, and Mr. Olivier. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Thalia.)

VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S.S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Faye Dunaway, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (Playboy, and Olympia; through April 19. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; April 15-19.)

WELCOME TO L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Baronet; through April 19, tentative.)

WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD (1932)—The story line of this film, directed by George Cukor for the producer David O. Selznick, is basically the same as that of Selznick's later "A Star Is Born" (1937), which he admitted was a reworking of this material. (Cukor got back to the material when he directed the 1954 version of "A Star Is Born.") Constance Bennett is a waitress at the Brown Derby who meets a brilliant alcoholic director (Lowell Sherman); she rises to fame as his career collapses. Sherman probably patterned his interpretation on the self-destructive drinking of his brother-in-law John Barrymore. Many of the scenes are like sketches for scenes in the later versions, but this film has its own interest, especially because of its glimpses into the studio world at the time. With Neil Hamilton, Gregory Ratoff, Louise Beavers, and Eddie Anderson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 20.)

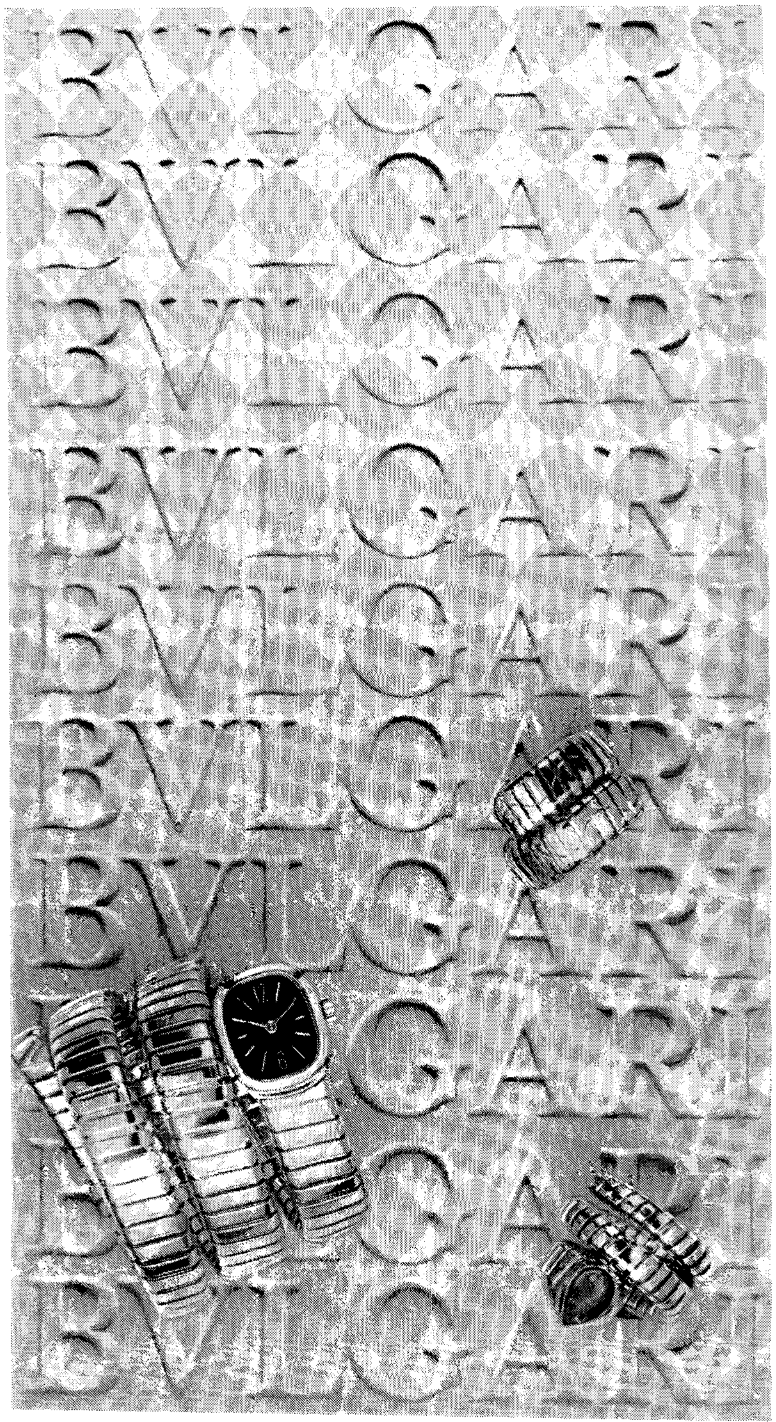
WOMAN IN THE DUNES (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that one's sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Regency; April 17-18.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version. With Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 15-16.)

THE WONDERFUL CROOK—Gérard Depardieu as a petit-bourgeois Robin Hood, a man who commits robberies in order to meet the payroll of his family business, a small furniture factory. The Swiss writer-director, Claude Goretta, develops the small stresses and breaks of feeling; we know we're seeing a film made by artists. But Goretta's wheels grind so fine that we become impatient; the hero's arrest is our reprieve. In French. (3/21/77) (68th St. Playhouse.)

YOJIMBO (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to Westerners. In Japanese. (Regency; starting April 21.)

LES ZOZOS (1973)—With Frederick Duru, directed by Pascal Thomas. In French. (Jean Renoir Cinema; April 13.)



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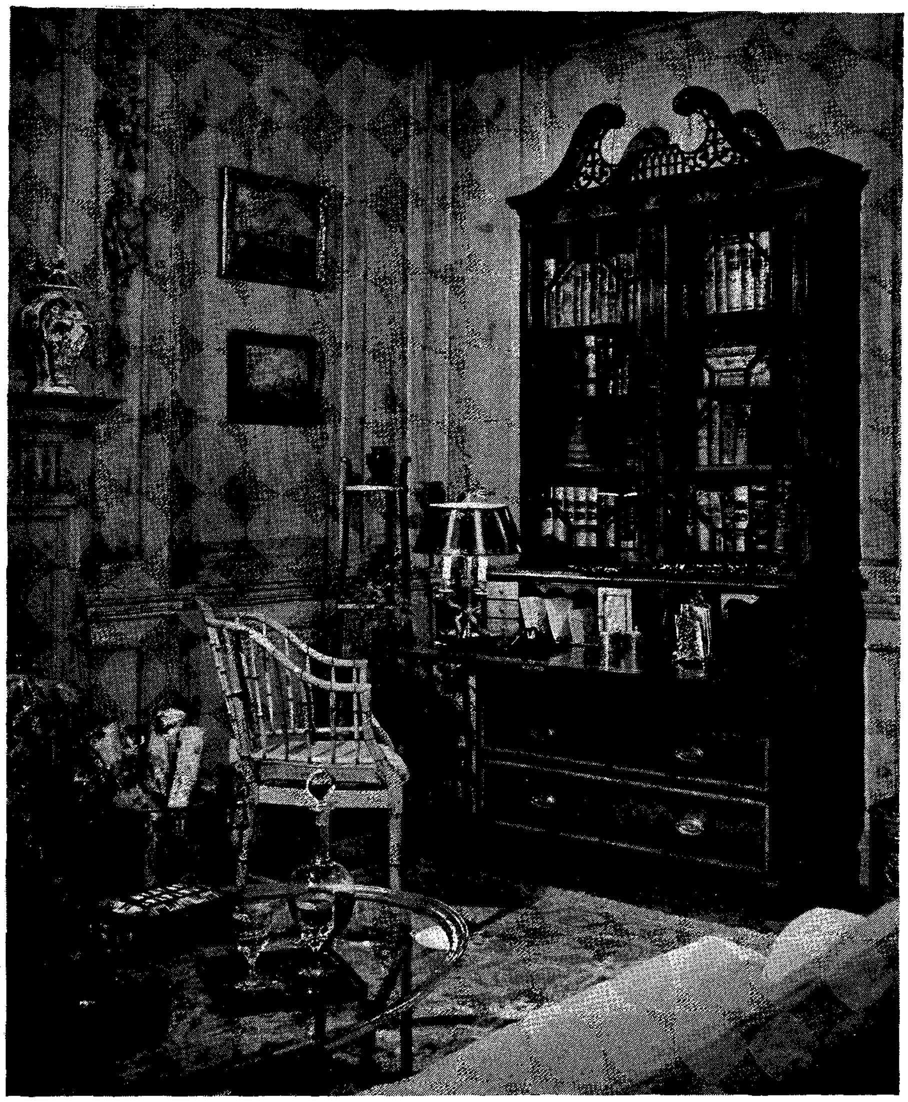

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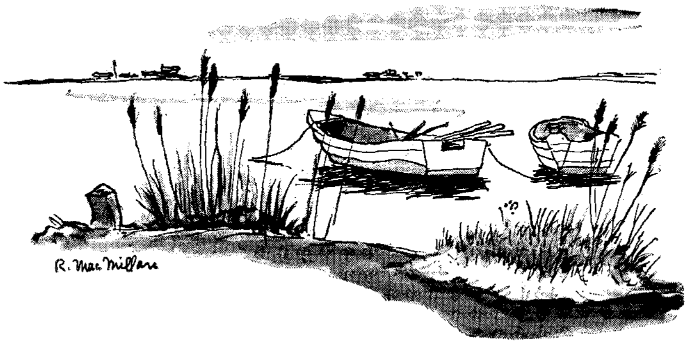
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have a letter from an acquaintance whose syntax has been affected by prolonged exposure to the March issue of *Vogue* magazine:

One thing I think is very exciting, very in keeping with the whole new way people feel *right now*, is the way people are reaching *out* to take responsibility for their *own hair*. Maybe it was *Watergate* or maybe the whole new *young* way AMY CARTER looks when she takes a walk with her mother, or maybe it's just the way people feel about HUMAN POTENTIAL right this minute, but suddenly there's a whole new attitude, a whole new way to *relate* to the experience of having hair. I know this for a fact because I have committed to memory the copy on page 213 of the March *Vogue*. Understanding the *natural character* of your hair is the key. "Some call it natural, some call it casual, but what it is, in the end, is really a matter of *attitude*, of allowing hair to go the way it wants to," *Vogue* says. "For one thing, it takes a new hair vocabulary. Natural character is what counts. Meaning . . . the way hair wants to go, its *range of possibilities*. . . . And the new rule: Never force hair to do more than it can within its own limitations. . . . *What freeing up hair also means:* taking responsibility for the way your hair looks." Maybe it's spring, maybe it's the move *away* from hard drinks to long, cool spritzers made with dry, dry wine and a hint of soda, but I'm going to apply this new emphasis on *natural character* to everything on my body and in my closet. I'm going to let my shoes go *where they want to*. I'm going to have little chats with my hands and feet about their *range of possibilities*. And, as for my head, from now on I'm not going to force it to do more than it can within its own limitations. If, for instance, the natural inclination of my mind next month is toward *Big Bike* magazine rather than toward *Vogue*—well, I'll take the responsibility.



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Output

A NEIGHBOR of ours, the City University Graduate Center, on West Forty-second Street, has a semi-enclosed pedestrian mall that we have long appreciated. Since it opened, in 1970, the mall has functioned from time to time as an art gallery, a showcase for avant-garde creations that have a variety of intentions but have one thing in common: the ability to provoke human beings to scratch their heads. The most recent artist to put the mall to work is Liz Phillips, a young woman who specializes in "sound sculpture." Miss Phillips calls the sound sculpture in the mall "City Flow," and its special trick—it is, by the way, genuinely tricky—is the ability to translate the human traffic in the mall into electronic sounds that the passers-through hear. In addition to human movements, which are traced by radio waves emanating from strategically placed pieces of copper plate, "City Flow" incorporates traffic noises from Forty-second Street. The sound sculpture produces itself by modulating, segmenting, filtering, and broadcasting this activity in ways that Miss Phillips, who spends a lot of time inside the mall these days, will gladly explain to anyone who asks.

The main body of "City Flow" is a diamond-shaped area at the north end of the mall, and several hundred people walk through that every hour. When they do, they create what Miss Phillips calls sound and what Lynton Hyman, a security guard who patrols the mall, calls weird noise. "It's driving me crazy," Mr. Hyman told us one rainy afternoon, when the humidity was causing the sound sculpture to generate some particularly dense activity. "People come through and say to me, 'I hear some strange noises.' Well, they're right. I hear some strange noises, too. Let me try to describe it: It's *weird noise*. That's all I can say."

The sounds of "City Flow" cause the imagination to run free. Pausing in front of one of the radiating copper plates, we twirled an umbrella and then pirouetted a couple of times, and thought we heard rushing water, voices under water, trains in tunnels, muffled drums, the shriek of a pterodactyl, and plain old radio static. Liz Phillips, who happened to be nearby adjusting some of her equipment, observed this patiently.

"I did the first one of these things at Bennington College in 1969," she said as we continued to experiment. "The sounds then weren't very various. It was just a single frequency oscillating. Here, there are more frequencies, and the traffic adds a different dimension. I just got the O.K. from the Department of Traffic to hook up this thing to the system that monitors all the traffic lights in the city. The sculpture will react to the flow of the traffic lights leading from Fordham Road, in the Bronx, down through Manhattan. You'll be able to stand here and sense the traffic moving in in the morning and flowing out again at night. No, the sculpture won't bother the traffic. The sculpture is just an output. I really enjoy standing here watching the people walk through. A lot of them figure out who I am. I depend on the people to keep coming. The microphone that faces Forty-second Street was a good idea. I don't know which is better, a bus or a truck. They're great generators. A lot of young kids *want to know can they do it*. When I tell them that they can, they then want to know does it sell. There's one little lady who comes by in the mornings and reminds me to be careful when I touch the wires. New York makes a great audience."

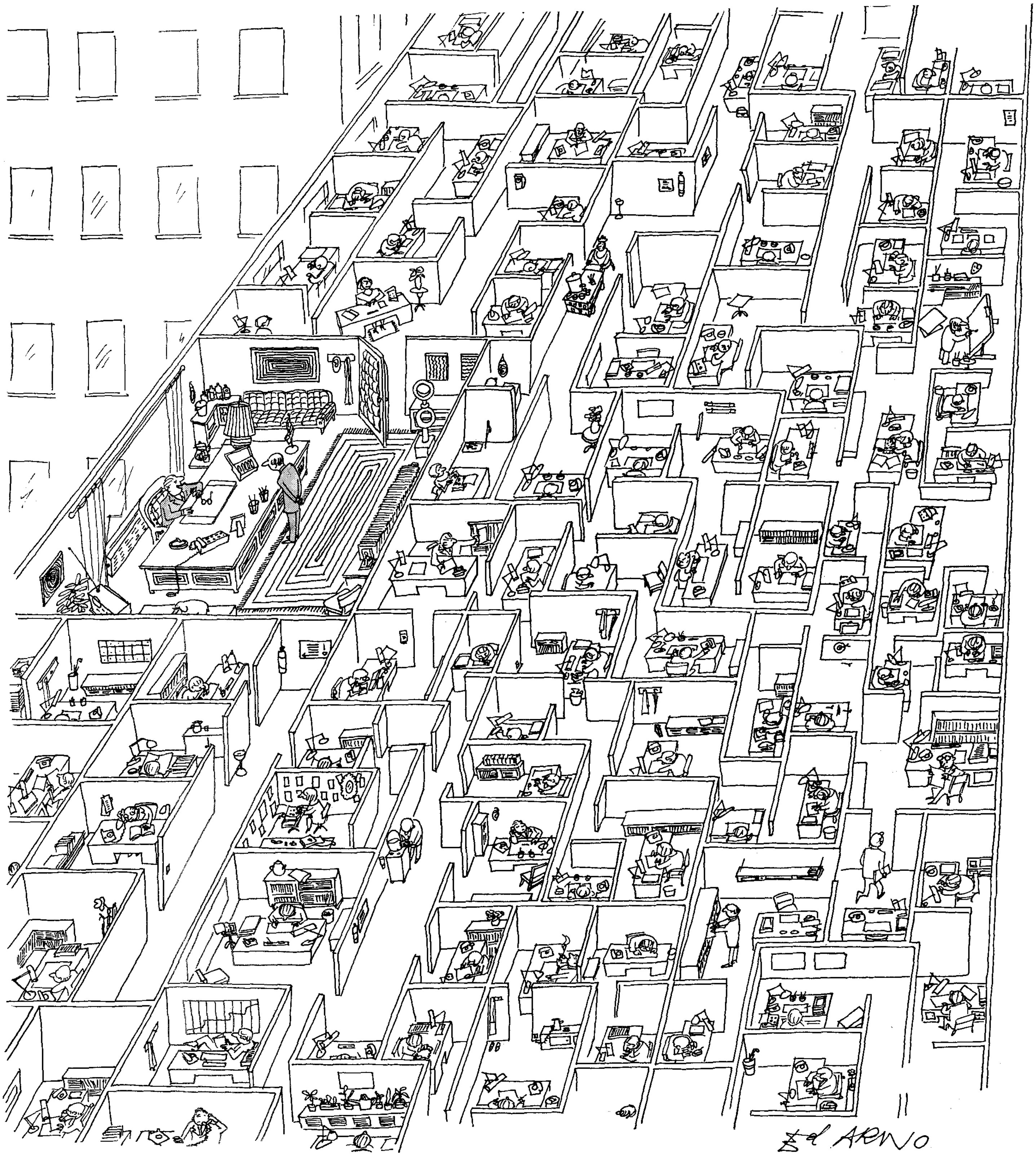
Whether or not the people who enter the mall like "City Flow," most of them seem not to have the time to dawdle. We asked one man in a rush if he realized that he was part of a piece of sculpture, and he said, "Not really." Another man did notice, walked over to one of the radio fields, jumped in the air, and shouted "Hello!" A pleasant kind of static resulted. At times, the sounds can be actively unpleasant, and we asked Miss Phillips if "City Flow" ever makes her uncomfortable. For a moment, she looked at us as if we had insulted a close relative, but then she said, "Yes, lots of times. It means that I have to adjust the tuning. Does that mean that I'm a musician or a sculptor? I figure that's not my problem. That's the critics' problem. In college, I majored in art and music. Now I don't play any musical instrument—that is, none except the electronics."

Oral History

WHEN we heard not long ago that Wellington Koo, a Columbia B.A. and Ph.D. with a curriculum vitae that is probably as formidable as any extant, had contributed to his alma mater's oral-history annals several hundred hours' worth of taped reminiscences—the lengthiest recitation to date in the university's collection, or perhaps anywhere—we asked him to grant us an hour's worth of live talk. Over a cup of green tea in his Park Avenue apartment, he graciously obliged. Dr. Koo, a chipper eighty-nine-year-old, who gave up skiing in 1972 and tennis a year ago, has at one time or another been the Republic of China's Foreign Minister and Finance Minister; its ambassador to London, Paris, and Washington; its delegate to both the League of Nations and the United Nations; and, in 1926-27, its Premier and acting President. He has lived in New York since retiring, in 1967, from the International Court of Justice, in The Hague, on which august tribunal he had sat for a decade.

"My father was a *mandarin*, who handled all foreign loans in Shanghai in the reign of Tzu Hsi, the Empress Dowager, and also all foreign purchases by the Imperial Court," Dr. Koo told us. "The Empress Dowager was very fond of foreign things. Also, all customs revenue was remitted through Shanghai, and he was responsible for counting it. At the time I was born, in 1888, everything was done according to five-thousand-year-old traditions, but I acquired an entirely new outlook when I was sent to a missionary school. I acquired the name Wellington there. We had a teacher, an Englishwoman, who couldn't be bothered with Chinese names—mine is Vi Kyuin—so she gave everybody an English name. Similarly, my present wife, at her missionary school in Tientsin, became Juliana, which was all right until we lived in Holland, where it embarrassed us for her to be called that. So she reverted to Yu Yün, her Chinese name. It was when I was fifteen or sixteen that I decided to go into diplomacy. I was moved to feel, because of a sign posted in a beautiful garden in the British Concession in Shanghai, that some improvement in the state of foreign relations was essential. The sign said, 'Dogs and Chinese not admitted.' It was bad enough in any event, but to put dogs ahead of Chinese was too much. When some of my school friends said they were going to college in the United States, I decided to join them, to the great sorrow of my mother. I was only seventeen, and she fell to her knees and grabbed my hand and begged me to stay in Shanghai. I majored in political science at Columbia, and I especially loved the extracurricular activities. I joined the debating team, and I heeled for the *Spectator*, the undergraduate paper, eventually becoming a news editor, and I was elected to a ten-man student board of representatives that dealt with the faculty and the administration. I observed that the big men on campus, the true heroes, were those with a varsity 'C' on their sweaters, so I went out for crew. The coach said, 'Koo, you're too small for anything but coxswain.' So I tried out for that, and after two days the coach said, 'Koo, you're through. To be a successful cox, you have to swear at your boat, and you can't swear.' My size did prove helpful, however, during the annual freshman-sophomore flag rush, when the sophomores would hang a flag on a high pole and defy the freshmen to pull it down. I was so small that two of the big guys in my class were able to throw me high enough into the air to grab the flag.

"After obtaining my undergraduate degree, in 1908, I returned to China, for an arranged marriage—both sets of parents had selected us for one another when we were eight or ten. She and I went through the ceremony, but on a strictly pro-forma basis. When I next went home, after receiving my Ph.D., in 1912, I looked up the Chinese civil code and found an article—the Chinese are remarkably advanced in many respects—permitting married couples to get divorced by mutual consent. So we did. In the spring of 1912, the provisional President of the Chinese Republic, Yüan Shih-k'ai, cabled to New York offering me a job as his English secretary. I wanted to turn him down, because my doctoral dissertation wasn't finished. My adviser, Professor John Bassett Moore, demurred. He had been Assistant Secretary of State under Presidents Cleveland and Harrison, incidentally, so my connections with American history, vicariously, go rather a long way back. I have known personally all your Secretaries of State from Elihu Root on. Anyway, while I was pondering the offer of the position back home, Professor Charles A. Beard, under whom I had studied history, urged me to take it. He said I could receive my Ph.D. on the basis of what I'd already written. 'But I haven't done my index,' I said. 'My wife, Mary, will attend to that,' he said, 'and now you get yourself to the Trans-Siberian Railroad and go right back home as fast as you can.' I was surprised, on arriving in Peking, to be met at the station by the Prime Minister, T'ang Shao-yi, who had an elegant carriage with two beautiful black horses. He told Yüan Shih-k'ai, 'I'm going to keep Koo as *my* English secretary,' and the President said, 'But



"I'm afraid a raise is out of the question, Benton, but in view of your sixteen years of service we are advancing you two spaces."

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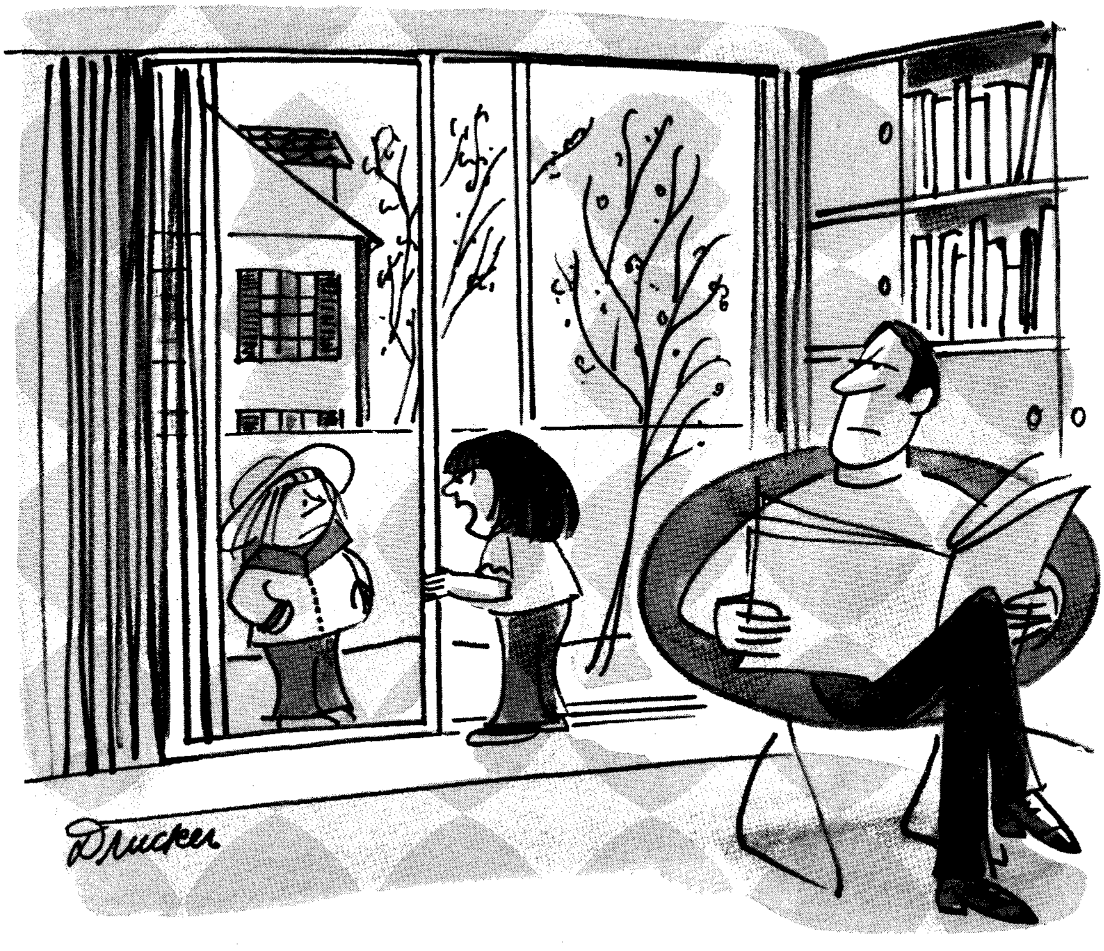
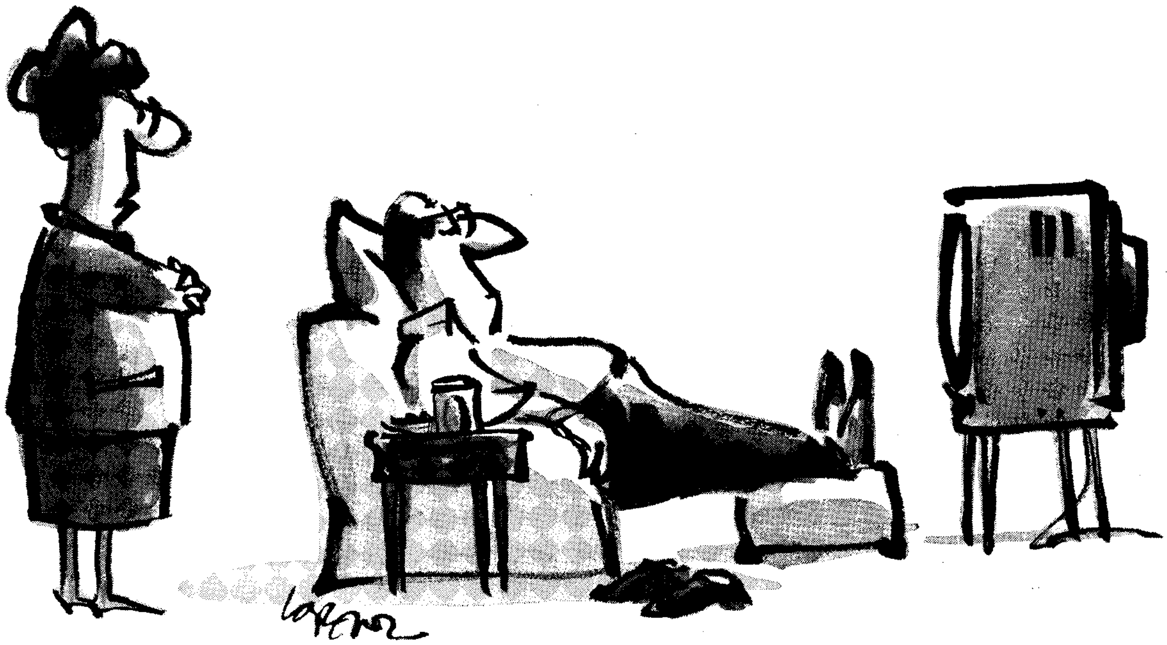
the reason he's here is that *I* sent for him.' Then it dawned on them that neither really had much for an English secretary to do, and it was arranged for me to work for them both. I was soon struck by the unsatisfactory way in which the Chinese conducted their relations with foreigners. Nobody had ever written down important conversations with envoys from abroad. So whenever the President received English-speaking visitors, I went home immediately afterward and wrote an account of the interview, for the record. Next, in 1914, I started a press bureau. Every night, I would have whatever German, French, English, and Japanese newspapers were available translated, and have a summary of what they contained submitted the following morning to the President. After a while, it got so that Yüan Shih-k'ai, who knew no language other than Chinese, couldn't enjoy his breakfast unless he had the summary. It was the first time in Chinese history that any such translations of the foreign press had been prepared.

"The following year, although I was very junior in rank, the President, who was dissatisfied with his minister in Washington, sent me to take his place. I happened to arrive just before Woodrow Wilson remarried. Your President had been kind enough some years earlier, when he was president of Princeton, to invite me to stay at his home, and now he wanted me to come to the ceremony. The State Department said I couldn't, because I had not yet formally presented my credentials. So Mr. Wilson invited me as a personal guest. I was amused, later, to see a film of the wedding and hear a commentator say, 'There was a Chinese in the retinue.' Wilson was a fine man—literally a gentleman and a scholar. He really *believed* in making the world safe for democracy. He wasn't appreciated by the American people. They thought that his Fourteen Points speech was too academic. I thought that that was what made it good. Politics is an interesting field, but in a way it's irrational. Politicians don't as a rule bother about rights and wrongs. Their only concern is power. I saw a good deal of President Wilson at the Peace Conference at Versailles, where I was a member of the Chinese delegation. It was a pity that his opponents kept the United States out of the League of Nations. The League was a lame horse from that moment on. I've known all your Presidents beginning with Theodore Roosevelt—although I merely sort of shook hands with Gerald Ford—and just about every head of state in my time except the Kaiser, Stalin, and Hitler. I got along splendidly with both George V and George VI. I knew both Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill rather well—Roosevelt from back in the pre-First World War days when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. I had an appointment with Churchill one afternoon at 10 Downing Street, and he was late, and when he finally appeared, he said, 'You must excuse me, but I have to take a nap every afternoon and I can't sleep except in pajamas and it does take time, after all, to dress properly afterward.' I met Mussolini just once, when I went to Rome for the installation of Pope Pius XII, in 1939. Mussolini's son-in-law, Count Ciano, had been a popular consul general in China, so Chiang Kai-shek asked me to call on the Duce. All I can recall is that he had a great big desk, and that Ciano was very mild and cautious in his presence. You know, wherever I've been and whenever it was, I've always wanted to do the right thing for China, and I've always resented anybody who treated my country as an inferior nation and with insufficient respect. In my view, there were three countries in particular that did not behave toward China as they should have by the moral standards of international law—the Soviet Union, Japan, and Great Britain. I have had occasion from time to time to try to set them right. For instance, from the eighteen-seventies on, it was the tradition for the Inspector General of Customs in China, a man of considerable weight in the financial community there, to be an Englishman. When I was Foreign Minister, fifty years ago, I felt obliged to assert China's rights by dismissing the incumbent Inspector General for insubordination and appointing a Chinese in his place. The reaction was unbelievable. Nine ministers of the diplomatic corps called on me to complain, and in those days most Chinese officials were so afraid of the foreign diplomatic corps that they treated them like lords and masters. I was told by my visitors that what I had done would cause great disturbances in international money markets—which turned out not to be the case—but I informed the envoys that the matter was one of internal Chinese administration, and not their affair at all. They were quite taken aback.

"I haven't been on the Chinese mainland since 1946, but I have been to Taiwan twice since then—the last time in 1970. I saw a good deal of the Generalissimo then. He was born the year before me, and I met him for the first time in 1931, after the Japanese had invaded Manchuria. He asked me to come down to Nanking from Peking, where I was staying with the



"I don't care what you think.
I don't care what you think!
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK!"



"When I said you should be easier on yourself, I didn't mean you should let yourself off scot-free."

Young Marshal, Chang Hsueh-liang. I knew his father, the Old Marshal, too. The Old Marshal—Chang Tso-lin—was illiterate, and a bandit chief, but even so he was quite a character. He knew how to deal with people. The Young Marshal's mistake was to dismiss his father's able counsellors—that led to his downfall. I got along very well with Chiang Kai-shek, though I was once informed—wrongly, as it happened—that he had put my name on a list of a half-dozen people who were to be exiled. He was a very interesting man. Recently, some newspapers on Taiwan published portions of his diaries, in some of which, I was interested to note, I was mentioned, especially in reference to my work at the Paris Peace Conference. I knew Mao Tse-tung less well. The first time I met him was in 1924, when I was Foreign Minister. He came to see me with some students, to protest against my disapproval of a pact that had been signed, without my knowledge or concurrence, between China and the Soviet Union in a fashion highly prejudicial to China. I remember Mao from then as a short, stout fellow who let the students do the talking and never said a word himself. Of course, he was only a political activist, and younger than I was.

"I'm out of the mainstream of politics now, but I keep up by reading newspapers, international-law journals, and United Nations publications. And in retirement I've been able to read all the books I've always wanted to read—especially historical biographies of famous men and women. When I was in active life, I had little time to read for pleasure, and when I was at school, I was too serious. I preferred then to read about Chinese treaties and diplomatic history. Now I watch television once in a while, but not as religiously as my ten grandchildren. I think a lot about China. Eventually, I know, there will again be a united China, but how long that will take and who's going to do the unifying I can't at present foresee. But that doesn't matter: China is one of the oldest political entities on the map, and sooner or later it will be a single political entity once again."

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Auto Expo

AUTO EXPO/NEW YORK, also called the International AutoShow, which was held at the Coliseum last week, was in fact two auto shows. Mainly, it was an actual auto show, with exhibits of foreign economy cars, foreign sports cars, and special, experimentally designed foreign cars; secondarily, it was a movie of an auto show, in the process of being shot at the Subaru exhibit. If you did not know that the Subaru exhibit was a heightened-reality zone as a result of a major commercial motion picture's being made there, it was possible to receive a small science-fiction-type shock when, walking along the waist-high aluminum rail around the Subaru exhibit, you saw the everyday-looking people—woman in blue suit and scarf, minister in white clerical collar, teen-age girl in overalls, Japanese businessmen—who were standing around looking at the cars like everyone else at the show suddenly all begin to move at once in different directions and with unfathomable designs at the shout "O.K., let's try it again!" The movie turned out to be "The Goodbye Girl," written by Neil Simon and starring Marsha Mason (Mrs. Neil Simon) and Richard Dreyfuss. Richard Dreyfuss is easy to spot in a crowd, because always within fifty feet of him the word "jaws" is audible, as in the sentence "Look, it's the guy from 'Jaws.' "

The actual auto show featured a number of cars of the future, among them the Ghia Megastar, an experimental family sedan of aerodynamic design, which was mostly glass, and which looked like a streamlined reception room; and the Ferrari Project Cr25, which had been tested in a big wind tunnel for wind resistance at speeds up to 200 m.p.h., and which got its name from the scientific notation for its very low drag coefficient. The Mercedes-Benz exhibit introduced "a new generation of Mercedes-Benzes"—notably a new sports sedan, with a "roof dramatically reinforced" and a front suspension system based on a "highly sophisticated detail of engineering"—and nearby British Leyland exhibited the Silver Jubilee Jaguar XJ-S, built in honor of the Queen's Silver Jubilee, with gold-and-purple decoration surrounding a crown framed by two sprigs of laurel—the symbol of the Jubilee—at the center of the hubcaps. Our favorite car in the show was the Peugeot Model 504 sedan—the actual vehicle that won the 2,449-mile Rallye du Maroc in 1975. We looked closely at the car, which must have startled more than its share of nomadic tribesmen in its day, and saw that it was scraped up and that part of its original license plate was peeling off the front. We reached under its back fender, and from the hollow on the inside of the fender we brought out a pinch of khaki-colored Moroccan sand. We held it to our nose, and it smelled like Africa.

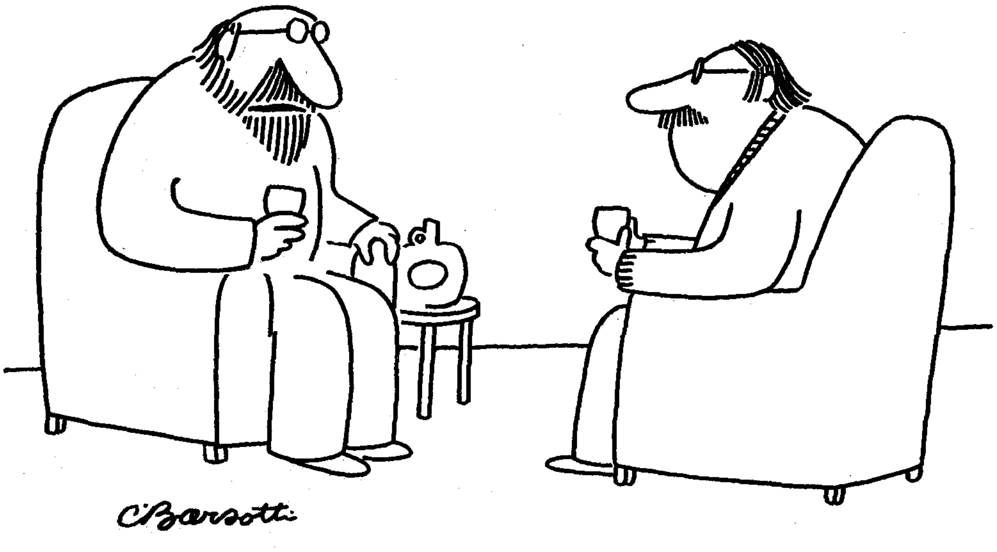
LIFE ON THE FARM

LIFE on the farm isn't easy, what with the pigs to feed, the cows to milk, the fields to plow, the pies to bake, the victuals to store away for the wintertime, the cows to kick when they won't get along home, the grasshoppers to worry about, the heat, the sweat, the clothes, the silliness on Sundays, the dusty roads. Why, you've got to set your alarm clock for five, you've got to cook breakfast, eat it, drink coffee, not say too much because you just got up, go outside, feel the weather on your face, be serious about your work, pay attention to the animals. Now, if we lived in a purely agrarian society, these procedures would be second nature to us all. As it is, they sound powerful weird to most of us.

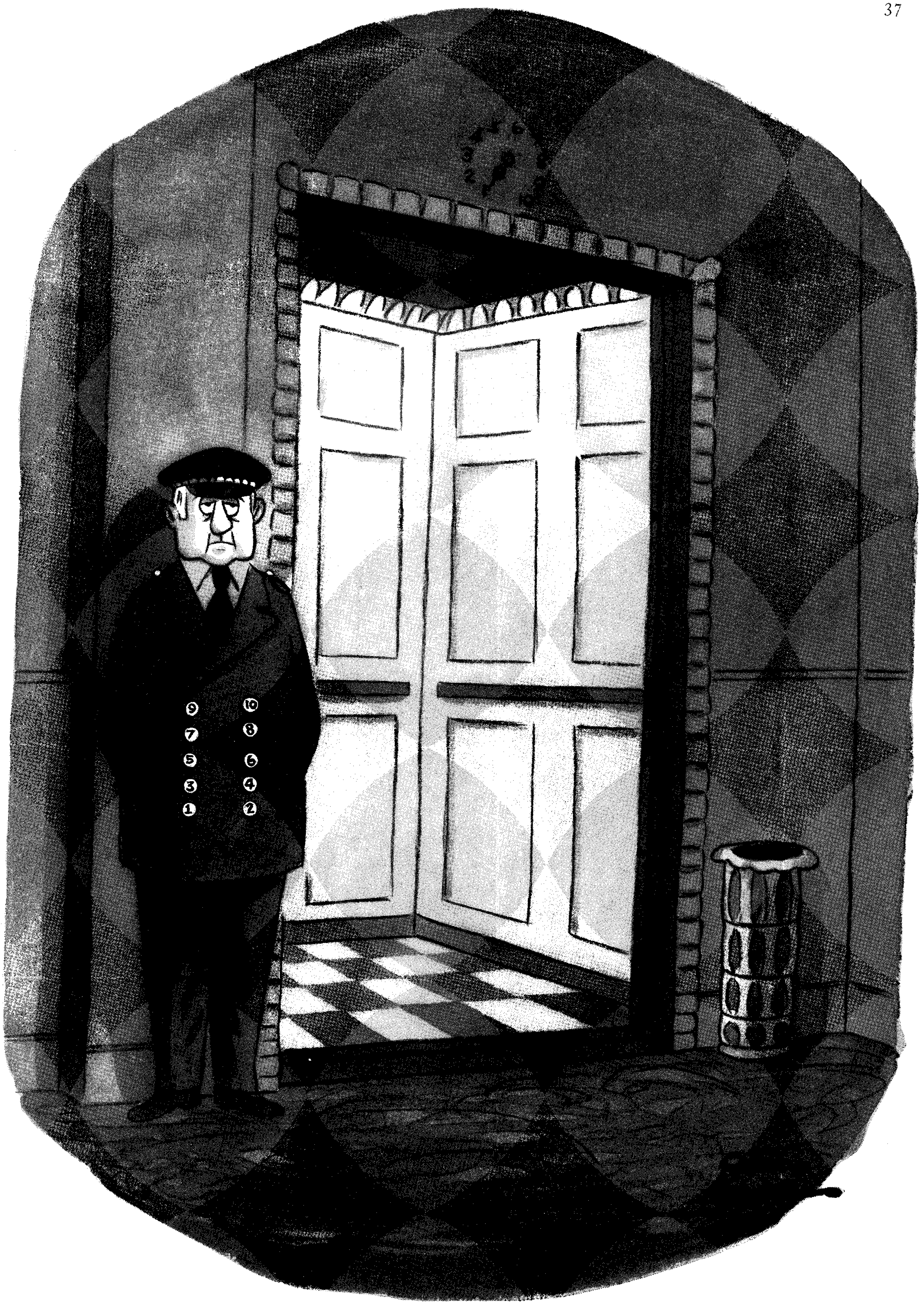
But most of us are not sitting in a slow-creaking rocker on a warped-floor porch with a thunderstorm coming. Cumulus clouds tumbling in from the west. The sniff of tornado on the air. Is the farmer concerned? No, he continues to rock, rock, rock, until he suddenly finds himself three miles above Nassau and heading north by northeast toward the Hebrides, a place he has always dreamed of in his dreams, dreaming in the fields as he tossed that bale. He lands lightly like a feather horse on the shore of an isle. No one knows he has arrived. The ponies go on with their grazing. The farmer tiptoes across the sand, dragging his rocking chair. The ponies are trained not to fear strangers arriving by tornado, hurricane, or hydroplane. (Motorboat, yes.) They raise their heads, flutter their manes with a twist of the neck, and trot toward stone-walled gardens. The farmer wants to know all about this magical place. He knocks at a cottage door. No one answers. He tries another. Still no answer. At a third, dead silence from within. At a fourth—that's where the party is. They ask him for his membership card. Naturally he can't produce one, but they're so drunk and charitable that they say his farmer's co-op card will do. He enters. He drinks. He tells his story. Few believe him. They offer him a job sweeping floors for one meal and two pints a day. He accepts. It's better than wading with the hogs, he figures, or mimicking the chickens, staying shy of the kingpin rooster, shooing motorcycles off the dirt road, damned kids, watching the elm get it from lightning, seeing young wheat get hit by hail, going tongue-tied at the co-op meeting, falling for somebody else's wife but always missing the chance to tell her so, and when you tell her so, getting a sourdough smile and a minister's reprimand behind closed barn doors until the horse, the one good horse you've got, throws its shoe clear across the barn and hits the minister in the head while he's bent over tying his shoe. He thinks you did it, because when he looks up and when the pain subsides enough so that he can see, he can see that you are laughing. You lie to him, another sin, and tell him that what he sees imprinted on your face is not the hoofmark of the Devil but a grimace of sympathetic pain, because you know how painful it is to get clobbered in the brains with a shoe designed to fit and protect the foot of a horse, a very large animal. Still, he can't believe that a horse could have such good aim, so he lays the blame on you, cursing you, using the name of the Lord thy God in vain, only one example of his versatility in the art of flinging swears in the faces of his parishioners. He stumps off, dusting his hat, and you're left to ponder your position in the community as well as in the Great Chain of Being. You suspect that the minister will be more concerned with twisting your true reputation as a hard-working man of the land.

Sunlight filters down from the loft. The horse stomps, pleased with itself. You put your fingers on your pulse and count the beats. There are quite a few, and you lose track after three hundred. Your wife is waiting outside the door. A crow flutters near the telephone pole. Your wife wants to know what all the shouting was about. She suspects something is afoot. Her decision in the past has been to try extra hard. But now she has decided to take the offensive. You are always finding her offensive lately. She stomps and chomps just like a goddam horse, and you don't hesitate to tell her so. You hate her now. And she hates you, and it's finally out in the open. Too many years spent hammering away at each other inside that lily-white farmhouse with the out-of-tune piano and the brown-edged sheet music, the mashed potatoes on Sunday, the special-delivery boy made to wait *outside* the door, the kittens, the sticky lollipops left lying on the dining-room table, the Ping-Pong table in the basement—how many times have you broken the light bulb trying for a smash?—the long winters, the sitting and watching the cracked moldings where howls must have pushed their way through, the pretty fireplace, the silence when you read the damned Bible in the damned black-walnut rocking chair, the cow kicking and fighting wild against some curling arm of winter that had tried to wrap it like a scarf, you saying "I'll go see what's wrong" and her instant resentment for no reason in the world that you could imagine, and you staying out in the cold longer than was needed just to be away from the cold of her. Coming in, stomping your boots, calling out her name, knocking a clean glass off the counter on purpose, asking her to sweep it up because your hands were too cold. Going to the fire and dreaming of your boyhood and what a stack of hockey cards could do for you when you'd whirl them into the flames one by one: Pulford, Richard, Armstrong, Moore, one by one, the face going black, bubbling, a blue flame shooting from the edge, the curl, the flare, and gray ashes.

—JOHN CARROLL



"Millicent left me. She couldn't live with genius."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DUBIN'S LIVES
PART ONE

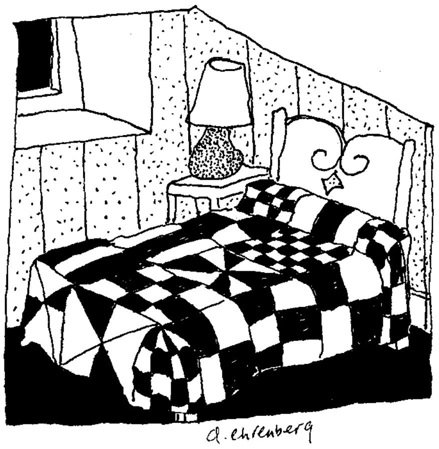
THEY sometimes met on country roads when there were flowers or snow. Dubin went his circular route. Greenfeld wandered on various roads. In winter, bundled up against the weather, Dubin, a tallish grizzled man with thin legs, walked on ice and snow, leaning on a thick peeled limb cut from a tree. Greenfeld remembered him tramping along exhaling white breaths. Sometimes when one was going longitude and the other latitude they waved to each other across windswept snowfields. He recalled Dubin's half-hidden face on freezing days when it was too cold to talk. Or they joked in passing. "Have you heard the one about the rabbi who, when his sexton prayed aloud, 'Dear God, I am nothing, You are everything,' observed, 'Look who says he's nothing!'" "Whose hubris?" Dubin hoarsely laughed. Once, looking not at all well, he said, "This has got to be the center of the universe, my friend." "Where?" "This road as we meet." He stamped his boot as he spoke. Once in passing by he said, "It's a balancing act." Then he called back, "A lonely business." A minute later: "In essence, I mean." There were times Dubin handed him a note he read later and perhaps filed; or he confessed something Greenfeld afterward wrote in a notebook. "Why don't you keep yourself a journal, Dubin?" "Not for me. None of this living for the gods." Once, they embraced after not meeting for months. Nor was Dubin afraid to kiss a man he felt affection for. Sometimes they wrote when either was abroad—a card might bring a letter; otherwise, they saw little of each other. Their wives were not friends though they spoke at length when they met. There had been a time when the two men drank together on winter nights; although the talk satisfied, the drinking got to be too much for steady work the next morning. Eventually they stopped visiting one another and were the lonelier for it. Dubin, as time went by, found it hard to bear the other's growing quietude, and Greenfeld, a flutist, did not care that much for confession. Dubin could stand still, look you in the eye, and say some intimate things. Greenfeld liked not to know all.

ALTHOUGH it isn't yet end of summer, William Dubin in a moment of his walk in the country—rural into pastoral—beats his arms across chest and shoulders as though he had unexpectedly encountered cold, the clouds have darkened, a snowstorm threatens. He had in a way been thinking of winter.

The biographer had left the house in late-afternoon warm sunshine and had casually walked himself, despite nature's beauty, into a small gloom. He imagined it had come from sensing change in the season, one day to the next. August was a masked month: it looked like summer and conspired with fall; like February, it would attempt to hide what it was about. Dubin had uncovered bright-green shoots under dead leaves in February. In the woods today he had spied a flare of red in a maple. A sense of short season: Northeast cheat. The days had secretly cast off ballast and were drifting toward autumn. Cold air flowed down to the roots of trees. The leaves, if you touched them, were drying. The noise of bees sucking pale flowers, of crickets rasping, seemed distant. Butterflies flitting amid trees flaunted their glad rags a moment before generating and expiring. Dubin felt change and could not bear it. He forbade the mind to run to tomorrow. Let winter stay in its white hole.

Beating his chest, he flails at time. Time dances on. "Now I am ice, now I am sorrel." He shakes his useless fist.

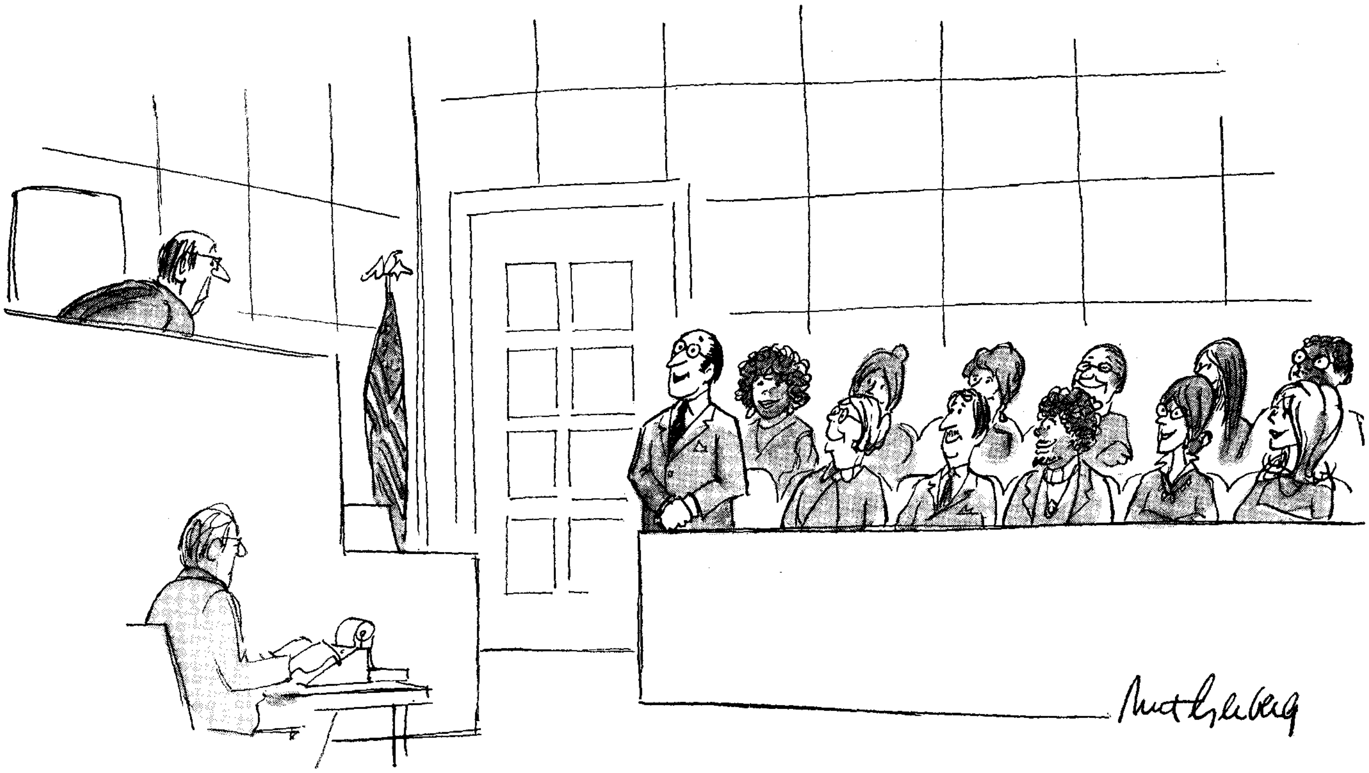
DUBIN, the biographer, a genial, angular, tall, middle-aged type with a bulge of disciplined belly—thus far and no farther—and a grizzled head of hair, his head perhaps a half size small for his height, walked briskly toward a dark-green covered bridge about a mile up the dirt road. His arms and legs were long, deep chest, shoulders—when he thought of it—upright. He had bluish-gray eyes, a slender long nose, large ears, relaxed mouth; he smiled now—touched by a pleasant thought. The mild existential gloom he had experienced in the woods had evaporated: he felt serene: doing his walk. Dubin had a way of breaking into a run when something intensive rose to think about. He was running—marvellous gait for a man of fifty-six. For a moment he shadowboxed in the road, abruptly stopping when a man in a passing car laughed aloud. The biographer trotted on, enjoying the sweep of space in every direction. He loved the free pleasures of perspective. Fifty yards from the road a narrow stream, turbulent and muddy after a heavy morning shower, wound through the pasture. To the east rose masses of green trees climbing New York hills; beyond, the looming low Vermont mountains in misty receding planes. Dubin remembered once, in approaching Capri in search of D. H. Lawrence, the hills like a big-breasted woman on her back, raising her head to kiss the sky.



Remembering his own work, he unconsciously slowed to a brisk walk. He'd had thoughts while shaving that he ought to try developing a few notes for an autobiographical memoir—type a page or two to see if they came to life with texture, heft. Or do it the way Montaigne did—you write an essay and it begins an examination of your life. "Reader, I am myself the subject of my book; you would be unreasonable to spend your leisure on so frivolous and vain a matter." His smile turned into snicker when he foresaw Kitty's judgment: "Why bother when there are so many unusual lives to write about?" She'd be right, though any man speaking truthfully about his life should be worth reading. Still, no sense thinking about it until he had completed the Lawrence he was, after three years of research, about to start writing. "My God, what ever brought me to him?" After several steps he ran again, a little in fright.

He was running on his toes, forearms loosely lifted, watching a wheeling flight of birds—grackles?—when an orange VW with a battered door and a soiled cracked windshield—it looked as though it had passed through the bird flight—roared out of the covered bridge, came to a halt, started forward again; at last pulled jerkily to a stop at Dubin's side. He felt a flash of recognition on beholding the driver but it came to nothing: she was a stranger.

She begged his pardon in a voice he would surely have remembered, vaguely drawing down short skirt over bare thighs. She was braless, her face attractive, a few blond hairs on her chin. Her loose long hair was bright; the well-formed sturdy body feminine, appealing. A half-eaten pear lay on the seat beside her but if she had enjoyed



"Yes, we have decided, Your Honor. We've decided that, this being the only life we've got, we might as well make the best of it and enjoy it as much as we possibly can."

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the fruit it no longer showed. Her eyes, he thought, were uneasy, tense, as if she were still staring at last night's dream instead of only good-willed Dubin. She wore wire-framed large blue-tinted glasses that muddied her light-green irises. Her smile was nervous, her mouth almost sour in repose. From habit he tried to imagine her past but made no headway. Her glance at him had seemed startled, as though she were calculating whether his visible interest went beyond what the moment required, or she wanted not at once to be read by anyone who possibly could read; then the focus shifted, her gaze eased, and she asked if she was on the right road to town. She had, out of the window, touched his arm.

Dubin, surprised by the gesture, pointed a helpful finger in the direction he had come.

The girl nodded, eyes expressionless. This was no comfortable lady despite nature's favor of an impressive body and on-the-verge-of-beautiful face. Whatever she had she seemed to want less of.

He was about to walk on but she was still unsure where to go.

Dubin then gave her a good word: "A lovely day." He was a deep-voiced man with a tentative laugh.

"Some might think so."

"Not you?"

She did not reply.

"Be kind to yourself" came out thickly. He had stammered as a child, and the impulse to converted itself, on occasion, into a slow hoarseness of expression, sometimes self-conscious laughing. Dubin cleared his throat.

She gave him a reflective, almost sullen look.

"Why would you say that?"

A man behind them in an Oldsmobile with Jersey plates honked loudly to pass. "Why don't you make love in bed?"

The girl burst into a laugh.

Dubin told her he had no idea and hurried on.

It later occurred to him that the disquiet girl had been wearing a Star of David on a thin gold chain around her neck. If they had spoken names might they have touched lips?

Ah, Dubin, you meet a good-looking girl on the road and are ready to hop on your pony in pursuit of youth.

THERE he stood by the tree that had wounded him.

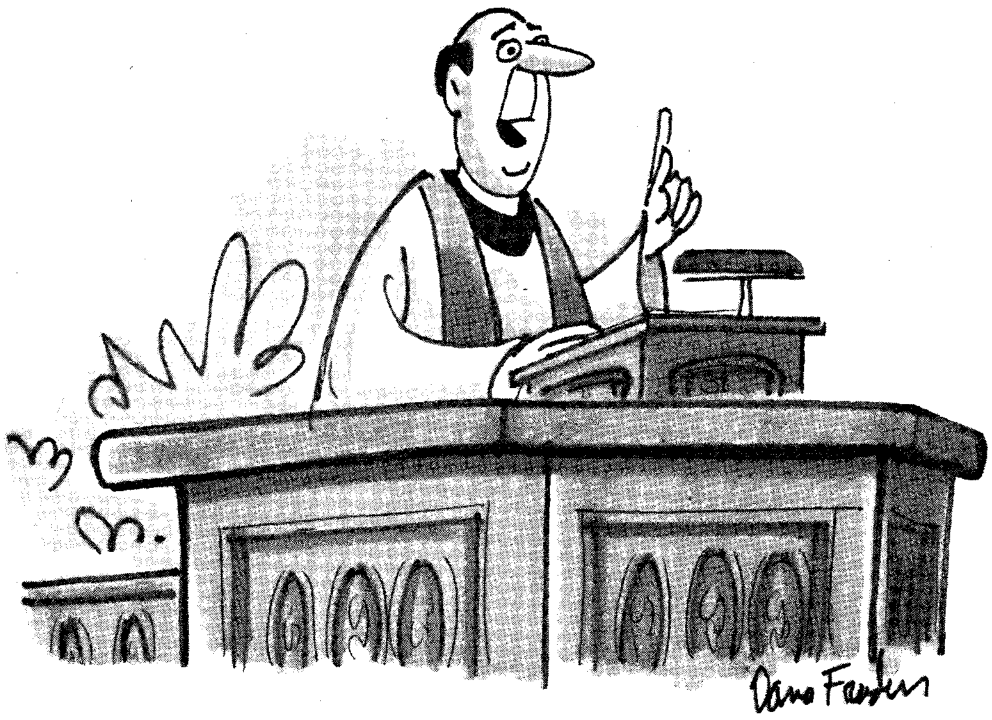
The blow on the head and broken bones after the car struck the tree were not the wound; they had evoked the wound, he'd thought a minute after the accident—the aftermath when one cursed himself for suffering the wound.

He tramped through the booming bridge, where the muddy stream turned west and he east, and was once again at the point of the road he still shunned, twenty feet from the highway: during a freezing late-fall rain last year it had iced up and Dubin, on a trivial morning errand—a container of milk Kitty had forgotten to buy—slid into the accident. His thoughts had hardly changed. The car spun like an arrow on a board and the biographer, as though trying to foretell the future—What begins with a wound?—had struck a tree, the last lining the road—another foot and he'd have skidded to a stop in the dead grass.

He had not at first felt pain as blood streamed down his face. He had stumbled to the highway, waving his left arm, the other cracked at the wrist, bloody nose broken, right knee cut. It had seemed to him hours before anyone stopped to pick him up. Three drivers had seen him and sped by—"Fools!" he had cried in astonishment. She who had stopped for him was a girl in her twenties in a red Pinto, on her way to work. He had felt ashamed to be bleeding in her car. It was years since he had seen his own blood flowing and he wondered if it were a portent; but nothing came of it except a week of pain and a mild depression from not being able to work.

Through his bleeding nose he could smell her blooming perfume. Some responses have no respect for circumstances: characteristic of Dubin.

He told her his name. "I'm a bi-



"Of course, if national security is involved, disregard everything I've said."

• •

ographer." And laughed embarrassedly. "Sorry to be messing your clean upholstery."

"It'll wash off. Do you feel much pain?"

"Curiously not. I will, I'm sure."

"I'm Betsy Croy."

"Charmed. What do you do?" Dubin asked, mopping with a handkerchief the blood flowing from his head. Better to talk.

"I bookkeep. What did you say you do?"

"Write lives—Mark Twain, Thoreau—others." He smiled foolishly; she didn't know the name.

Betsy drove awhile in concentrated silence, then said hesitantly, "I married this boy from my high-school class when we graduated. Now he's twenty-six and has got impotent."

"A shame," replied Dubin. "The composer Mahler was helped in similar circumstances by a long walk with Freud in Leiden—that's in Holland. If your husband hasn't already, he ought to talk to a doctor."

"He has but it did no good." She said no more.

Dubin was moved to offer his services but surely not now. He bled quietly.

Afterward he had stupidly forgotten to thank her, express heartfelt gratitude for her kindness; he had wanted to send her flowers. Dubin had visited the state police, hoping her address might appear on the accident report. It did not. Occasionally he dreamed of her. He had for an instant thought it was she whom he had just met on the road; it was not.

The bark of the white oak had been obscenely skinned for months after he hit it. Although an accident on the road was sooner or later almost certain, given the hard winter weather and frequency of mishap, Dubin had felt insulted by fate. A year later he would still not look at the tree as he drove or walked by.

DUBIN ran across the highway when traffic let up, wobbling as his arthritic knee tightened, and limped for a minute after entering at the fork a theoretically hard-topped road—subject to winter potholes, spring mud—then went on with his circular country walk. Dubin thought of it as circular though it was in fact an irregular quadrilateral on the county map. He strode on at a steady pace, breathing in, refreshing his lungs, exhaling with pleasure. He had put this walk together years ago—the long walk—and his route rarely varied. The short walk went to the bridge and back, about a mile each way. He left by the kitchen door, across the long back lawn, through a grove of gray-trunked silver maples—gave the elegant effect of elms but less lyric, more height, grandeur—through a broad field with a pliant path he had worn into it; then into the sunlit still wood, dramatic with white birch, white pine, sugar maple, aspen, ash—Kitty called it Kitty's Wood because she had been in it first, explored it while he was unpacking his books after they'd moved in; and then up the road to the green covered bridge.

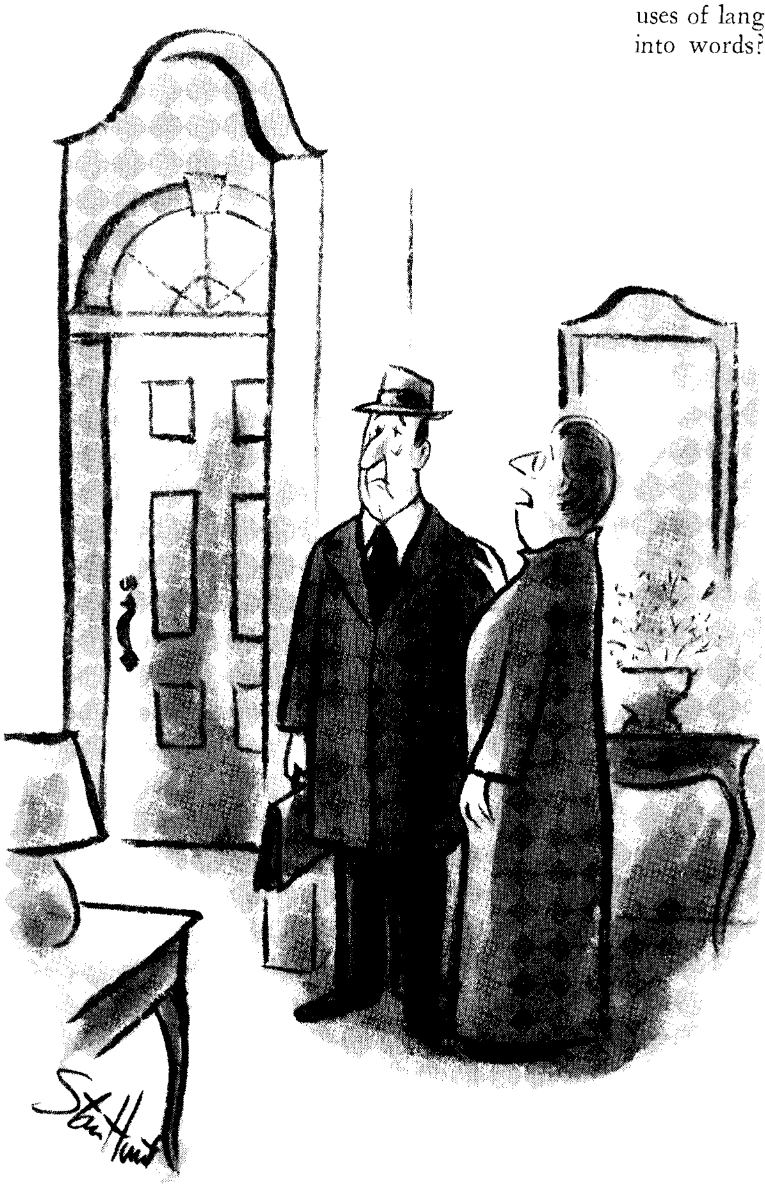
The walk he was into now, Dubin estimated an additional four, four and a half miles, the whole taking usually an hour and a half unless he hurried. The way not to hurry—to enjoy nature, not obsession—was to go the short walk; but sometimes he hurried the long. He felt he was taking his time today when he had the thought—it was closer to a sensation—that the road was coming at him counterclockwise, moving under him as though the journey hastened its end. Dubin's mind ran ahead of itself. What's the hurry to get back? What must I do that I haven't done? The truth was he hadn't meant to take the long hike today and was probably hitting it up unconsciously; he had meant at the bridge to turn back but walked on, remembering the accident. And poor Betsy Croy.

As he hastened on, Dubin warned himself to be attentive to what's present, namely nature. If you looked without seeing, the walk was more of the same—the same subjectivity. The good of it, beyond exercise, was that it changed the mind's scenery after a day's work. He felt uneasy when not observing—the big ones missed nothing, had eyes that remembered. Thoreau: "The perception of beauty is a moral test." More test than moral but let it go. The road came at him in slow motion—he tried to explain it but couldn't. What had happened today that hadn't yesterday? Only this moving road, a device of time hurrying me home. Dubin runs to do what's next. The way to counteract not looking was to get into it—take courage in both hands. Move your ass off the confining road—be involved. Hop a wall at least, follow a stream through the tall grass—what's so sacred about private property when it's all God's earth? Climb a hill, go through sunlit woods, swim in a pond reflecting sky. Walk home wet in dry clothes.

When had such happened lately? He could count the times on one finger. I rarely leave this road. Now and then a picnic under Sunday-evening trees. Sometimes I cut in from the road along an old path to the green pond in the quarry. Wild flowers along the way. Once, with Kitty—we climbed a lone mountain with the kids—walked up. They'd been summer people who had stayed on. City people—he in Newark and Bronx tenements, Kitty in Montreal, though as a girl she had lived a while in Maine with a grandmother. Dubin could recognize and name after more than a decade in Campobello about twenty trees, a half-dozen bushes, ten to fifteen wild flowers, a handful of birds. He followed the flight of a crow, elated to know who was flying. He had slowly learned to look. When he saw a flower he'd had to tell himself to take it all in. What he couldn't name, or when names slipped his mind, he asked Kitty. She told him, saw the flower whole—corolla, stalk, the shape of its leaves. He felt for a moment bereft.

In sum, William Dubin, visitor to nature, had introduced himself along the way but did not intrude. He looked from the road, kept his distance even when nature hallooed. Unlikely biographer of Henry David Thoreau—I more or less dared. Even in thought nature is moving. Hunger for *his* experience asserted itself. Besides, great men are men; I got close to his human nature. Thoreau gave an otherwise hidden passion and drew from woods and water the love affair with earth and sky he'd recorded in his books. "All nature is my bride." His biographer had been knocked off his feet by nature on first serious acquaintance—a trip to the Adirondacks with a school friend when they were sixteen. Even before that he had hungrily sought signs—promises—of the natural world in the city streets and found in walks outside his neighborhood, private houses with trees, hedges, flowers on lawns; and the dead leaves he was surprised to find in summertime. As a young man he had all but lived in public parks. The first time in the mountains the experience had turned him on in the manner of the Wordsworthian youth in "Tintern Abbey": "The sounding cataract haunted me like a passion." Dubin, haunted, had been roused to awareness of self extended in nature, highest pitch of consciousness. He felt what made the self richer: who observes beauty contains it. He was stabbed by the miraculous creation and interwoven whole. He wanted nature to teach him, although he didn't know what; perhaps to bring forth the self he sought—best self. Nature compelled him to feel what he had not felt so well before. He never forgot this, though the experience, infrequently renewed, had diminished as youth had. Dear God, how nature moved me. "That time is past"—as Wordsworth felt it. Now, on the whole, in varying moods Dubin looked at scenery, and scenery, in varying moods, looked back at him. Yet in his heart he expected something from nature that he could not define. He did his walks in nature's presence.

Still, what nature had meant to him, though not only nature, had inspired him to undertake and ultimately complete a fine life of H. D. Thoreau. In his mind he flipped through pages: portrait of the solitary, sensuous man who lived on wonder, observed the bald fact and spun myth and metaphor out of nature. In his writing he celebrated his consciousness and identified himself with the absolute. "Walden" was a lied of death and a song of resurrection. It had touched the imaginations of Yeats and Proust. You write sentences and men are affected. Dubin, proud of the biography, contemplated with confidence his present work on D. H. Lawrence: Do the essence of the man. Bring the facts to life.


"*Stop off and have a few on the way home, Henry, for God's sake.*"

He warned himself then, as he often did, though it came to not much, that a good writer adventures beyond the uses of language or what's there to put into words? Yet the truth is some do not: of them Dubin is one. As though to make up for his limitations, from his pants pocket he dug out one of his impulsive notes to himself: "Everybody's life is mine unlived. One writes lives he can't live. To live forever is a human hunger."

He was running. As the road dipped the hills rose. In the spring, foliage raced up the rumpled hills and by June covered the scabrous shoulders of the mountains. He trotted along the road going south. In the distance, streaks of white clouds in slow motion in afternoon light. The land sloped up to a line of trees advancing like a marauding army. For a while the wood rode above his head. Dubin rose on the road as the hills sank; he settled into a fast walk. A quarter mile of old houses with small lawns went by as on a rusty turntable; there were open fields and now and then a stark farmhouse, upright and plain to a point of principle—with weather-beaten barns, red or black silos, Herefords or Angus on cowpaths in the pasture. Dubin liked to come by on rainy late afternoons so he could see the steaming, swollen-uddered cows lying in the wet waiting to be let into the barn. When he passed in light fog, the ripe almost hot odor of cow dung from a nearby barn hit him from across the field; he knew where he was. One night when he drove the road alone he saw a cow cropping grass in moonlight. The farmland around gave him pleasure: each neat-walled field, each shifting shade of beige, brown, and green; furrowed, cultivated, harvested, plowed under—order of the uses of men, animals, seasons.

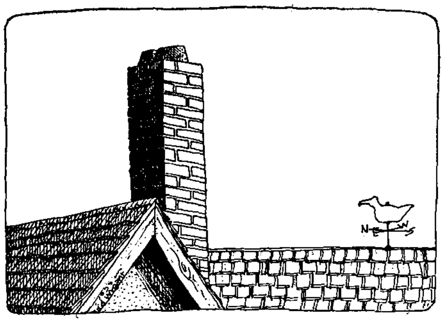
Robert Frost and his doomed brood had lived a summer on one of the farms nearby in Vermont, and Dubin, long after the fact, had talked to his neighbors and written an article: "Frost, the Season Before His Wife's Death." The poet had been hard on her. His will, it was said, could tolerate no other wills around. "Elinor has never been of any earthly use to me." She had kept him from her bedside while she was dying. He waited in the corridor outside, saw her only when she was asleep, unconscious, then dead. He'd had no last word from her. Her defense was silence. Dubin sometimes visited their anguished grave in a churchyard in Vermont, a dozen miles away. They were together now in the vault under the tombstone; their ashes were, with the remains of their children. "There's only one subject for a poem," Frost had said. Dubin laid a small stone on the marble tombstone.

The biographer had once wanted to do a full-length life of the poet and had written him a letter requesting a talk if he was interested. But the old man wrote back that he had already "chosen someone to preserve my immortal remains." He wrote, "I'd rather be in the hands of a man whose piss I'd seen."

Dubin, after an uncertain while, had considered writing about Virginia Woolf, but her nephew was already on the scene. He had then thought of D. H. Lawrence, whom he returned to at a later date—another complex man with tormented inner life, if that's what you felt you had to get into: "The Passion of D. H. Lawrence."

Thinking of the biographies he had written—in particular "Short Lives," in one volume—he felt a sadness come into him. Completed, most lives were alike in stages of living—in joys, celebrations, crises, hungers, illusions, losses. Some lives accomplished much, some very little. One learned the shapes, consequences of lives. As he wrote he saw them racing to their ends. One learns where lives go. In fact he led them there. If you know the end the rest moves up too quickly. Therefore, Dubin, what's on your mind? That he was about to devote years to write a new life would in the end shorten his own? When the work was done he was that much older—more serious problem now than ten years ago—had given to his labors that many hours, that many years. Prufrock measured his life counting coffee spoons, Dubin in books resurrecting the lives of others. You gained as you lost; there's only one subject for a poem.

The last part of the country walk went west before it turned south again downward to the highway: a portion of solitary shaded road, heavily wooded. Overhead light-laced branches touched, intertwined. The road was cool in the shade, the air easy to breathe. Dubin went on in the quiet green dark. No sound except the biographer tramping along thinking his thoughts, although that he was walking here stayed in the mind. At one point of the deserted road he let out a cry and broke into a run. He had more than once encountered a dog racing at him across a field, or bursting out of the woods, teeth bared, growling in its belly. His response was sternly to say, "Go home, boy," and hope for the best. Mostly they wandered away as he stood motionless; but he feared meeting an animal who had no respect for human language. A black German shepherd had all but treed him once—his back against the tree, the hound snarling when Dubin tried to inch forward. Trapped here a mad long time, he'd kept the dog off by talking to it, his heart where it shouldn't be, telling it the story of his life, before it yawned widely and at last trotted off. In afterthought it seemed to him that a cardinal's shrill call, sounding much like a man whistling for his dog, had sent the animal on his way. Dubin waved to the invisible red bird in the trees. He'd been set running by the thought of that dog and was running now. The road had stopped moving.



He slowed to a walk. A reddish-brown dog followed him, a shaggy female Irish setter who sometimes appeared, a friend of the people. She loped along after Dubin, stopping now and then to scratch up some dead leaves in a ditch and at intervals squat. A peaceful hound enjoying herself, giving company, rare beast.

Ahead, where bushes were fifteen feet high on one side of the road, and on the other, where the trees moved into the down-sloping wood, he made out a figure on the road. It was Greenfeld in his white cap and shirt, ambling along. In summer he often carried his flute or recorder. Dubin at times heard a song through the trees. The flute got gut-close to primitive lament. "*Ach, ich fühl's.*" Not in a mood to listen or be listened to, the biographer stepped behind a broad-trunked maple until the flutist had passed by.

Some other time.

He spied a grove of evergreens below—a pleasure to look down at the pointed tops of trees; sublime, that much forest below—and a little farther onward turned as the road grew level and wandered toward town. Soon

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BRUNANBURH, A.D. 937

No one at your side.
Last night I did a man to death in battle.
He was spirited and tall, of the clear line of Anlaf.
He tumbled on the ground and was a thing,
an object for crows.
Vainly will you await him, woman I have not seen.
They will not bear him back, the ships which fled
over the yellow waters.
In the hour of the dawn,
out of a dream, your hand will reach for him.
Your bed is cold.
Last night I killed a man in Brunanburh.

—Jorge Luis Borges

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Alastair Reid.*)

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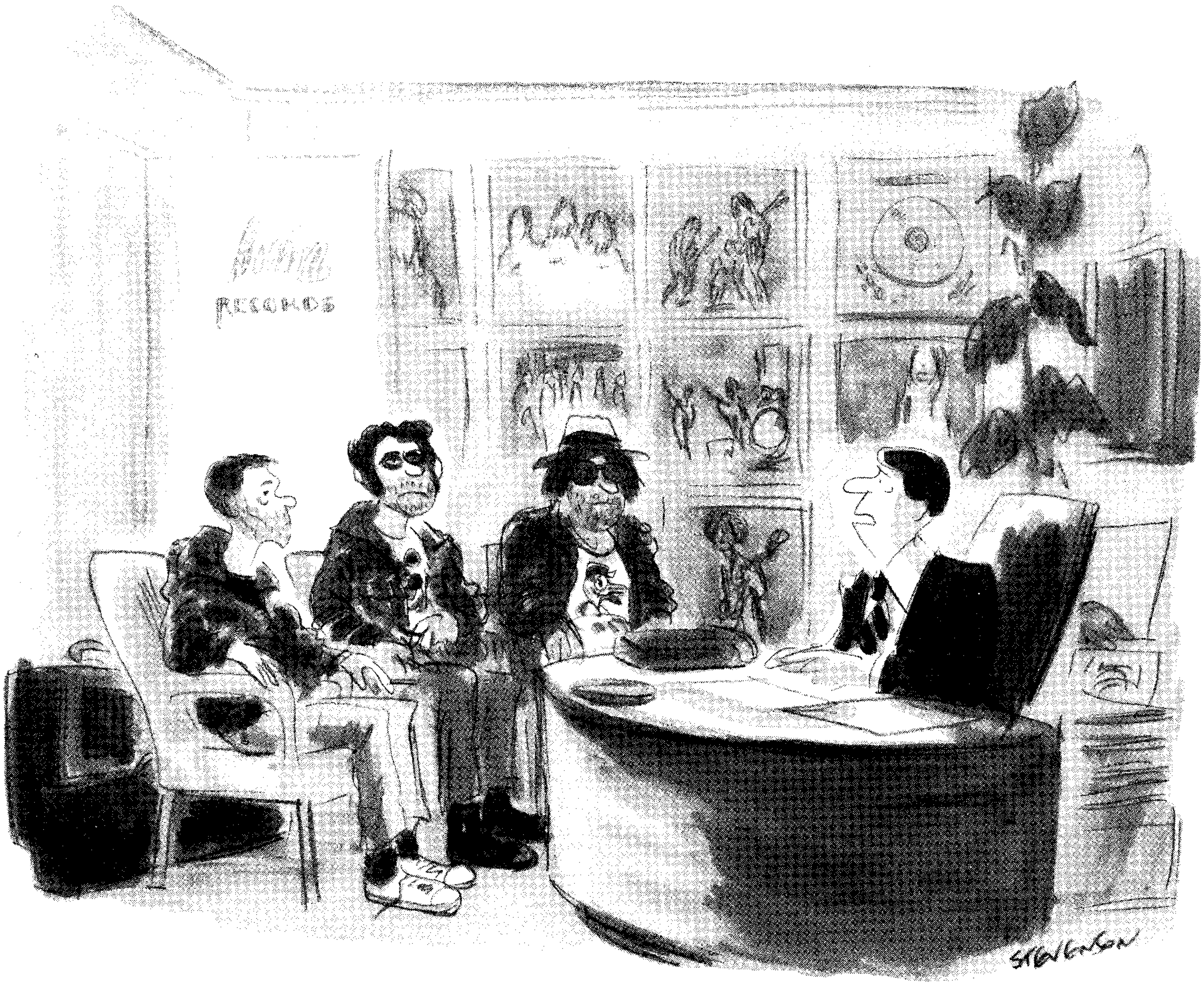


"Sorry, kids. You're punk, but you're just not punk enough."

• •

country merged into village—not a charming sight. After leaving the highway, Dubin walked north on an old sidewalk of broken slate. Campobello was a town of forty-six hundred souls in New York State, half a mile from the Vermont border. He had lived there fifteen years, unknown to most: Wm. E. Dubin, who wrote lives, and who, it had said in *Newsweek*, had once received a medal from President Johnson. There was a picture of them shaking hands. Dubin remembered the clutch of the man's big paw. At the courthouse he turned, passing the statue of the Civil War soldier. Facing a crimson sunset, he walked on until he came to the edge of town, his yellow wooden house with black shutters and a railed widow's walk ringing the roof. A porch with white rectangular columns ran half the length of the rear of the house. Dubin began his daily walk at the back door and returned from the long walk, as from a journey, by the front.

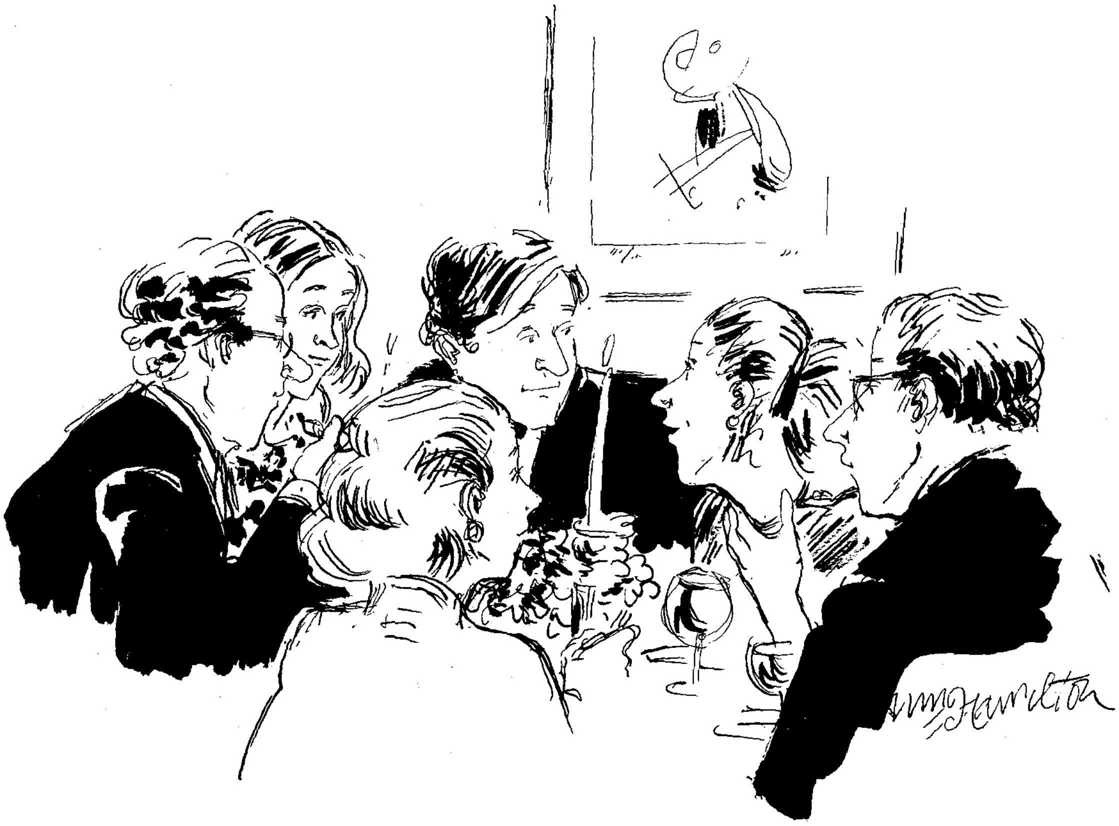
He went around to the back but Kitty was not in her garden. Dubin gazed at the dead elm coming down next week. And a maple was dying—"maple decline" it was called. The tree man had said it couldn't be saved. "Save money cuttin' them down the same time." Why don't I wait till it's properly dead? Emerson had counted a hundred and twenty-eight trees on his property, praised them, lamented they must fall. Dubin had counted sixty-one trees on his nine acres. He entered the house, called his wife, and when there was no reply went up the stairs. He stood solemnly in Gerald's room, then in Maud's sadly. Kitty had once placed bowls of forget-me-nots in each room. He had asked her not to.

Later he heard her come into the house and she called up that they had a new cleaning person. "That's what she calls herself. I advertised today and she phoned while you were on your walk. Would you like supper hot or cold? I feel dreadfully hot."

Dubin, in his study, had picked up his marked copy of "Women in Love."

A wasted walk; he had wanted to work.

RUBBING in shaving cream, he was this morning in the mirror a solemn gent with a straight face talking to himself. "Next time round I'll write a comic life. Mark Twain's wasn't all that funny." Kitty had left the bed. Dubin tried not to speak aloud when she was in the bedroom because his talking, if she was awake or it woke her, made her uncomfortable—still, after all these years. If you talked, or muttered, or groaned for no apparent reason, or gestured Up Yours, you were showing loose ends; which reminded her of hers. She would rather not be reminded. Kitty, when he rambled on, made clicking noises with her tongue. He would then shut up, though he had reminded her Montaigne himself used to growl "Damned fool" in his morning mirror; and Sam-



"Well, guinea pigs?"

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uel Johnson was a beehive of crackpot mannerisms. "I'm not married to them," she said.

Mirror, mirror on the wall: Dubin beheld in it—under stress of course, like this morning, beginning a new biography—himself dead, and with a deep groan clutched his gut where he had been stabbed. "Papa," he sometimes cried, wishing he had done better, making self-indulgent gestures that irritated his wife when she saw them. He would strike his chest with his fist; sometimes his nostrils twitched like a rabbit's. Or he would intone a single sentence over and over, like, "My daughter hasn't learned to waltz." That awakened Kitty after eight times: she asked through the closed bathroom door what it meant. He didn't know. "I wish Maud would write more often," Kitty said. And here he was at it again: a relief this morning, conversing seriously with himself at long length, glad she had got up early and gone out—a rare thing for her to do. He saw her through the window contemplating her flowers in thinning mist on the ground. Dubin watched her watching. Kitty, wearing her blue sneakers and misshapen red straw gardening hat, though there was no sun to speak of, looked up and casually waved. The biographer lifted his razor like a sword in salute.

When Dubin arose at seven, usually she slumbered on. Kitty slept raggedly and liked to pick up an hour at the morning end. Her sleep, after a fairly decent spring, had got worse in summer. She slept deeply a few hours, then was restlessly awake from two or three to half past six; and slept again, though not always, in the early morning just before Dubin awoke. He left her lying on her stomach, wound in a see-through nightgown, the birthmark on her buttock visible when it was too hot for a blanket or sheet. Though she tended to deny it—this depended on how well she was treating herself—her figure was good, shapely, despite large feet and narrow shoulders. Kitty, with brown hair fading, was still an attractive woman. She said she slept best mornings when he was no longer in bed, and her most memorable dreams were morning dreams.

He had asked her recently what she thought about when she was awake and she said, "Lately the kids again, especially Gerry, who I failed most. Sometimes silly things like a pair of shoes I paid too much for; or a clerk who said something rude to me in a store. Some silly thoughts grind on all night." "Do you think of death?" he asked. "I think of those who've died," she said. "Often I play back my life." Sometimes Kitty went downstairs and read if the house was not too cold. She'd rather not read because it woke her thoroughly and she could afterward not work her way back to sleep. She lay awake listening to the singing birdworld in the 5 A.M. trees; or sometimes wept that she was not sleeping. Once in winter Dubin awoke to soft-stringed music and went downstairs to find her playing her harp in the dark.

Last night she'd waked him to say she had dreamed of Nathanael, her first husband. "This is the second time this month and I don't think I've dreamed of him in years. We were on our way somewhere—maybe to church to get married. He was young, about his age when I met him, and I was my own age, my age now. Somehow I was pregnant, though I couldn't tell whether it was with Gerald or Maud—that's what made the dream so weird. I wanted to say I couldn't go with him, I was living with you, but then I thought, Nathanael's a doctor, he'll know. What a mishmash. What do you make of it?"

"What do you?"

"You're better at dreams."

"Did it frighten you?"

"Nathanael wouldn't frighten me."

"Then why wake me up? I've got to work in the morning."

"I woke up sad, then thought of the kids gone."

Dubin said that could be what it was about. "The kids are gone, you're floating around with time on your hands. You want to be young again."

"People are always leaving." She yawned.

Angered, he tried to get back to sleep. The curse of an insomniac wife. Kitty crept up close and held him. Dubin ultimately slept.

The house, she often complained, was so empty now. "Get some kind of work," he had advised, and now, after months of unsatisfactory seeking she was reluctantly working as a volunteer in the town clerk's office. "I stop thinking when I go there." "You're overqualified," Dubin said. "No, I'm not," she said. "I'm hardly qualified." She complained she had accomplished little in life. She had once wanted to paint. "I have no true talents," Kitty had said.

He had given up arguing about her life with her.

Mornings she was active, sleep or little sleep, though it took her a while to get dressed. "Thank God, I have energy." Dubin, after a night's loss of sleep, had to conserve his. Kitty shopped before noon, did his errands, phoned one or two friends—always Myra Wilson, an old widow on a farm a mile up the road half a mile into Vermont, whom she shopped for—and then attended to their house. She kept it well: sparsely furnished, suiting the cold climate. Campobello shrank, seemed to lose streets, people, in wintertime. She placed space where it belonged. Each piece of furniture looked as though it had been set like a small sculpture. She hated clutter. She was good with flower arrangements, though she picked them late and the flowers in her bowls and vases were often slightly wilted. Dubin called her his Japanese wife and she laughed and reminded him what some of them did to their husbands when they misbehaved. That was as sadistic as she could get. The house was neat. She was strict with her cleaning women though patient in showing them how to do things she wanted done. He appreciated the order of the household; it went with the order of his work.

Outside, she was continually digging in her perennial border, carrying bulbs from one spot to another as though transposing the facts of her life. Dubin enjoyed the flowers brightening the back lawn, but when he complimented her on her garden Kitty said she had no real green thumb. He called it a light-green thumb. The biographer liked his wife's good taste. He admired her kind nature and her honesty though it sometimes hurt. Kitty was spontaneously generous; Dubin had to measure his out. When he was thinking of the gains rather than the losses in marriage he felt he had honed his character on hers. In all, she had helped stabilize and enlarge his life; but he was not so sure, after almost a generation of marriage, that he had done the same for her or why wasn't she at peace with herself? Though he thought he knew the answer, Dubin continued to ask the question.

Kitty, that morning as he dried his razor by the window, seemed to be dancing on the lawn. The dance astonished Dubin, although she had as a young woman thought of being a dancer—had even taken lessons. Yet he had never seen her doing anything like this before—this flow of movement, giving herself to it so. Shows you can't know everything about those you know best. The soul has its mysteries. That's what a biographer ultimately has to admit. Kitty waved to Dubin, he waved back. It was a running dance, very expressive—fertility rite? Her straw hat flew off but she did not attempt to retrieve it. She ran with her arms raised toward the flowers, twirled and ran the other way, then back toward the garden. Her arms moved like the wings of a bird; she swooped, twisted, now ran sideways toward the trees. He thought she might duck into the grove of silver maples and dance there, marvellous thought, but instead she raced toward the house.

"Happy," Kitty called.

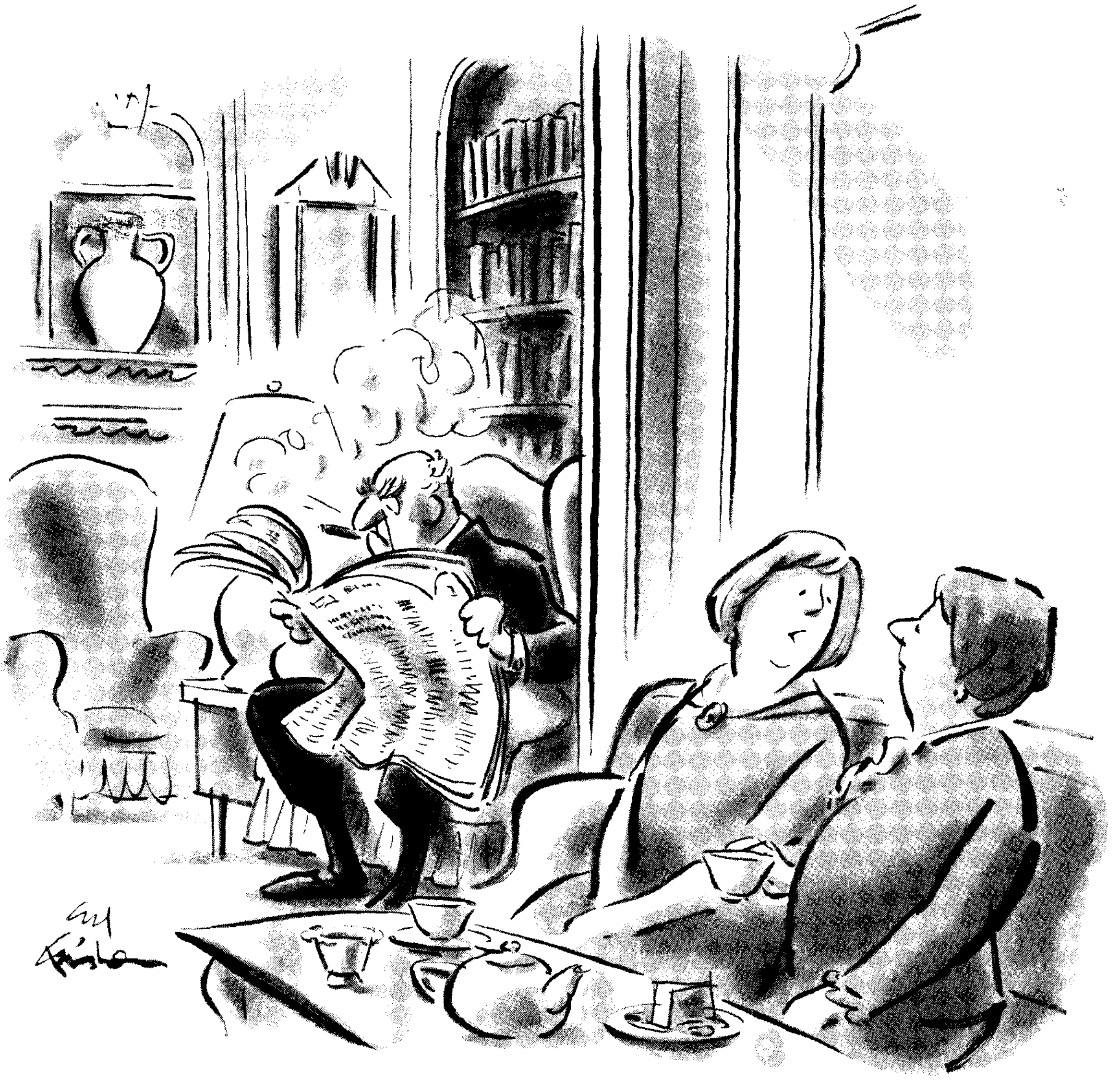
He opened the window wide.

"What?"

"Hap-pee!"

"Wonderful!"

She danced on the lawn, her body bent low, then tall, elegant, once more flapping her arms. He tried to figure out what the dance meant: wounded bird, dying swan? My God, Dubin thought: He had seen her in some happy moments but nothing to dance to. He thought how strange life is, then began thinking of his "Passion of D. H. Lawrence" before he realized that Kitty was now in the



"Driscoll still sees no signs of that mysterious transformation that ennobles a man once the mantle of the Presidency has fallen on him."

house, screaming as she sped up the stairs. Dubin opened the bathroom door as she rushed in, crying to him, her face flushed, eyes angered, frightened.

"Why the hell didn't you come and help me?"

"What for?"

"A bee, William!" she shouted.

"My God, where?"

"In my blouse. It crawled up my sleeve. Help me!"

"Unbutton it," Dubin advised.

"I'm afraid, you do it."

He hastily unbuttoned her blouse. A dull buzz sounded as the bee flew forth, a fat black-and-yellow noisy bumblebee. It buzzed around the bathroom close to the ceiling. Dubin defensively picked up his razor and waved the weapon. The bee zoomed down aiming between his eyes, shot up, twice circled his head, and stabbed him on the back of the neck.

He had expected it, he thought, but not—after her gasp and his grunt—Kitty's uninhibited laughter.

Not long after breakfast Dubin sat at his desk in his study about to begin. "What's my opening sentence going to be? Good God, it may set the way forever." Kitty, without knocking, entered quietly and mechanically handed him his mail. "It came early." She read the list on his desk of things to do and crumpled it up. He pretended not to see. Kitty said she didn't think the cleaning person would work out. She was a student who wanted to stay on only till school reopened next month. "She's competent but I don't think her heart's in it. She has to earn a buck. I guess I'll have to advertise again."

On her way out she paused in afterthought. "William, why do I still have strange dreams of Nathanael at this time of my life?"

"You tell me." Dubin laughed nervously.

She said she didn't know.

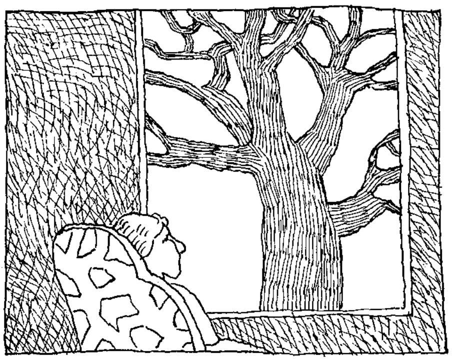
He impatiently begged off. She stepped out quickly.

Kitty, after calling up "Goodbye!," left the house to go into town for his newspaper, her groceries. Dubin heard her back out of the driveway. He laid down his pen and waited three minutes till she returned, easily imagining her strained face, mouth compressed, eyes mourning as she got out of the car. Kitty reentered the house, hurried into the kitchen, fighting herself. She approached the stove, dipped her head over the gas burners and drew passionate long breaths over each, as though after a time of drought she were taking in the salt breezes of the sea. She then opened the oven door and breathed deeply as her chest rose and fell. Slowly her body relaxed. There was no leak of gas; there never was.

She sang up, "Goodbye, dear," and Dubin once more picked up his pen. Kitty swept out of the house briskly, almost gaily, as he savagely wrote down his opening sentence. The biographer was in business again, shaping, illumining lives.

He had seriously resisted Lawrence: so intricately involved, paradoxical, difficult a man; he had lived in so many distant places; had written so well, badly—so goddam much; was so vastly written about—someone had said second to Shakespeare—therefore who needs William Dubin? Who needs, for that matter, another life of D. H. Lawrence? Kitty, who had travelled with him four summers as he researched Lawrence's pilgrimage, had asked much the same questions. But one fantastic day in Nottingham Dubin had discovered in an old widow's narrow attic two dusty packets of Lawrence's unpublished letters, eleven long notes to his mother, and thirty-two letters, once thought burned, to Jessie Chambers, his boyhood girl, whose mind, among other things, had got in his way; by one means or another she became the Miriam in "Sons and Lovers." Two weeks later, in a London bookstore, he found eighteen unpublished letters of Lawrence to John Middleton Murry. Dubin's elation at his discoveries—happy good luck—had resolved his last doubts and hooked him firmly into commitment to the biography, at the same time apparently convincing Kitty. He was certain he had more new material than anyone else in recent years and could do a more subtle interpretation of Lawrence's life than had previously appeared. That was the battleground—the vast documentation versus the intuition and limited experience of Wm. E. Dubin, formerly of Newark, New Jersey.

There were a billion facts of Lawrence's short life and long work, of which Dubin might use a necessary few million. He would weave them together and say what they meant—that was the brave, the daring thing. In order to do it honestly well, you had to anchor yourself in a place of perspective; you had, as a strategy, to imagine you were the one you were writing about, even though it meant laying illusion upon illusion: pretense that he, Dubin, who knew himself passing well, knew or could know the life of Lawrence, who seemed not to have got behind his own mythic mask—he ex-



Anne Burgess

MOVING

Do not attempt to sleep—your strangeness
Arouses the new house. Amazed floors,
Unaccustomed yet to what is yours,
Shift to the burden of what you bring;
Overhead, the loft that encloses

A fresh store of sentimental junk
Creaks from your broken bits of childhood.
Sometimes maybe it's all to the good
To touch, to rearrange all you own
Elsewhere. But in someone else's sink,

Though it's yours now and paid for, even
A cup can remind you of who you are,
And what you were, and why you are here.
From choice, or by accident, or both,
Once more you've humped your stuff. The oven

Was worst, its squat, impervious bulk
Grudging each inch. Yet plain heaviness,
Lifted and lifted, doesn't oppress
Like those gross abstracts we can't dispose
Of. They arrive with the morning milk.

—Ted Walker

• •

plained himself without revealing himself—though he had sniffed at and theorized about blood and body, and created a mystique that hid who he was. Behind that there's more: no one, certainly no biographer, has the final word. Knowing, as they say, is itself a mystery; it weaves itself as you unweave it. And though the evidence pertains to Lawrence, the miner's son, how can it escape the taint, subjectivity, the existence of Dubin, Charlie the waiter's son, through the contaminated words he chooses to put down as he eases his boy ever so gently into an imagined life? My life joining his with reservations? But the joining—the marriage?—has to be or you can't stay on the track of his past or whatever "truth" you're tracking. The past sucks up legend: one can't make clay of time's mud. There is no life that can be wholly recaptured. Which is to say that all biography is ultimately fiction. Therefore what else is new?

By midafternoon he had completed two pages and was feeling high when Kitty returned from the library to pay the cleaning person. Dubin was sitting in the living room with a cold drink. The bee sting no longer bothered. The girl had gone after writing her name and address on an old envelope on the kitchen counter.

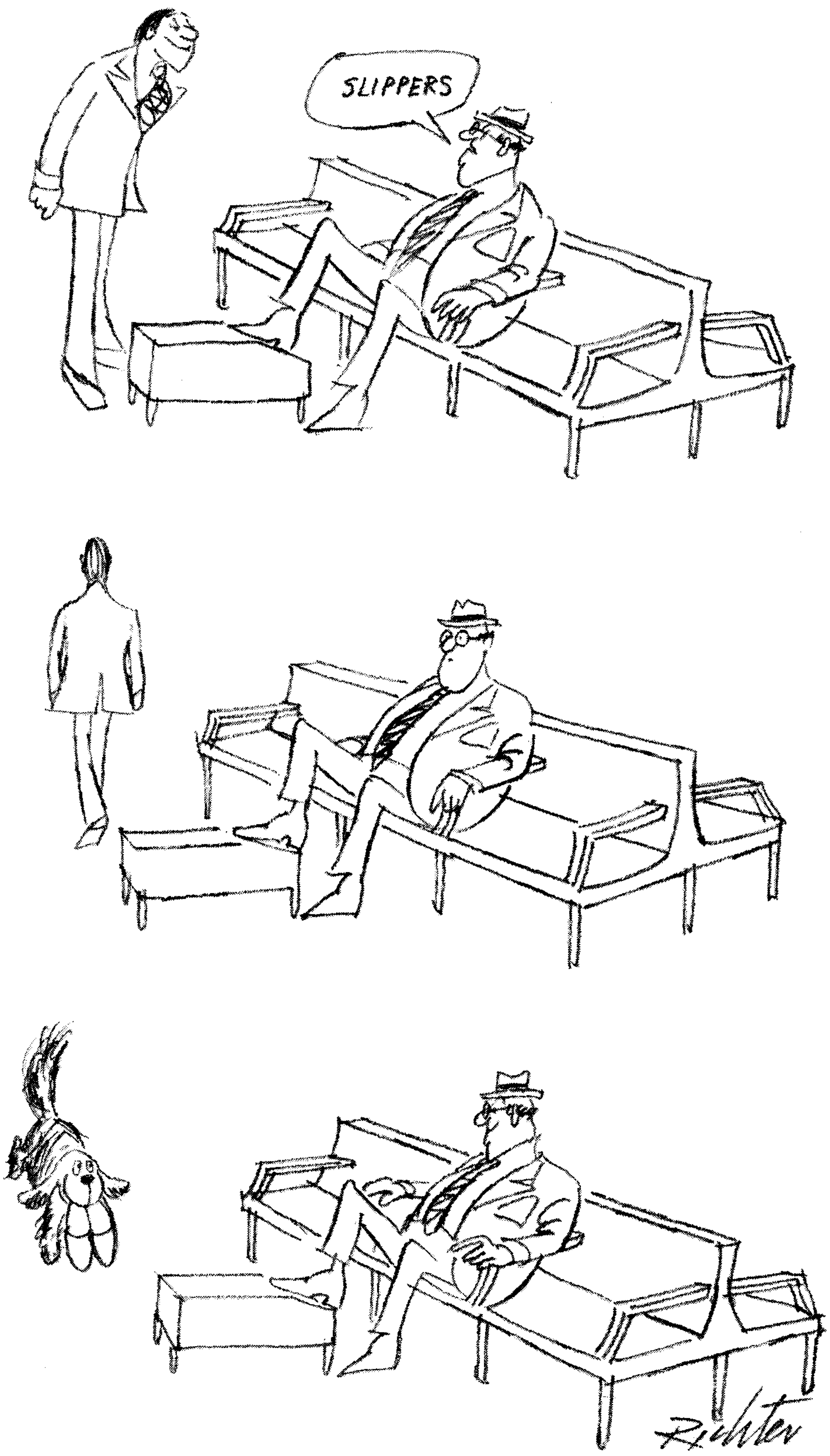
"I'll mail her a check," Kitty said. "What do you think of her? The house is fairly clean. Should I keep her on or look for someone permanent?"

He had barely caught a glimpse of the girl but felt magnanimous. "What have you got to lose?"

THE cleaning person—Fanny Bick; he had read her name on the envelope—who had appeared Tuesday, returned to work on Friday: resisting it all the way, Kitty said. Fanny vacuumed and dusted and was supposed to do a wash but hadn't got to it the first time. Kitty had done the wash on Thursday and had left a pile of Dubin's underwear, pajamas, socks to be ironed—she had tried to talk him out of ironed socks but he liked them ironed. As he worked in the morning he was vaguely aware of the girl outside his door dragging the vacuum cleaner from room to room; and he later asked Kitty to tell her not to come into the study because there were so many note cards laid out on the desk and worktable that he didn't want touched. She could clean his room next week, once he had the cards in place and weighted down. He'd have his lunch meanwhile or would read upstairs in Gerald's old room.

The girl had gone before he stopped working—he had eaten while she was in the master bedroom, and as he went downstairs, had caught a look at her on hands and knees, shoving the aluminum hose under the bed. But on the following Tuesday, when Dubin left his study to visit the bathroom—he went sometimes to think a thought through—there she stood barefoot, a brush in her hand, grimly swabbing the toilet bowl.

Fanny sweated as Dubin apologized—he would use the downstairs toilet; no trouble at all. He'd recognized her; she seemed younger than he'd remembered, possibly because he knew she was still in college. Or had he grown suddenly older? Her longish light hair hung loosely down her back; he was again aware of a few bleached hairs on her chin—counted four and wondered why she hadn't had them removed, a matter of aesthetics. Fanny wore a faded denim wraparound skirt and white shirt without bra, her dark nipples visible, in



SOD GRO
LAWN PLUS
GREEN WHIZ TURF BUILDER
SUPER LAWN
FERTIL
FERTILIZER WITH X-17

the new mode. Her impressive body, though not voluptuous, clearly had a mind of its own.

The biographer stood at the bathroom doorway. The girl had retreated, holding her brush behind her, to the edge of the tub.

"I'm Fanny Bick," she announced, half angered. "I'm helping your wife."

"She told me. Glad to know you." He spoke gently, sorry for her unease—apparently a basic quality in her.

She explained her situation, seemed calmer now, and Dubin lingered to hear: that she was working in his house because there wasn't much else to do in town. "I tried the State Employment Office and all the guy there does is show you unemployment figures for the country and shakes his head. Makes you feel very zonky."

"Really?"

"Shaky. Anyway I bought the town gazette, or whatever you call it, and put together four mornings of work at three different houses—this and another two. I don't like housework." She made a face. "I do little of it for myself."

He nodded seriously, not in his mind approving.

She smiled dismally.

He clucked in sympathy.

"Why didn't you go on to Salem? It's a bigger town—more variety. You might have picked up something in the piano factory."

Fanny looked at him fixedly. "No, thanks. Besides, my car zonked out after an accident. My fault, and I'm only carrying liability."

He shook his head at her luck.

She said with a tense laugh, "Please don't tell your wife I don't like this job. I wouldn't want to lose my mornings here."

"Have no fear."

Her body eased. She said she was broke and had to settle for whatever she could get. "I think I've had it with college and have just about made up my mind I don't want to go back. My father said he wouldn't support me anymore anyway, so I'm trying to put together enough money to take me to the Big Apple."

"To do what?"

"Ask me after I get there."

"I have this feeling we've met before?"

She regarded him with interest. "I thought I had got lost, though I really hadn't."

"You can't be much more than twenty-one?" he inquired.

Her glance then was curious, friendly.

Dubin said lamely, "Maybe I'm intending to prove I know something about people of your age."

"Twenty-two," Fanny said lightheartedly. "This last month. People say I look older."

It struck him he had almost hoped so.

Dubin said he was fifty-six and laughed huskily.

She mulled over the news, her face impassive.

"Don't give up on education," he solemnly advised her. "College is formal but at least it's a beginning."

She listened doubtfully. "Giving up school is not giving up education."

"William James, reflecting on the social value of the college-bred, thought the effect was in learning to recognize a good man when you saw one." Dubin laughed in saying this. I have a one-track mind, he thought.

He tightened his belt. "Here I am offering free advice again," he apologized. "I am a biographer is why. I often have this souped-up sense of other people's lives so that I don't always mind my business. Please pardon me. I don't mean to offend."

"No sweat." She was amiable. "You feel empathy for people?"

"That's putting it kindly."

She was wearing her Star of David.

Nodding abruptly, Dubin broke off and returned to his study. He was surprised by the time he had given her and it annoyed him a bit that he had felt her sexuality so keenly. It rose from her bare feet. Her doing? She thus projects herself—the sturdy body, healthy hips, full bosom, nipples visible—can one see less with two eyes? Or simply his vision of her—male chauvinism: reacting reductively? What also ran through his mind was whether he had responded to her as his usual self, or as one at present steeped in Lawrence's sexual theories, mad as they were? Still, he had thought much about the subject as he'd read the man's work and it charged you up some. He counteracted this thought by recalling the continuous excitement of Thoreau, woodsy dybbuk, possessing him as he was writing his life. Dubin had for a period, to an extent, become the dour celibate; or so it had seemed.

THE biographer had become aware that he was leaving his study more often than usual; he would drift down into the kitchen to pour himself a cup of coffee. He'd be restless, he explained it to himself, well into beginning a work—at times it took fifty, sixty pages before you were settled in, sure you were working right. He had the sense of having been more quickly into the Thoreau, wasn't yet head on into Lawrence. Once he was he'd stick it out steadily—hours at his desk without breaking except for an occasional visit to the toilet. Holding coffee cup on saucer he would wander through the house, sipping absently, standing around thoughtful, probing his problems. If Fanny, on days she was there, happened to come across him, Dubin nodded to her as though in afterthought and went on thinking. Once he raised his coffee cup in greeting.

"Hi," she said cheerily, and in a minute ducked out of the room.

"How come?" Kitty asked him one morning. "You're drinking a lot of coffee." Years ago, she had for a while tried bringing up a cup of midmorning broth to the study. That had soon come to an end. Not really her style; not really his: it took time and added weight.

"Beginnings are tough," he said.

"But you've begun."

It was a technical problem, Dubin explained: Begin at the beginning or be independent of strict chronology? There were other ways: for instance begin where the dominant action of the life begins—the dominant decision. The right choice either makes itself or is a matter of chance—a little of both, Dubin thought. "So where do I stand?"

"Get started," Kitty hesitantly advised. "Don't strive for perfection right off."

He ignored the remark. They'd agreed she was not to advise him how to work unless he asked her.

She poured herself a sherry; it was near lunchtime. He was again aware how well she looked this summer, her long body shapely if slightly heavier than last year, looking younger than fifty; but when you said so she tittered, or smiled sadly, as though remembering all you hadn't tallied.

"How's the girl working out?" Dubin poured himself some coffee.

"Not badly. She tries. She intends to go to New York in September."

"Has she told you anything about herself?" Kitty had long talks with people who cleaned for her.

"Not very much. She's intelligent, has a mind of her own and the usual dissatisfactions of someone her age, plus a few I can only guess at. Her old man's let her down but I don't know how or why—the usual *crise de confiance*, I suppose. She's apparently decided to drop out of college, after a year in, two out, in again into her senior year, and now wanting out for sure, she says."

"What brought her to Campobello?"

"She was living in a commune upstate, got fed up, and was on her way to New York City when she had an accident coming off the highway outside of town. She stopped off because she had run out of money and had to earn some. She's hinted some vague other reason—maybe looking up an old lover, I wouldn't know. She's a mild depressive, I'd say."

Monk Enraptured

Kitty analyzed people; she'd long ago been psychoanalyzed.

"She reminds me a little of Maud," Dubin said.

Kitty was incredulous.

"Lots of vitality," he offered.

"She's energetic enough when she wants to be."

"Seems to present herself as sexy?"

"I think so—but does Maud?"

"Don't run it into the ground. Just an impression."

"She knows Roger Foster. They met in the library. She went in for a book. Now he calls for her after work, waits in his car in the driveway. I've asked him to come in but I think he's uneasy with you."

Dubin grunted.

"What more could you ask for a single, attractive, slightly blowsy girl who isn't your daughter, or for that matter much like her? Fanny strikes me as not quite put together."

"Is Roger her lover?"

"How would I know?"

"That stud."

He had never liked the boy. When Roger was in college he had worked a summer for him, theoretically helping a carpenter on the barn Dubin was in part having altered for an outside study that he had since not much used. Roger hadn't worked well, goofed off. Lazy bastard.

"Maud didn't like him either," Dubin said. "He hung around when she was barely fifteen. She had his number."

"With your assistance," Kitty said. "That was years ago. He's a serious man now, and a really good librarian. It's almost certain he'll replace Crawford when he retires."

"He won't get my vote."

"He won't need it."

But Dubin was uncomfortable with his judgment of Roger Foster because he had disliked him on meeting him and forever thereafter. The biographer did not care to be the victim of that kind of response to people. It indicated objectivity missing, a quality he could not afford to be caught short of in his work.

Glancing at his watch, he groaned. "My God, I've been talking to you for half an hour. Lawrence will fry me alive."

"Don't regret it," Kitty said. "I hardly see you once you're into a biography."

"You see me forty times a day."

She wanted a kiss before he left. "I've been feeling lonely."

They embraced as Fanny entered the room and headed out.

DUBIN would wander through the house with his cold coffee cup, sipping from room to room. A momentary break from work; he'd be back refreshed. He enjoyed coming upon Fanny in motion: forcefully stroking the rugs with the vacuum; the waltz with a mop over the kitchen floor; her intense private gestures of ironing; energetic hurrying up and down the stairs. He liked her hips in bloom, ample breasts—she wore a brassiere now while working for Kitty—everything in her figure more beautifully rounded because of the dramatic narrowing between bust and bottom. Though she wasn't graceful there was a weight of grace in her. She was gifted in femininity, or pretended to be. Fanny wore short skirts; on hot days she appeared in shorts and gauzy blouses—red, orange, yellow—her white or black bra visible through the garment.

Intermission, he called his viewing of her—the serious looking when she seemed inattentive yet surely invited. Is she drawing me on? What ever for—a man my age? When she bent, it was a gracious act. A beautifully formed female figure suggested ideal form; her ass the crown of a bouquet of flowers. Ah Fanny, if I could paint you if I could paint. Fanny as "sexual object" was balanced by the responding thought that he wouldn't mind being hers if she could imagine it. Is she really so tempting a dish, he asked himself, or am I beautifying every cubit of her according to my need? Women move me to deepest feeling—of pleasure and loss. As if they are mine yet never belong to me. He felt at the thought, as it reverberated amid others, a mounting poignant loneliness. Dubin waited till the feeling had passed. Afterward he reflected that this intense unexpected response to her had occurred probably at the thought she would soon be gone—in a few weeks to the omnivorous city. A momentary source of innocent pleasure lost—the beauty of a vital young woman. Too bad she'd never know. My God, how long does this romantic hunger—residue of old forms, habits, daydreams—linger in the blood?

Though he sensed her departure he might as well enjoy the two weeks she'd still be around. As for interrupted concentration, so long as he produced his two daily pages he had little to criticize himself for. But Fanny, as though to prove that his foreboding of an end was itself an ending, seemed to tire of the entertainment: his seeking her; her unwilling continuous performance. She seemed all at once actively avoiding him. He, embarrassed, looked less her way, would play no wolfish Mr. B. to her harried Pamela. Once when he accidentally came upon her in the kitchen as she was ironing his underpants, her expression was grim, eyes embittered. Both reddened as their glances met. He drained his coffee cup and hurried off.

Afterward she hid whenever he appeared; or tried to hide, whatever his amiability or good intentions; she dropped what she was doing and wordlessly walked away. Fanny ducked into the bathroom, or hastened down the cellar stairs and in a few minutes the washing machine was rumbling. Or she slipped out on the porch and smoked a cigarette, leaning against the white post, gazing at the hills. The hills at least were eyeless. Still, the biographer enjoyed this unlooked-for sight: young girl coldly turned away. Lovely figure. He went back to his study dejected. Old billy goat—these feelings at fifty-six, disjunctions of an ordered life. We are all clowns.

Dubin resumed work with affection for it—truly working kept one from useless emotion; contented, equable. The chapter was resisting less; the facts had been laid out easily enough, though he questioned what they said. But patience? Good beginnings, those that assured the biographer they were right and so was he, blew in like spring winds; some like storms—some you coaxed out of the blue sky. The sky was in the process of yielding. What grew word by word grew in value. The young Lawrence had appeared, his face in a pool. Dubin, concentrating sentence by sentence, no longer ventures out of his room when the girl's around. Were she clinging to his door, spying on him, he'd hold his water.

Fanny, he thought, a foolish name.

Summer was ending.

Winter waits in the wings.

—BERNARD MALAMUD

(This is the first part of a two-part story.)

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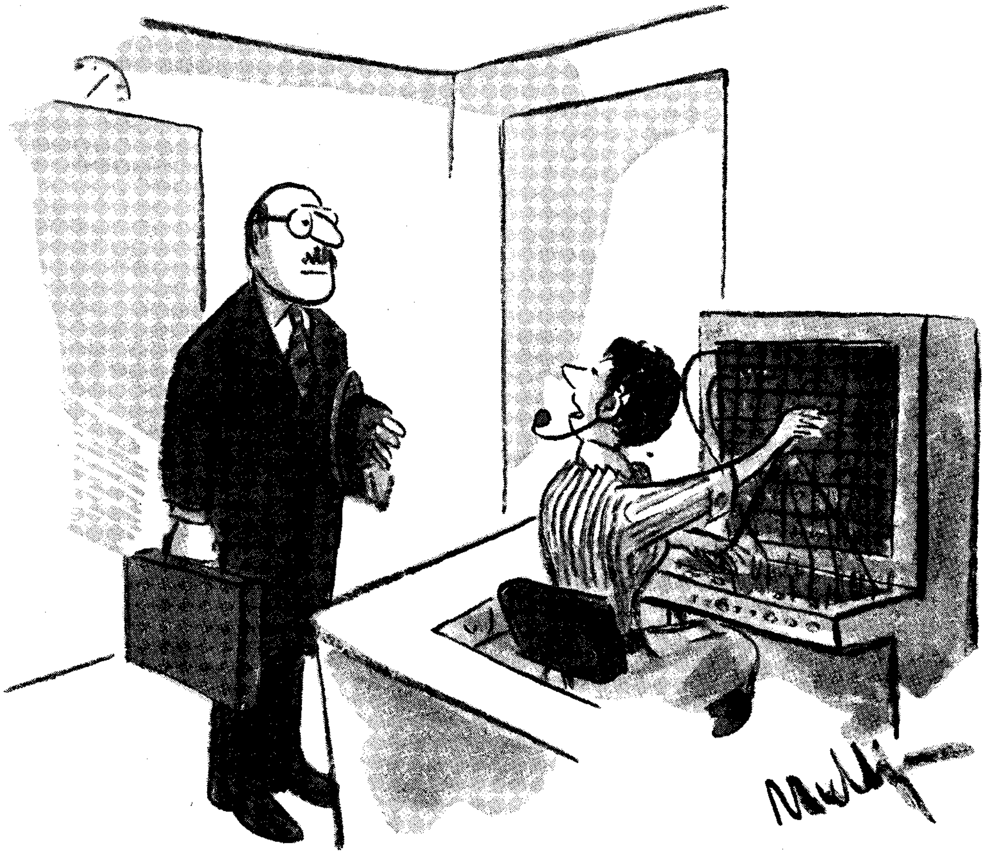


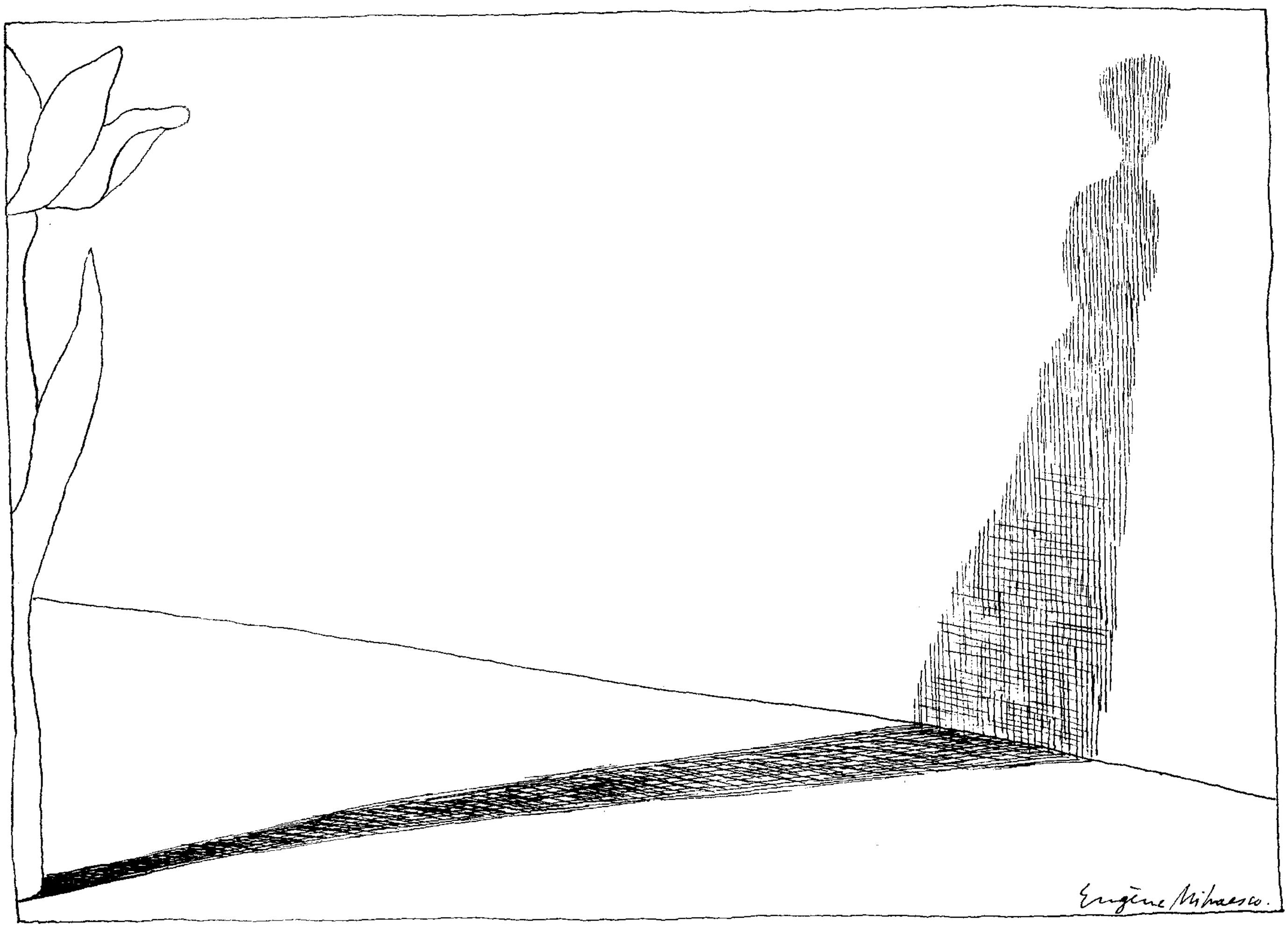
"Mr. Ovington is out at the moment, moving his car to the alternate side of the street."

"I personally resent it; this commission being asked to draw a budget for a plan we had no part in developing," Frank said. "The rug was pulled out from under us, leaving us to hang in limbo and at the end of a primrose path," he said.
—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

One of those scatter rugs, probably.

PROFILES

THE ELDER DAUGHTER—II


Eugène Mihaesco.

ON Christmas Day, stuffed with turkey and pudding, a great number of people in Britain turn on the television at 3 P.M. to hear a five-minute broadcast by the Queen. They do this without much zest, in the way nominal Christians might go to church once a year, or, in this case, saying, “It’s three o’clock—we’d better listen to the Queen,” as if they might thus pay off a debt incurred by recent gluttony. The Queen herself usually takes the opportunity of these broadcasts to underline Christian themes. Her Uncle David wondered, before he became King Edward VIII, in 1936, whether it was possible to have the coronation ceremony without a Communion service; he was told they were one and the same. The Queen doesn’t need this sort of reminder. Religion is not a formality for her, and her conviction gives substance to what is often a rather prim address—she just can’t conquer her wooden delivery. Television directors attempt to liven things up by seating her on a sofa with two of her children or—for Christmas of 1975—shooting the film in the garden of Buckingham Palace, using an obviously metaphoric shot of a stone thrown into the garden lake and creating ripples. This was to illustrate her point that courteous and resolute action by individuals had a positive effect on society as a whole. She praised the courage and self-sacrifice of those who refused to be terrorized by kidnappers and hijackers. She said that Christmas had a value in reminding us that personal relationships mattered, particularly in a time when “the scale of things and organizations seems to get bigger and more inhuman.” Christmas itself was “a festival which brings us together in small groups—a family group if we are lucky,” she said, and “We meet as friends who are glad to be together and who care about each other’s happiness.”

Although the Queen’s public manner has a frozen quality, she is a different person in private, with her family and friends. Some people in Britain are critical of the inturned education the Queen had as a child, but there is little doubt that her father and mother provided her and her sister with an exceptionally happy home. They perhaps saw more of their parents than most children do. Her mother still spends a great deal of time with her, sometimes staying for the weekend, often popping in for a visit. When they were growing up, the two Princesses used to play boisterous games of rummy and racing demon with their parents just before bedtime, and the Queen is still fond of games—particularly the sort that were played at country-house parties in the days before television, when people had to keep themselves amused: games such as charades, dumb crambo, and forfeits. She throws herself into these—though a friend who partnered her in a game of forfeits not long ago noticed that she wasn’t reluctant to use the royal prerogative when they picked a forfeit that said “Do, without music, a pas de deux from any ballet.” She scrunched up the paper and said firmly, “We’ll take another one.”

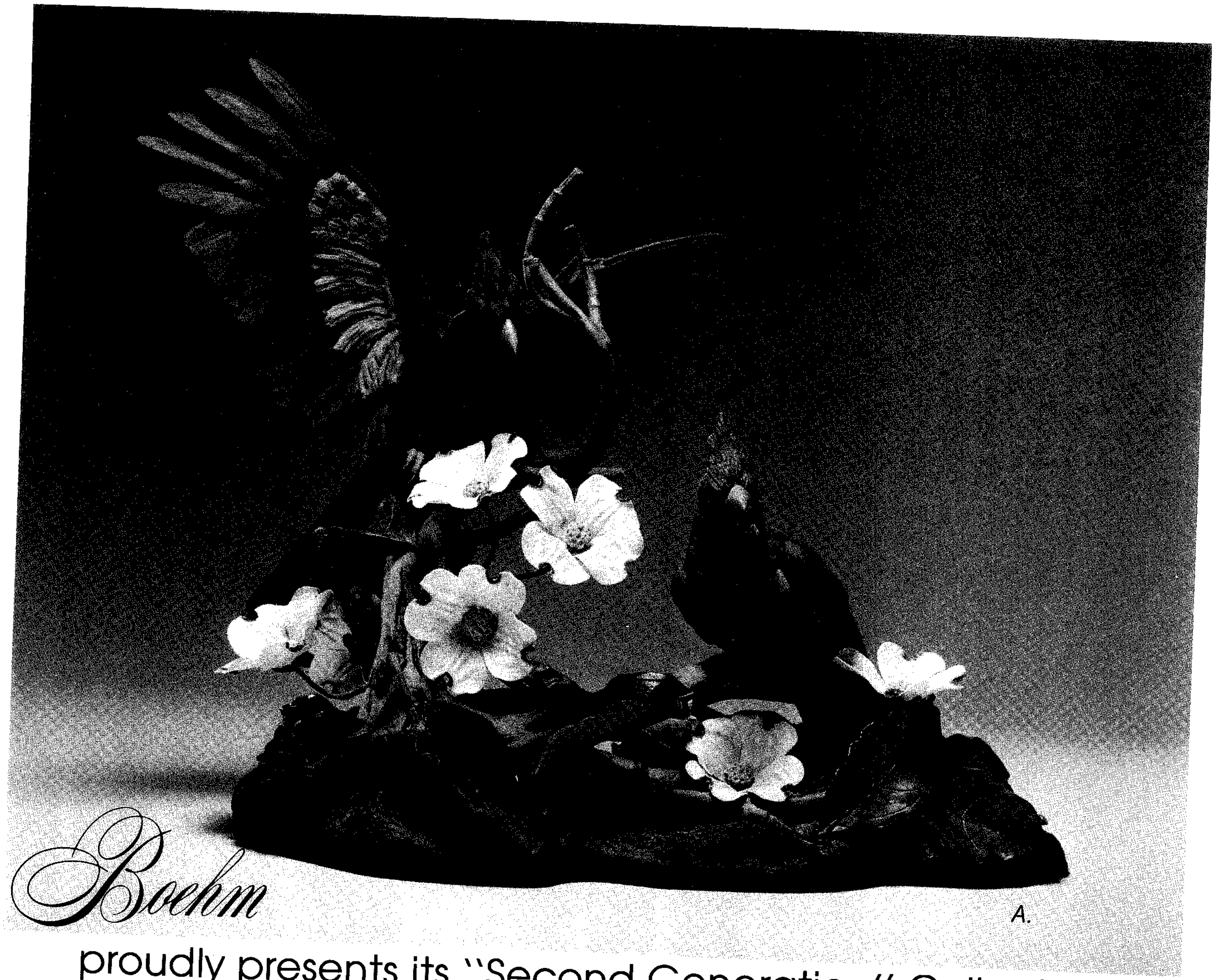
Her mother, an expansive and cheerful person, had a reputation before her marriage as a tremendous dancer at

London society parties, and her elder daughter follows her (and her great-great-grandmama Queen Victoria) in this respect, twirling through Strauss waltzes and eightsome reels. Sometimes, at private dances for the Princesses at the Palace, her father would lead the conga line along the red-carpeted corridors, making the chandeliers and Chinese vases shake. A friend who went to a dance at Windsor Castle just after the war remembers that toward the end of the dance, when competition was warming up over who took which pretty girl home, he ran into a very eligible young man who said no, he wasn't going yet—he wanted to have another dance with Elizabeth. More recently, she has been known, though visibly pregnant, to stay up till 5 A.M. dancing. "If more people could see her at parties and dances, where she never stops laughing," a friend says, "they would realize what a happy person she is."

"Of course, she's lucky, too," says a woman acquaintance. "She's got a tall, handsome husband and four nice kids." Although it bothered her parents initially, she fell in love with the first young man she properly met and married him. Burrowers in the royal records say the match was fated: On the day of her birth—April 21, 1926—three ladies of the Mountbatten family called on her grandparents King George and Queen Mary for tea. One was the mother of a four-year-old Greek and Danish prince, Philip. Moreover, the boy and girl were at a wedding together in 1934, though neither remembers meeting the other. (She was eight, he was thirteen.) Their first memorable encounter took place in July of 1939, when the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert dropped anchor at Dartmouth. Her father's second cousin and close friend Lord Louis Mountbatten, who was on board with the Royal Family, had made what turned out to be a crucial phone call, arranging that his nephew Philip, a cadet at Dartmouth Royal Naval College, serve as errand boy for the yacht's captain over the weekend. Philip also did some showing off on the tennis court and left an impression. During the war—in which he had a gallant British naval career—Philip and Elizabeth corresponded, and saw each other now and then. He was staying with her family at Balmoral, their Scottish estate, in 1946, when the actual question was popped, by the side of a loch. The engagement pleased many of their relatives; it was, as one aunt put it, "historically tidy," bringing together as it did two strands of Queen Victoria's extensive family—albeit one was the heir to the British throne and the other a not very affluent young naval officer. Before the marriage, Philip gave up his Greek and Danish titles and was naturalized a British citizen as plain Philip Mountbatten. His bride's father made him Duke of Edinburgh on the day before their wedding. Scholars have also suggested that if it hadn't been for her grandfather's use of royal leverage in 1922, Philip might not have been there in 1947 to walk down the aisle of Westminster Abbey. George V had acted with swiftness when he heard that his cousin Prince Andrew of Greece was about to be shot by a revolutionary Greek government in Athens. A British cruiser was dispatched from Malta, the Prince and his wife were rescued, and on the return voyage the ship stopped at Corfu to pick up their four daughters and their baby son, Philip.

The Queen's mother taught her to read when she was five; "Winnie the Pooh," "Wind in the Willows," and the comic strip "L'il Abner" were early favorites, as they were for many children at that time. Her mother also read Bible

A HEARTY WELCOME
Opie



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A.

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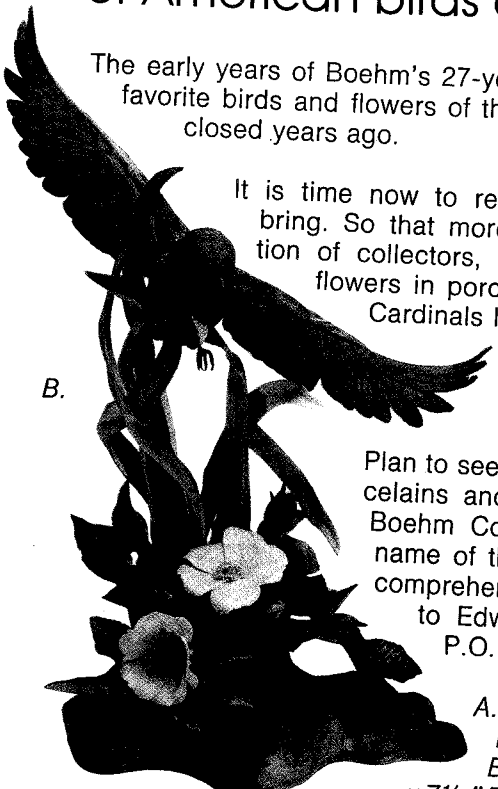

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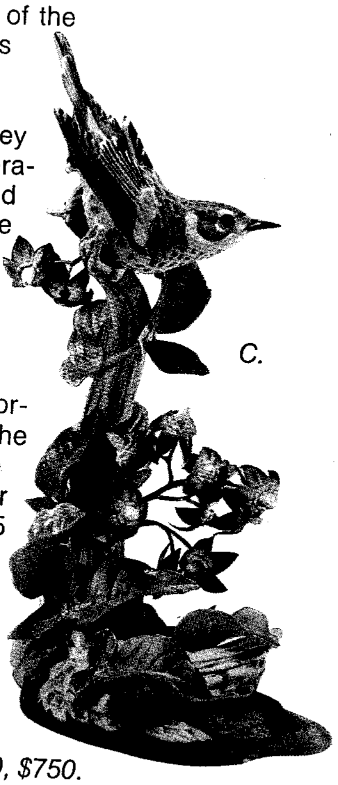
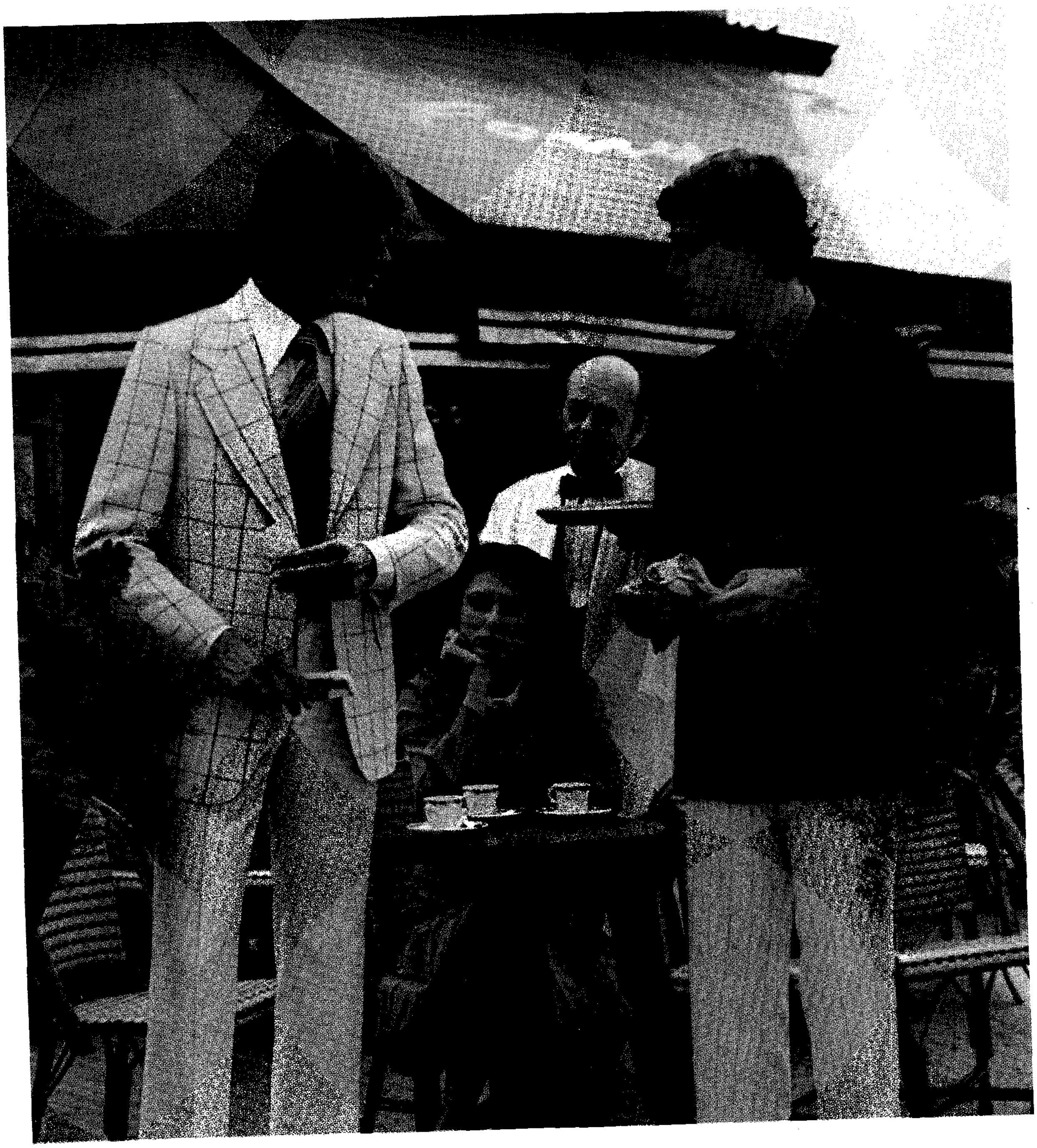


C.

Lanvin by day.



Lanvin by night.

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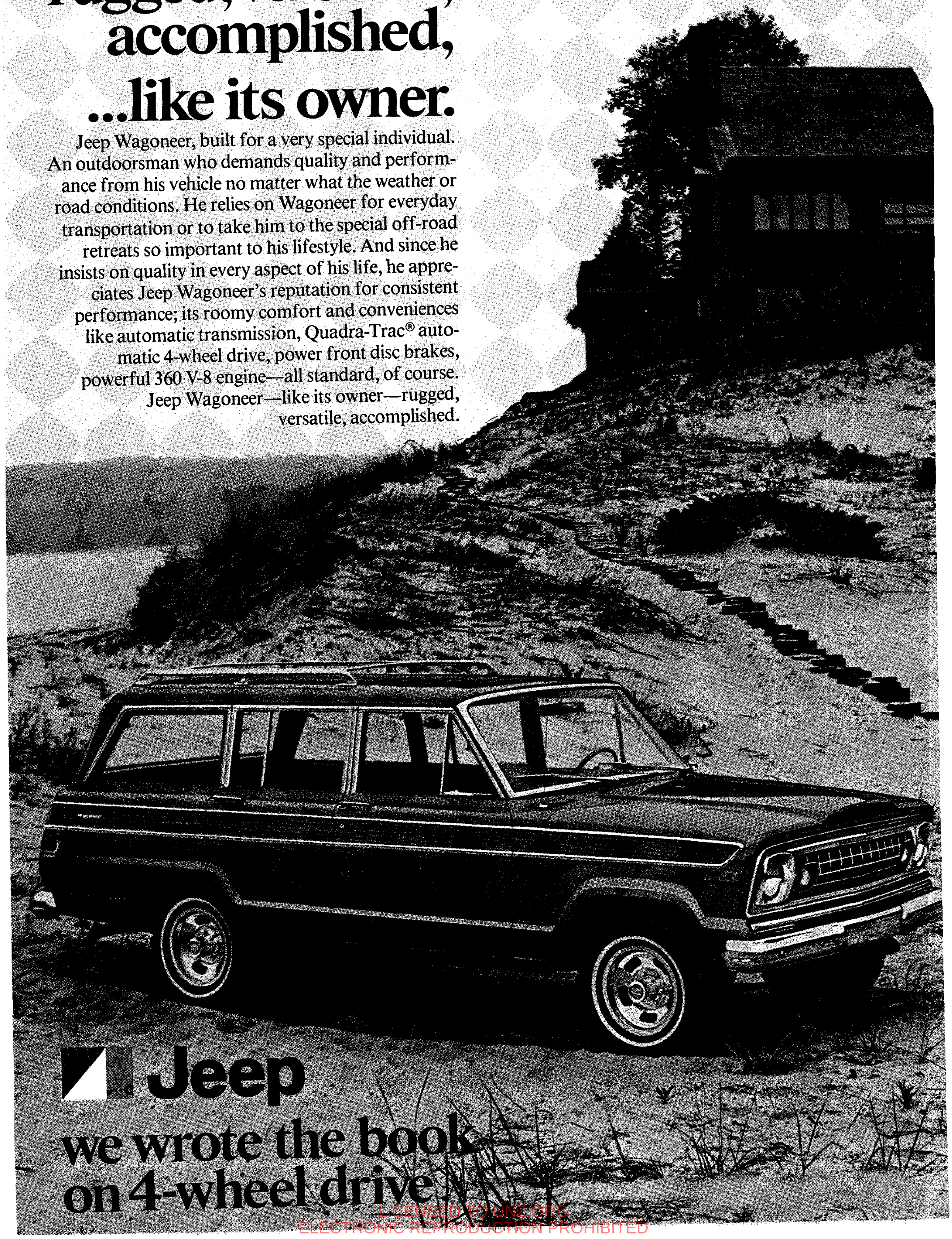
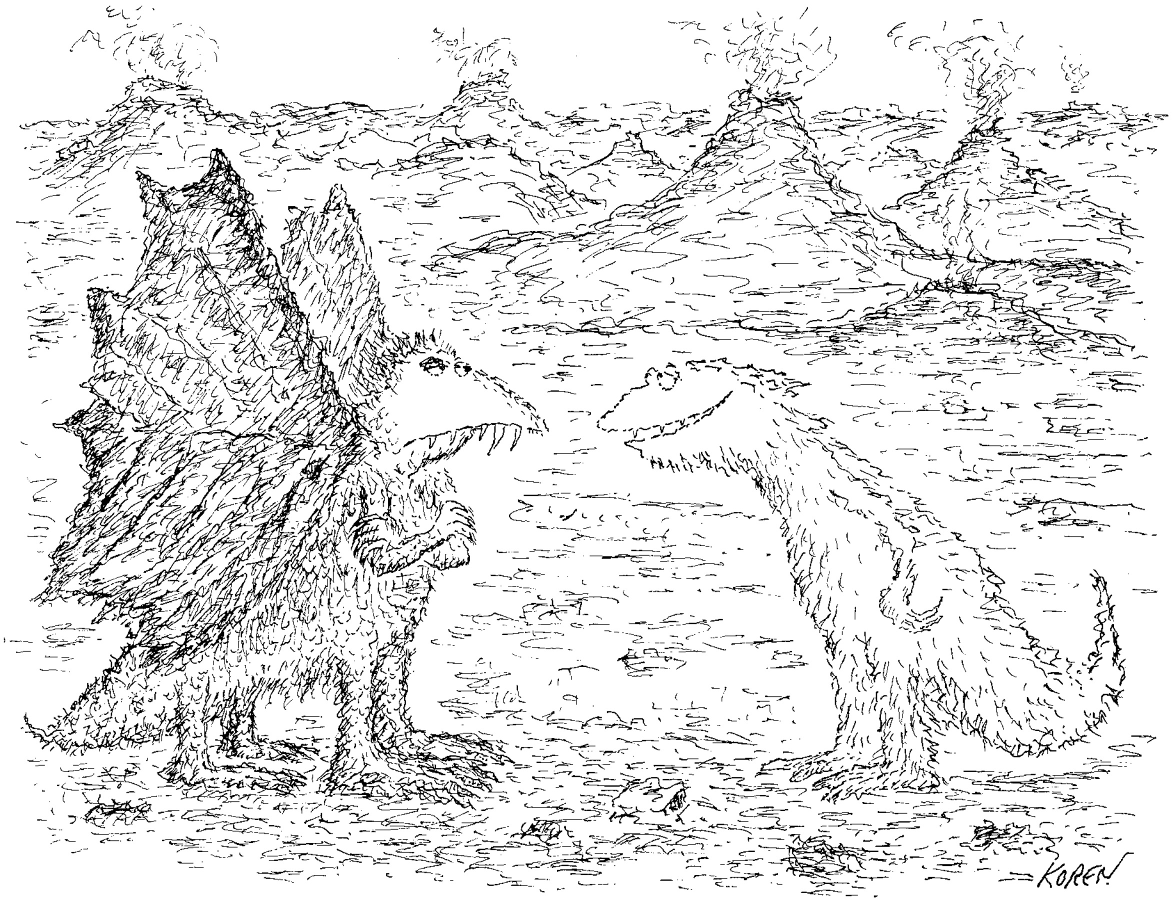




"The reason you all are becoming extinct is that you can't take a joke."

• •

stories to both her daughters, but she didn't take "learning" quite as seriously as their grandmother Queen Mary would have liked. As a child, Elizabeth was no good at math, and, despite her Hanoverian-Coburg blood, she didn't get far with German. However, she learned to read French and speak it fluently. Her teachers were chiefly her governess, Marion Crawford, known as Crawfie, and Sir Henry Marten, provost of Eton College, near Windsor Castle, where the Princesses spent most of the war. Elizabeth went to Sir Henry several hours a week for lessons in constitutional history and current affairs—also attended by Crawfie, who sat in a window seat with a book Sir Henry lent her, such as the latest Wodehouse. Crawfie later recorded in a book of her own—"The Little Princesses," published in 1950, which now seems a mild memoir with good period flavor but at the time got poor Crawfie into very bad odor with the Royal Family as a breach of privacy—that the older Princess found it difficult to learn to knit; was usually well behaved, but once, in a tantrum with Mademoiselle, the French teacher (actually a vicomtesse), poured ink over her own head; and often was serious-mindedly ashamed of Crawfie and her younger sister, Margaret, when they played practical jokes, such as turning out the Windsor Castle guards detachment by ringing an alarm bell. The sisters were very fond of Nurse Bobo MacDonald's fudge. They got on well together—in fact, had breakfast together until the day of Elizabeth's wedding—though there were naturally occasions when the earnest, methodical habits of Elizabeth and the more spontaneous habits of Margaret sparked sisterly rows. "Lilibet was quick with her left hook," wrote Crawfie. As if aware that when they grew up they would rarely be seen in public bareheaded, both sisters hated to wear hats. They both bit their nails, but, the observant Elizabeth pointed out to Crawfie, so did the Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain. The truthful elder girl could not always be trusted to say the right things to people. Crawfie noted, "One day Ramsay MacDonald [the Labour statesman] bent low over her small hand, and she said in that clear, ringing voice of hers: 'I saw you in *Punch* this morning, Mr. MacDonald, leading a flock of geese.' Mr. MacDonald gave her a wan smile."

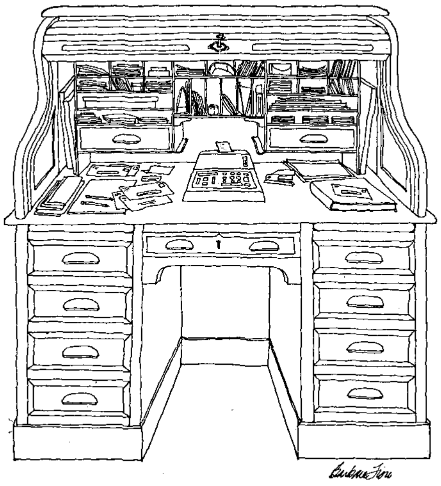
Some aspects of her life were well known and envied by British children of the time, such as her ownership of an almost life-size playhouse, given her by the people of Wales. But the children wouldn't have envied the fact that she had to have a bath every night, had to go to bed early, and was allowed few "treats" or outings. The two well-washed Princesses didn't go for seaside holidays or play much with other children. A ride on the top of a double-decker bus was a great adventure—wonderful to look down into people's gardens, thought Lilibet. Yet there were diversions like guardsmen fainting; pet dogs and ponies; and beetles in the Castle dungeon used for an air-raid shelter. (The Princesses' evacuation to Canada was considered if the Germans should invade and occupy Britain—at which point the King intended to go underground and join a resistance group.) There were Christmas pantomimes, with leading parts for the King's daughters—Princess Elizabeth played Prince Florizel in one—and minor roles for children of the Castle staff. It was perhaps a pity, Crawfie thought, that the royal parents "were not overconcerned with the higher education of their daughter." It was perhaps also a pity, people have thought since, that the Queen's upbringing was so consistently old-fashioned, laying constant stress on the correct forms of behavior and "doing the right thing," imposing inhibitions that had to be overcome. In Windsor, townspeople said that the two Princesses weren't allowed to cry.

Royal duties were soon at hand, and weren't shirked. Elizabeth made her first broadcast in October of 1940, at age fourteen, during the Battle of Britain: "We children at home are full of cheerfulness and courage. . . . We know, every one of us, that in the end all will be well." She joined a Girl Guide troop that included the Mountbatten daughters, Patricia and Pamela, and while camping had to wash dishes—something she has rarely done since. In April of 1944, her father wrote in his diary, "Lilibet's 18th Birthday. The Changing of the Guard . . . The Lt. Colonel handed her the Colonel's Standard. . . . We gave a family lunch to which Mama came. It was a lovely hot day. L. can now act as a Counsellor of State." Despite this position—which enabled her to understudy her father when he went abroad, and despite her rank as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards—she managed to talk her father into letting her join the women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, in which she learned how to drive trucks and change sparkplugs. (She is still, by many accounts, a fast driver.) On V-E Night, while crowds stood at the Buckingham Palace forecourt railings and over and over cheered the King and Queen, who were on the Palace balcony, the Princesses got permission to slip out with some officers and join the celebrating throng in the once-again lit streets. "Poor darlings," wrote the King. "They have never had any fun yet."

The King's own naval career had been blighted by ill health, and his quiet life as a country landowner and farmer was taken away from him by his brother's decision to give up the throne. (When, at the age of forty, he learned that David had decided to quit and he was to be King, he sobbed on his mother's shoulder for an hour.) He had been inconsiderately brought up—left-handed but made to be right-handed. But he fought his way through terrible shyness, gastric disorders, and an incapacitating stammer, which, with the help of his wife and an Australian speech specialist, Lionel Logue, he finally conquered. He took his position seriously, was devoted to his duty, and was pleased to see his daughter Elizabeth bothering about the same things. He was a worrier, and so was she. As a young man, he was a good sportsman: he played in the men's doubles at Wimbledon in 1926, and was a first-class shot. She handled a gun well, sat a horse admirably, and, unlike her father, enjoyed excellent health. Sometimes, when he had an hour to spare, they rode together in Windsor Great Park. He was religious, in a sometimes painfully stark way: he once turned to a dinner-table companion with the question "What do you think of the Ten Commandments?" He listened regularly to the inspirational radio program "Lift Up Your Hearts." Queen Elizabeth is very much her father's daughter. In his first Christmas broadcast after her marriage, he said, "Our eldest daughter has wedded, with our blessing, the man she loves." After the ceremony, he wrote to her:

> I was so proud of you & thrilled at having you so close to me on our long walk in Westminster Abbey, but when I handed your hand to the Archbishop I felt that I had lost something very precious. You were so calm & composed during the Service & said your words with such conviction, that I knew everything was all right.
>
> I am so glad you wrote & told Mummy that you think the long wait before your engagement & the long time before the wedding was for the best. I was rather afraid that you had thought I was being hard hearted about it. I was so anxious for you to come to South Africa as you knew. Our family, us four, the "Royal Family" must remain together with additions of course at suitable moments!! I have watched you grow up all these years with pride under the skilful direction of Mummy, who as you know is the most marvellous person in the World in my eyes, & I can, I know, always count on you, & now Philip, to help us in our work.

Philip gave up smoking seven months before the wedding. (The Queen has never smoked.) In one respect, he qualified badly for the British Royal Family—he was a poor shot. The first time he went out with his father-in-law, he missed forty shots out of fifty. But he took this failure to heart and was soon a marksman. In other respects, Elizabeth had picked well. He whistled, she hummed, the same songs—that year, notably, "People Will Say We're in Love," from "Oklahoma!" Though neither was born immediate heir to a throne, both grew up as "royals," used to ceremonial—what Uncle David called "the royal show." Some men who marry into the family—for instance, Antony Armstrong-Jones, who married the Queen's sister, Margaret, and Angus Ogilvy, who married her cousin Princess Alexandra—are known to have found the bowing and scraping and dressing up a bit hard to get used to. There is a confining effect, a loss of self, involved in becoming part of the Court machine. Philip, though born a prince, was possibly plunged into it all faster than he wanted to be; the naval career had to be given up. His wife's father died relatively young, precipitating Elizabeth onto the throne, her husband alongside her as her consort. Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert, once wrote, "The position of the Prince Consort requires that the husband entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife." Albert may have thought that that was necessary, but in fact he made a successful career for himself, not altogether in Victoria's shadow. Philip seems to be doing the same, providing support to his wife and yet being his own man in what Lord Mountbatten, his uncle and mentor, calls "a slightly outside role"—conservationist; polo player and yachtsman; patron of several hundred institutions and societies, many of which have to do with the sea; a much-in-demand after-dinner speaker; a strong advocate of British innovation in industrial design, which he has encouraged with award schemes rather like the American "E" awards of the Second World War. He designed a platinum compact that he gave his wife as a birthday present.



As in many long-lasting marriages, the partners in this one have some opposing qualities that work well together. He has a public fallibility, which she lacks. She isn't allowed to speak her mind in public, but he is often outspoken—sometimes gets furious with pestering reporters and photographers. The Queen says, "I gave up trying to stop him years ago." He worries about her being asked to do too much, and she tries to protect him from boring engagements. He said about one such event, "All I know is that the Queen told me it lasts four hours and recommended me not to go." He is quite formal when he speaks about her to others, calling her "the Queen;" but "Lilibet" and the usual married endearments are said to prevail in private. She is often remote with strangers, and he throws himself into social situations—a good talker, like all the Mountbattens. When he is away on an official trip, she misses him beside her at formal occasions, because he is good at breaking the ice, sometimes being funny, sometimes tactless—for example, asking a man about his club or regimental tie, "Alcoholics Anonymous, I suppose?" Although he claims he doesn't mind attacks on the monarchy as an institution,

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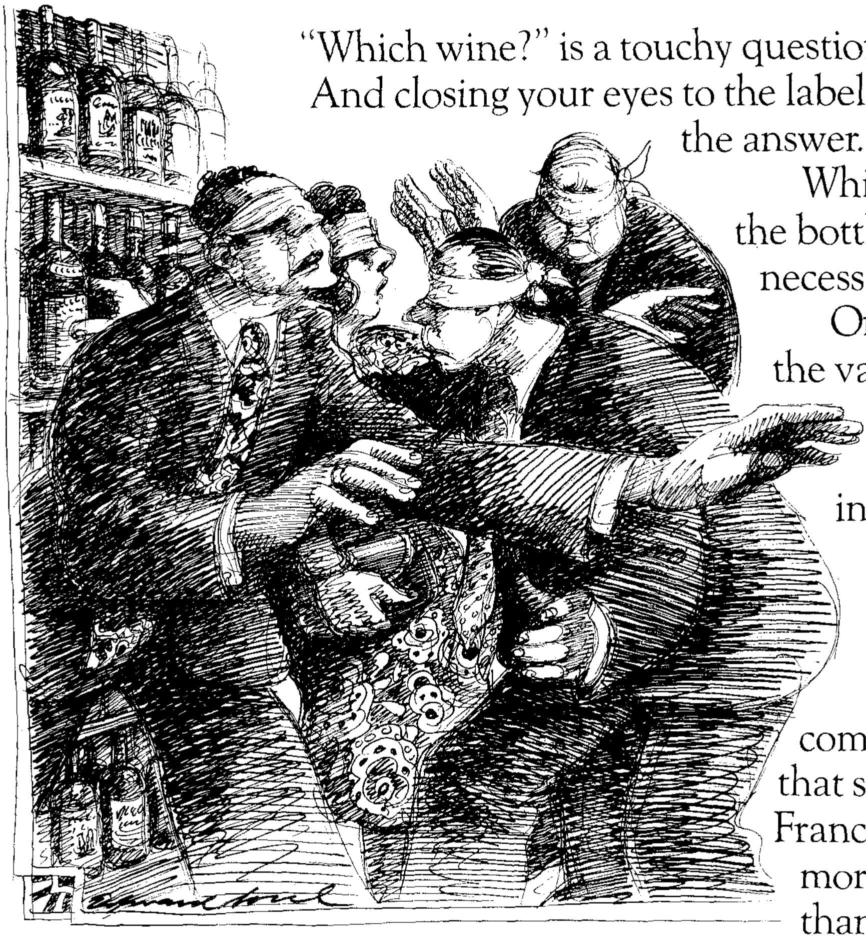

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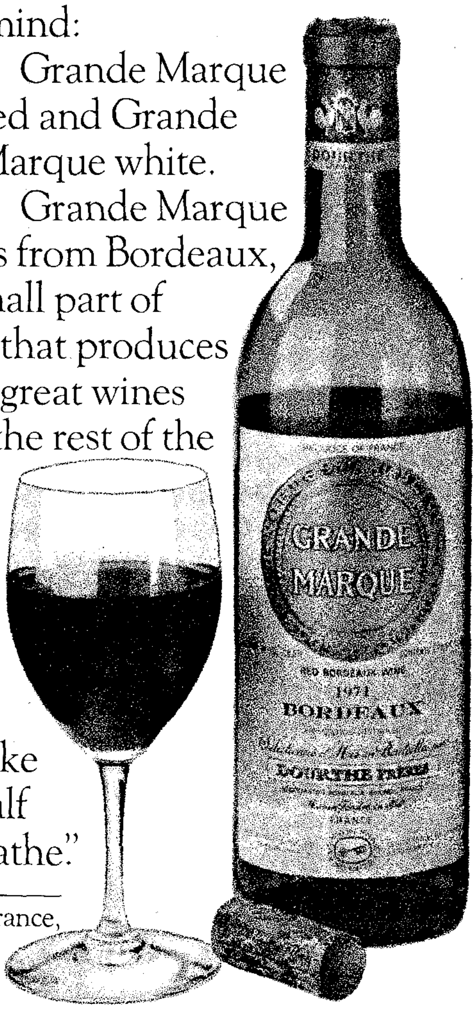

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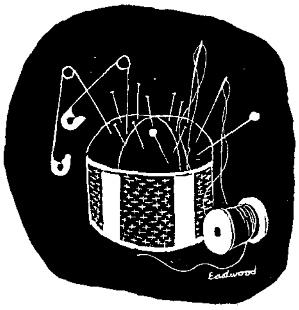
objects only to mud slung at the Queen and her family, one suspects that—having served in the front ranks as a royal now for thirty years—he feels fairly strongly about the Crown, and wouldn't modernize away some of the trappings that compensate for an arduous lifetime job. The Queen has no surname; royalty and royal princes and princesses do not need one. But she has thought about the needs of nonprincely descendants she and Philip may have, and, in the process, has nicely acknowledged her husband by changing the family name from Windsor to Mountbatten-Windsor.

Perhaps because of the surrounding grandeur and ceremony, the Royal Family is very fond of knockabout slapstick. Prince Charles, wearing a Guardsman's bearskin, is to be glimpsed gooning around the Palace; his talents as a farceur were also seen on the stage at Cambridge when he was a student there. Encouraged by Prince Philip, levity occasionally blossoms in the Palace offices. Commander Michael Parker, Philip's former equerry, was once heard barking at the door. "What are you, Parker?" came the question. "I'm the Privy Seal, sir" was the reply. The Queen's talent as a mimic has been brought out by her family—though not so far out that any of them will say, risking offense, *whom* she mimics. Early on in their marriage, the Queen and her husband gave a reception for some art experts, to show them a collection of modern works the couple had just bought. One pundit went from painting to painting declaring how wonderful they were, and the Queen compassionately stopped him as he launched into a rave about a picture Philip had thrown in, for fun, by a chimpanzee. The Royal Family sees a lot of people trying hard to be uncharacteristically dignified and solemn, and consequently often making fools of themselves. It gives the family a form of shoptalk or professional humor. Sometimes they find it hard to keep a straight face, and on some occasions, like the wedding of Princess Alexandra to Angus Ogilvy, Philip pulls funny faces, which makes it all the harder.



The Queen's son Charles has never been in any doubt as to what, barring a republican upheaval or an act of God, he was going to be when he grew up. (His names are Charles Philip Arthur George, and he may pick any of them, or any other, for his name as King. George VI was Bertie to his family. Edward VIII was David. So Britain may yet have another Arthur, once and future king.) Charles has also had, thanks to his parents, the best education given any British heir to the throne in several generations. Although some Britons wish the royal children had gone for a while to everyday schools—say, state primary schools, like most British children—they have, unlike their mother and her parents, at least gone to school (even if expensive boarding establishments) with other children. Because the further education of their oldest son seemed not only a family but a national matter, the Queen and Prince Philip gave a dinner in 1965 to which they invited the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Uncle Dickie Mountbatten, the Dean of Windsor, and the Chairman of the Committee of Vice-Chancellors. Consequently, Charles spent some time in Australia and at a Welsh university and went to Cambridge for three years before becoming a naval officer—following in that respect his father, his grandfather George VI, and his great-grandfather George V. (On the first night of his reign, George VI confided to Lord Louis Mountbatten that he felt absolutely unprepared for the job. "I'm only a naval officer," he said. Mountbatten told him that George V, his father, had said the same thing to Mountbatten's own father when George's older brother, Albert Victor, died and left George heir to the throne. Mountbatten's father had responded, "George, you're wrong. There is no more fitting preparation for a king than to have been trained in the Navy.") Charles is also a pilot and parachutist, and recently helped make an often funny film about his aeronautical activities. Although one can imagine his mother saying, "Charles, I do wish you wouldn't clown about so much in front of people," she is obviously proud of her personable and very natural son.

The Queen, as an excellent horsewoman, is also proud of the riding ability of her daughter, Anne. She hasn't complained about having to forgo the pleasures of being a grandmother while Anne rides (and sometimes falls) in the top ranks of British horsepeople, and gave her parents someone in the family to cheer for at the

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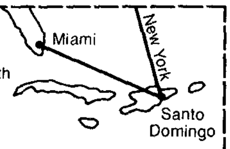

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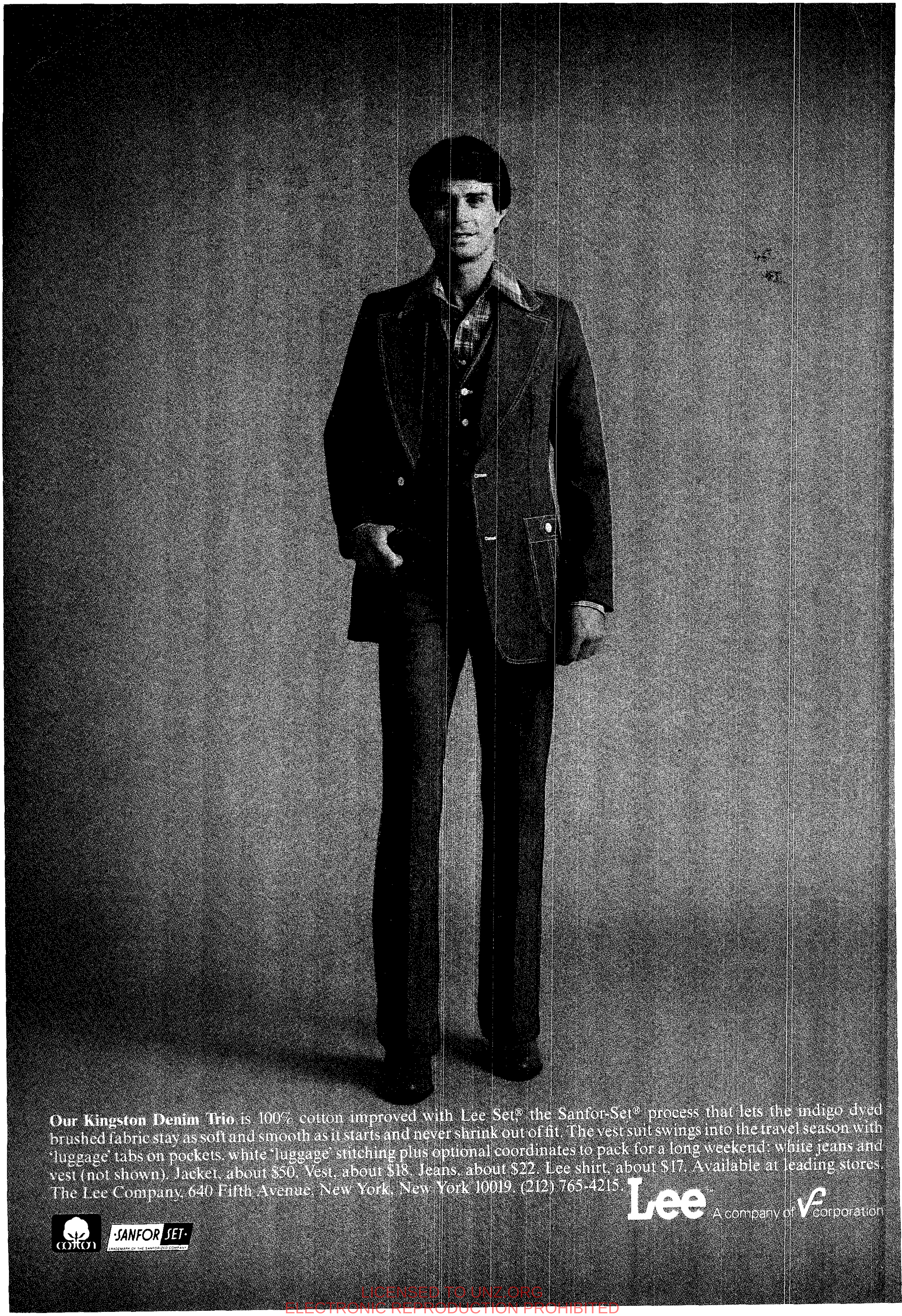

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Olympics in Montreal last July. The Queen is doing her best to see that her two younger sons—Andrew, seventeen, and Edward, thirteen—grow up out of the royal limelight, though they are occasionally seen at outdoor events. (When staying at Sandringham, the family estate in Norfolk, Andrew has often gone to Norwich City football matches with the Bishop of Norwich.) She worries about her children, as mothers do, but hasn't let her worries prevent her from letting them take part in such sometimes risky sports as hunting and gliding. She's good at hiding her anxieties about members of her family. "They have a few troublesome relatives, but who hasn't?" says a close, untroublesome relative.

For many people in Britain, one of the attractions of the Royal Family is that it is precisely and conspicuously that: a family. Possibly a little dated—as in the rather Wodehouse-Noël Coward upper-middle-class way they talk, saying, "That would be a bit churlish, wouldn't it?" or "You're talking a lot of rot." Possibly—the boys in neat gray suits from Harrods; picnics out of elegant, well-stuffed hampers—a bit comfortably old-fashioned. But for some onlookers, almost as if they belonged to a slightly more golden family past of one's own, they provide a present ideal. Some people think this way of life must be a strain for them, and probably it would be if it were an act. But it is real; it is the way they are. They were bred to it, and, perhaps without thinking about it much, believe in it. Theirs is a family in which behavior has to be first-class—not perfect, not namby-pamby, but thoroughly decent, and demonstrating an exemplary stability. It is their prime value. Uncle David didn't see it that way, felt he had to get out, and so abdicated. Margaret, the Queen's sister, came up against it in 1955 when her romance with Peter Townsend, who had been divorced, got a damp family blanket thrown on it—though since then times have changed, and, after a good deal of family discussion, the Queen last March agreed to her sister's and Lord Snowdon's desire to live separately. Even so, Princess Margaret and her husband both turn up at family events, such as the Queen's birthday party last April.

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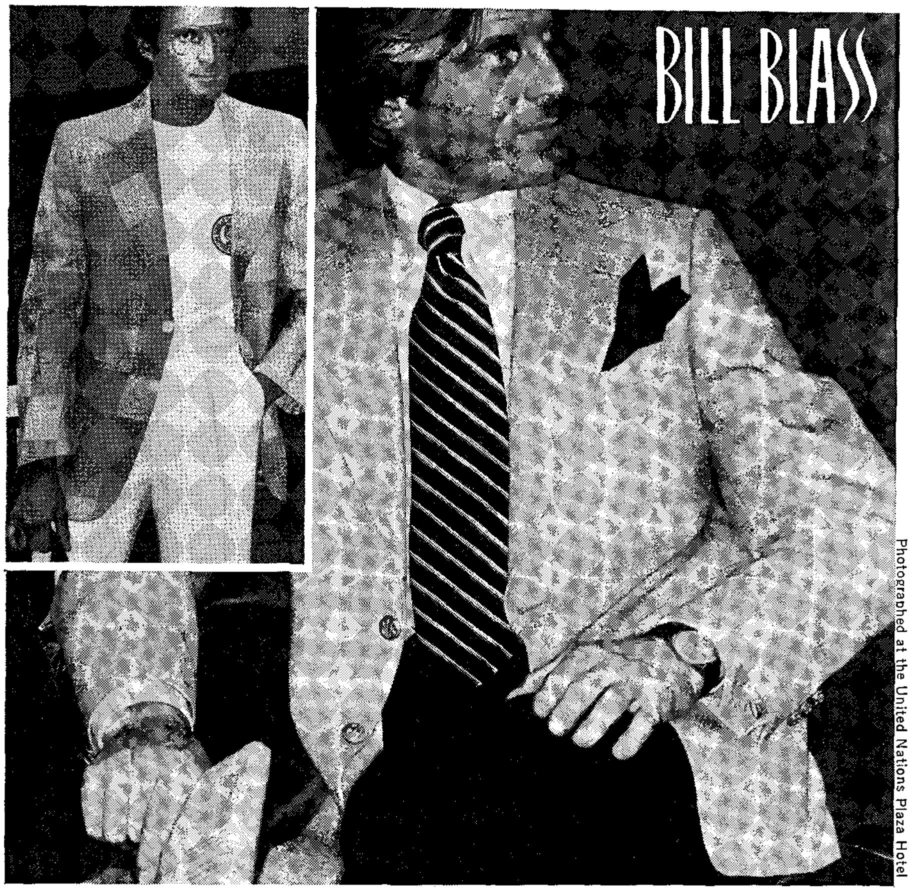
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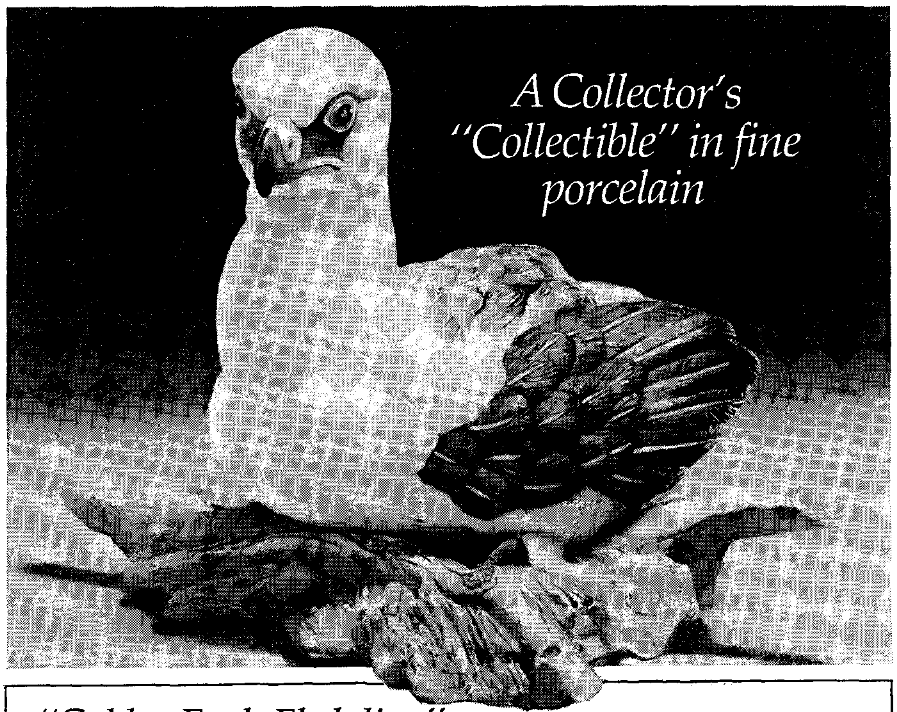

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godfathers was the Duke of Connaught, whose godfather was the Duke of Wellington, who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. In some respects, she and her family are sheltered from the rigors of their own times. Theirs is a life led in a slightly different atmosphere, almost with a different sense of gravity and magnetism. Edward VII established his own daylight-saving time on the Sandringham estate, half an hour ahead of Greenwich Mean Time—a symptom of royal difference that was one of the first things his grandson Edward VIII got rid of when he came to the throne, meaning to sweep away Court cobwebs. The Queen, during her twenty-five-year reign over a constantly changing British society, has quietly presided over many changes at Court. She no longer holds receptions or levees at which débutantes are presented. She no longer receives a daily copy of the *Times* specially printed on rag paper. Newspapers do without Court correspondents (though the Press Association, a London news agency, maintains one, and the BBC has a correspondent handling Palace doings along with his regular diplomatic-news beat). The *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* still print a Court Circular, which lists the previous day's royal engagements. During her father's reign, the Home Secretary was at last freed from attending royal births—a traditional precaution to insure that babies weren't brought in in warming pans and switched—which in Queen Victoria's reign meant that the minister sometimes had to stay in one of Balmoral's chilly bedrooms for several weeks. Royal Warrants of appointment are still issued to makers of all sorts of products, including nosegays, dog food, lawnmowers, and potted shrimp, the words "By Appointment" and the royal coat of arms forming a consumer seal of approval (an issuing office, in Buckingham Palace Road, a little way from the Palace, strictly administers conditions for eligibility), but other forms of social approval or disapproval have been dropped. Since 1968, the Lord Chamberlain, the Head of the Queen's Household, has been released from the prickly duty of theatre censor. This was a job, as theatre folk were always pointing out, with one overwhelming difficulty: although the Lord Chamberlain could insist on the deletion of an offensive sentence in the text of a play, he had no control over actors or actresses, who could put whatever meaning they liked into entirely innocuous language. Divorced persons are now allowed into the Ascot race-

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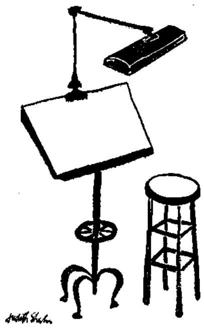
course's Royal Enclosure (though they are still excluded from the inner sanctum, the Queen's Lawn). There are no longer royal "we"s in the Queen's speeches, which she generally writes with the help of one of her three Private Secretaries and with the advice of her husband.

In the past twenty-five years, the Queen has gone through several ups and downs in public acclaim. After the economic strains and consequent class divisions of the interwar years, capped by the abdication crisis, the Second World War brought monarchy and people closer together. In 1940, George Orwell thought that at the war's end "an English Socialist Government will transform the nation from top to bottom but quite probably will not abolish the monarchy"—which, he considered, caused "far less harm than the existence of our so-called aristocracy." Orwell fancied "the King and the Common People being in a sort of alliance against the upper classes." Most people in Britain grieved when the King died, prematurely aged by ill health and the wartime strain of doing his job; their worries had been his. But his daughter came to the throne just as austerity, with its ration books and powdered eggs, was finally departing. There seemed a chance of a new Elizabethan Age. She was twenty-five—the age at which Elizabeth I had inherited the throne of England, in 1558. At her coronation, half a million people camped for several nights on the London sidewalks to get a good view, and those who could afford it paid a hundred pounds for the use of balconies near the route of the procession. But within a few years the idolatry was succeeded by iconoclasm. Among the first signs of this were some mild, intelligently critical essays that appeared in 1957 in a small political monthly, *The National and English Review*, edited by Lord Altrincham—who has since given up his title to become plain John Grigg. Lord Altrincham believed that the Queen was surrounded by too many stuffy courtiers; he thought she ought to live for a while in some of the Commonwealth countries instead of just visiting them; he wanted the monarchy to be more practical, more dynamic, more in touch. He hoped the Queen would give her children a wiser and wider education than she and her sister had received. He was irritated by the Queen's speaking style—"a pain in the neck," he called it. "She appears to be unable to string even a few sentences together without a written text . . . the personality conveyed by the utterances which are put into her mouth is that of a priggish schoolgirl."

A great uproar followed. Lord Altrincham found himself quoted, not very accurately, on newspaper front pages. He was struck on the face by a passerby who recognized him while walking down a London street. Teddy boys threatened to rough him up, and sundry peers said they were going to shoot him or hang, draw, and quarter him. (Hoodlums and Lords in defense of the Queen was hardly the alliance Orwell had imagined.) And though what Lord Altrincham said seems reasonable now (and perhaps eventually seemed so even at the Palace, where the courtiers have become less of a kind, the children have been well educated, and the texts of the Queen's speeches are much less condescending), Grigg, as he now is, has found his unwarranted reputation as an anti-monarchist a bit of a handicap to his ambitions to become a Member of Parliament. Constituency candidate-selection committees recognize him less as a political journalist and biographer than as "the fellow who attacked the Queen."



In the nineteen-sixties, as the sun set on the Empire, neon flickered on a satirical, sardonic, and so-called swinging Britain in which rising living standards were all that people counted on; no institution, certainly not the monarchy, could be taken seriously. The fortnightly magazine *Private Eye* raised laughs (perhaps also at the Palace) by calling the Queen "a demure, upper-class housewife living mainly in London," and by putting her photograph on the cover with incongruous captions (a picture of the Queen shaking hands with Harold Wilson, and a balloon from the Queen's mouth with the words "We can't go on meeting like this"). By the standards of the previous century, this treatment was not fierce. After George IV's death, in 1830, the *Spectator* printed a list of his mistresses, and the *Times* referred to him as "an inveterate voluptuary." In the nineteen-sixties, smart people thought the Court was philistine, the monarchy irrelevant. Cinemas stopped playing the national anthem at the end of the nightly program—annoying usherettes,

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who had always found that "God Save the Queen" quickly cleared the place of snuggling couples, but, at least in the age of "permissive" films, avoiding the embarrassing juxtaposition of the audience having to stand to attention in front of a clip of the Queen taking the salute at Trooping the Color, after they had sat through "Last Tango in Paris." During one sterling crisis, in December of 1968, Fleet Street actually worked itself up to rumors that Prime Minister Harold Wilson had resigned and the Queen had abdicated. A year later, the Oxford University Union debated the resolution "The Monarchy should be sacked, Buckingham Palace given to the homeless, and the corgis put to productive work." The Victorian writer Walter Bagehot once wrote, "Secrecy is essential to the utility of English royalty . . . we must not let in daylight upon magic." In 1962, Kingsley Martin, the editor of the *New Statesman*, could write, predictably, in a book called "The Crown and the Establishment," which was partly searching for republican tendencies, that the magic of monarchy "has now been stripped away with a vengeance."

Republicanism in Britain, however, is a frail plant. There hasn't been a republican party there since the seventeenth century, though in the eighteen-seventies, when Victoria, in the depths of her long mourning for Albert, seemed to have given up many of her constitutional functions, republicanism had a brief revival. Joseph Chamberlain, a Tory radical, wrote in 1871, "the Republic must come. . . . It will come in our generation." More than a generation later, in April of 1917, H. G. Wells wrote, in a letter to the *Times*, that the moment had come for Britain to rid itself of "the ancient trappings of throne and sceptre." In 1936, perhaps fifty members of the six hundred-odd members of the House of Commons, infuriated by Edward VIII's behavior, might have voted for the end of the monarchy. The number has now probably dropped to half a dozen. The best-known republican is undoubtedly Willie Hamilton, a Durham miner's son and Labour M.P., who quotes Tom Paine ("Royalty is as repugnant to common sense as to common right") and expresses his beliefs in frequent writings and lectures. In his most recent book, "My Queen and I," he calls himself, coyly, her "wayward subject." But, however symbiotic his relationship with the Queen, Hamilton sincerely believes the monarchy to be a prop to an anachronistic class sys-

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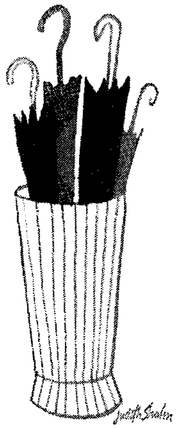
tem. He can be heard in Parliament denouncing royal ceremonies and questioning ancient offices at times when the cost of monarchy is being considered—which used to be once a reign but now, in inflationary times, is every five years or so.

Yet working out that cost precisely is not easy, as a Select Committee of the Commons—on which Hamilton served—found when it looked into the matter in 1971. Part of the trouble arises from the involved way in which government and taxpayer bear part of the cost. This is by means of the Civil List, an annual payment of roughly a million pounds from the government to cover the public expenses of the Queen and her Household, with provisions for some close members of her family (because of the public duties they perform). This payment has been made by Parliament to the monarchy since George III surrendered to the nation the revenues he had been receiving from the Crown lands. (These properties—which include such valuable pieces of London as Regent Street and Carnaby Street—are more or less publicly owned land, and Hamilton, pointing out that their "rather tenuous links with the monarchy date from the plunder which followed the Norman Conquest," sensibly suggests that they be renamed the Public Estates.) The Queen also receives income from the quaintly titled Privy Purse, which, confusingly, pays for some of the private expenses she bears because of her public responsibilities. It collects some of its revenues from the Duchy of Lancaster, a feudal holding company with property not only in Lancashire, where it owns, among other things, the bed of the River Mersey, but in London—in the Strand, where it owns the ground under the Savoy Hotel. (Prince Charles, as first son and heir to the throne, gets income from the Duchy of Cornwall, a similar body owning daffodil farms in the Scilly Isles, and the Oval Cricket Ground in South London.) Such other royal expenses as the maintenance of palaces and the cost of posts, telephones, and transportation are looked after by various government ministries and state corporations—in the end, paid for by the taxpayer. The Queen also has private income of her own; she pays no income tax, and is not liable for the capital-transfer tax, which in 1975 replaced death duties.



In 1969, while in the United States, Prince Philip said in regard to official expenses that the Royal Family would "go into the red next year." He added jocularly, "We may have to move into smaller premises." The Labour elder statesman Emanuel Shinwell seemed to express the public mood when he said, "We can't have them going round in rags," and there was bipartisan support in the spring of 1971 for setting up a Civil List committee to examine the matter. The Queen's advisers, Household officials, and Principal Private Secretary gave evidence before the committee. They said that Crown expenses were indeed running ahead of income, and that at that point the Queen was using her own money to help the taxpayer cover the cost of her job. However, practiced in keeping out the daylight, they were utterly discreet about what her money amounted to. (The *Financial Times* said later, "The Parliamentary Select Committee on the Civil List made no serious attempt to find out all the relevant facts about Her Majesty's private income.") The facts are still closely guarded. Estimates range from the late, loyal Randolph Churchill's "The Queen is very far from being a millionairess," through "nearer two million," postulated by Jock Colville, her onetime Private Secretary, who is now a merchant banker, to the *New Statesman's* 1968 guess of "not less than one hundred million pounds." The Civil List committee declared that the Queen's private fortune did not run into such giddy sums as fifty million or more; such suggestions were "wildly exaggerated." But it seems the members didn't include in their estimates the value of the Queen's private property—Balmoral, in Scotland, with its forty-three thousand acres, and Sandringham, in Norfolk, which is twenty thousand acres and is considered one of the finest agricultural estates in England.

The complexity of royal finances is perhaps evident in these facts: the Privy Purse maintains these estates; the state, via a government department, pays the cost of such services as electricity consumed during the Queen's residence at them; and the Queen herself takes care of staff salaries and local property taxes on them. She regards herself as merely caretaker on behalf of the nation of the great Crown collections of jewelry, works of art, and postage stamps. The jewelry collection, including crowns

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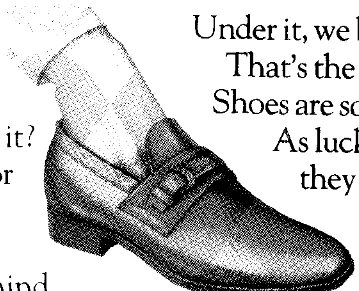

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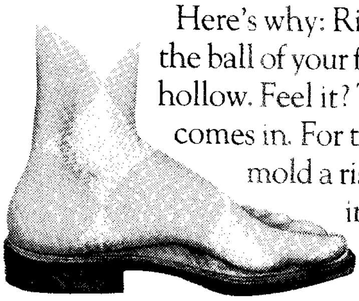

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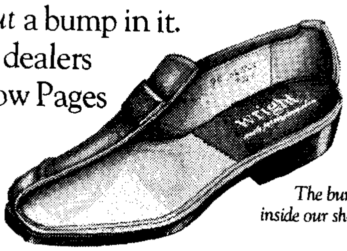

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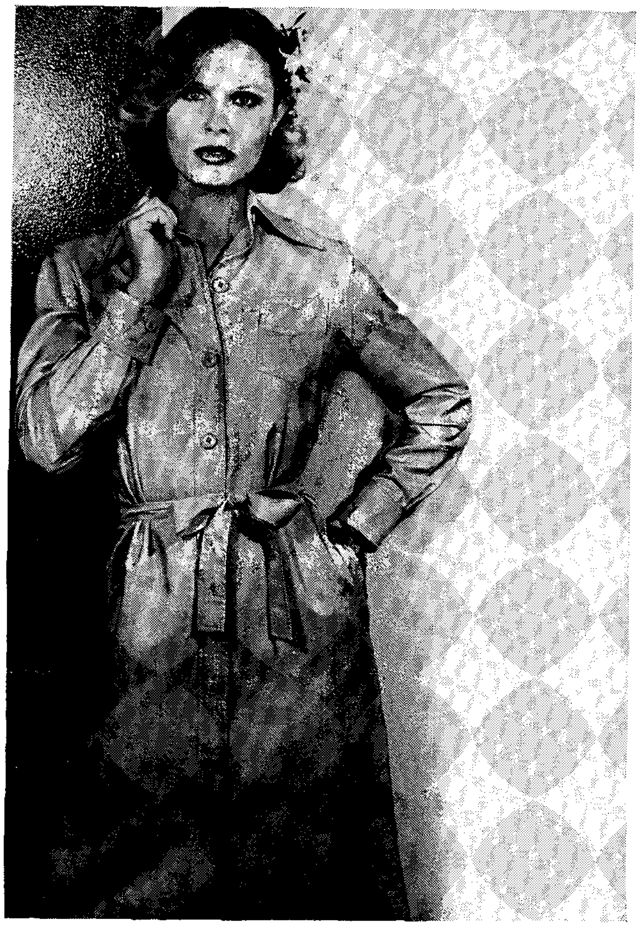

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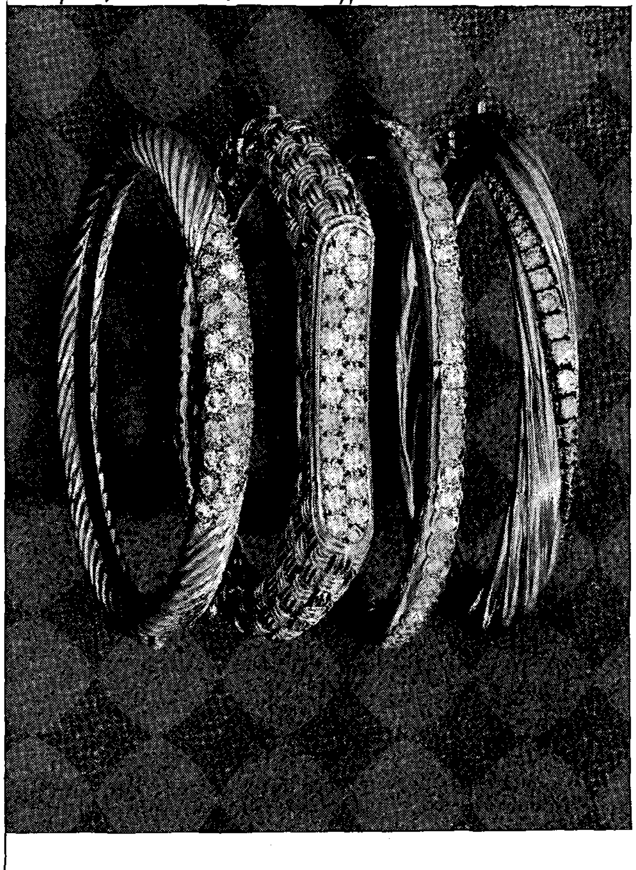

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and other regalia kept in the Tower of London, is so large that even the Queen doesn't always remember what she has worn before, and it is important that in Canada, say, she wear a brooch given her by Canadians. The royal art collection includes in the Dutch category alone a dozen Rembrandts, two Vermeers, ten Cuyps, and eight Jan Steens; it contains hundreds of Leonardo and Michelangelo drawings. These works are to be seen from time to time by the public at Windsor and in the Queen's Gallery, converted several years ago from part of the bombed private chapel at Buckingham Palace. Her yearly income includes useful perquisites, like venison from royal parks, and hard-to-know-what-to-do-with items, like two silk flags paid her as rent on some castles. Whether she owns "half of Atlantic City" or "a lot of Madison Avenue," as transatlantic legend has it, falls into the blacked-out area about which her advisers say, courteously but with the implication that she can keep quiet about her own money if she wants to, "We have no comment."

The total cost of the monarchy is now reckoned at roughly three million pounds a year. It has been pointed out that this is approximately what Procter & Gamble spends on advertising two of its detergents per year in the United Kingdom. According to Douglas Houghton, a Labour member of the Civil List committee, it is probably less than the amount disbursed by the Inland Revenue Department—the British tax gatherers—in petty cash. One observer eighteen years ago worked it out at about the price of a railway-station cup of tea per head—and since the cost of the monarchy has tripled while a cup of tea has gone up in that time from two and a half old pence to twelve new pence (the equivalent of twenty-nine old pence), the British monarchy would appear to be a better bargain than British Railways' char. The cost of running the British Embassy in Washington is well over four million pounds a year. Some Labour members of the Civil List committee wanted to turn the Monarch, the Royal Household, and the Palace into a government department, and this might well clarify the matter of where the money comes from and where it goes. But most students of the subject feel that it would also mean that the number of staff would quadruple, and so would the costs. A few believe that, in its idiosyncratic way, the monarchy is in fact a model cost-effective, personally managed body, which Britain—in its present condition of being top-heavy

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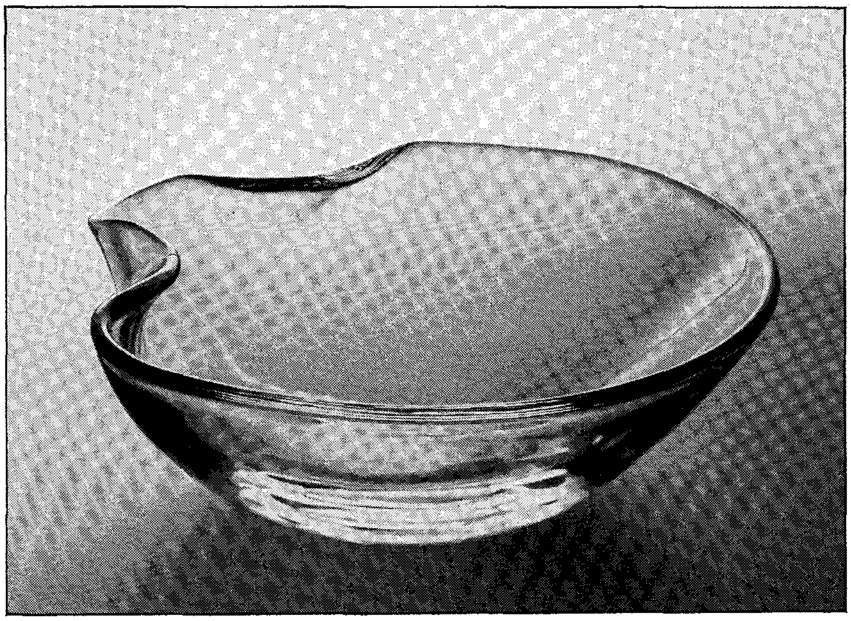

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with government officials—might do better to copy than replace.

A good deal of this running-a-tight-ship spirit undoubtedly stems from the Lord High Admiral herself. Until she was fourteen, she received no more than a shilling a week pocket money—and saved most of that to buy materials from which to make Christmas presents. In church on Sundays, her father slipped her a coin for the collection plate. Even now, unless she is visiting, say, the village shop at Balmoral to buy ice creams for the children, she goes without cash. She visits her bank, Coutts & Company, once every six or seven years, but only to have lunch with the directors. She and Margaret went to their father's coronation in robes cut out of one of his old ones, and more recently fashion correspondents—not getting much copy from the Queen's rarely changing hemlines—have noticed that as her children have grown, the hems of their coats have sometimes been let down. Some of the sheets and blankets at Buckingham Palace date from Victoria's, or even William IV's, day; some at Windsor have been made to do a bit longer by the old-fashioned process known as "turning sides to middle." Objects at the Palace are hard used or rebuilt—as in the case of some ugly silver that was melted down to be made into more useful things. The number of people employed in the Royal Household has been reduced considerably during Elizabeth's reign. In the past, some of the staff perhaps put up with low pay and long hours for the "glory" of working at the Palace. This is no longer necessary; pay and conditions are much the same as in comparable government jobs. The Civil List committee decided, at any rate, that there weren't any corners to cut that hadn't already been cut—unless, that is, one wanted to take steps like getting rid of the thirty horses and the carriages kept for parades and processions and thus saving forty thousand pounds a year. But goodness knows what the Queen's worth is—on top of her worth as head of state—as the *primum mobile* of British pageantry, which not only gives invaluable pleasure but generates untold sums in tourist revenue. Most people seem to feel that the Queen is, in the current British phrase, "good value." The present government has brought in legislation, with support on both sides of the Commons, to adjust the Civil List payments to the Queen annually to take account of inflation. The Queen, in turn, contributed a hundred and fifty thousand pounds

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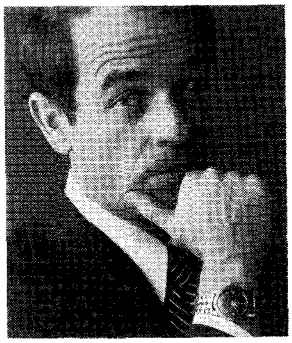

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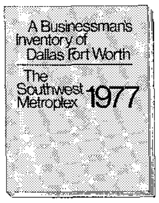

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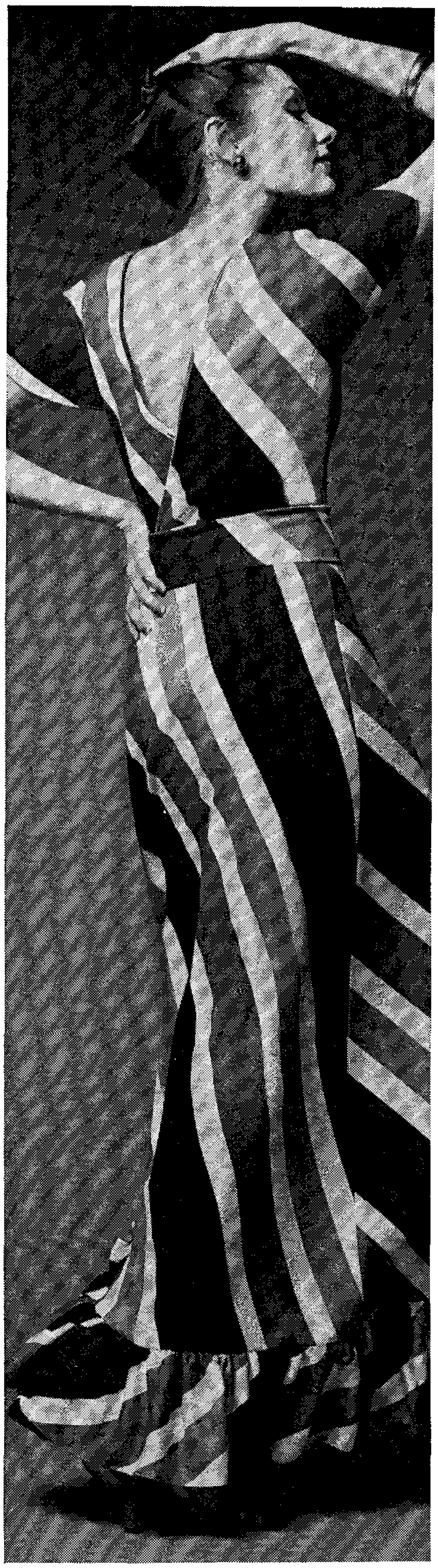

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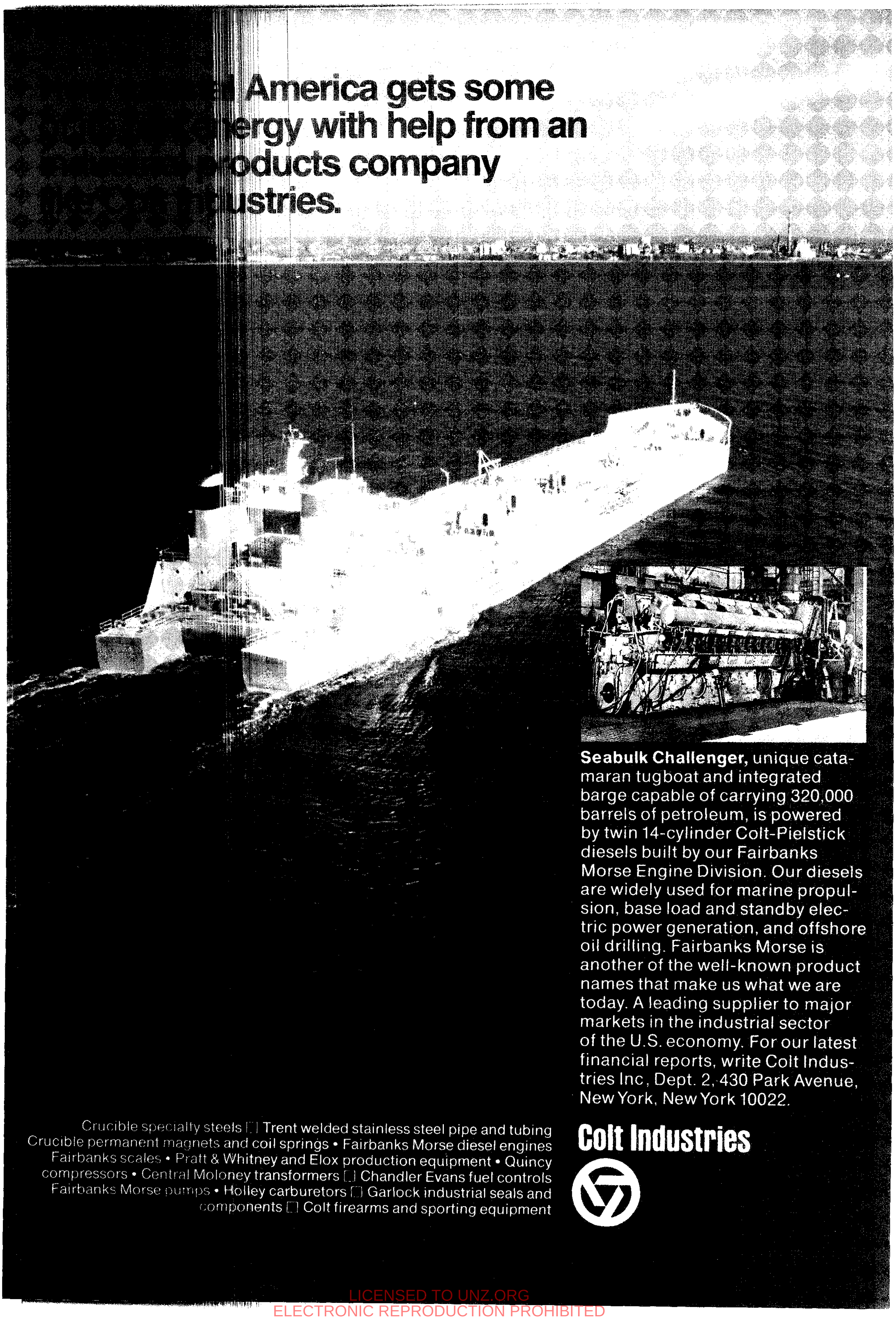
in 1975 and a hundred and eighteen thousand pounds in 1976 to the cost of looking after certain members of her family. One little-remarked advantage of a hereditary monarch as head of state is no Presidential-election campaigns or expenses.

At this point in her reign, the Queen lives halfway between the world of magic and the world of what even the Palace now calls the media. The Queen has a press secretary—an ex-BBC correspondent, who with two assistants attempts to keep the balance between privacy and publicity, or between what people are entitled to know about the Queen's activities and the protection she requires from public curiosity about her personal life, the winds of public opinion, and the efforts of enterprising publicists to connect her to this or that fashion. The day-to-day doings of the monarchy are not so newsworthy as they once were. Godfrey Talbot, a retired BBC correspondent, says he remembers when a routine Palace story went out automatically at the head of a broadcast news bulletin. Now it faces the same cool editorial judgment about its listener interest as any other story. In recent years, the family's privacy has been bolstered by an informal understanding with most of Fleet Street. A basis for this was laid at a conference between editors and Palace officials in 1957, when Prince Charles was at his first boarding school, and his parents didn't want undue press attention to make him feel more different than need be among his classmates. The Queen doesn't give interviews—though when abroad she often talks to reporters at press receptions. At a party for Commonwealth journalists in London not long ago, the inhibitions of protocol—you're not supposed to speak to the Queen until she has spoken to you—so affected the guests that the Queen complained afterward that no one had asked her any questions.

Every now and then, a paper feels the need to stretch its wings. In 1968, the *Daily Express* published some private 1964 photos (acquired from the film processor) showing the Queen in bed with her new baby, Prince Edward, and was reprimanded by the Press Council—a body set up to receive public complaints about the press and insist on proper corrections and retractions where needed. Former housekeepers and footmen need to be reminded occasionally that they have signed an agreement not to reveal knowledge they acquire by reason of their positions. Although gossip columns in papers like the *Express* and the *Daily Mail* seem to have tired of wondering what it means if the Queen and her husband don't show up holding hands at someone's wedding or funeral ("Row Between Liz and Phil?"), anyone reading between the sometimes funny, often malicious, and not always truthful lines of *Private Eye* may imagine he is getting inside scuttlebutt about the Royal Family. The Continental press remains absolutely fascinated by the Queen. At least one photographer apparently makes a living providing European papers with unauthorized shots—often taken with a telephoto lens—of Royal Family picnics and outings. A French editor, George Higgins, of *France-Dimanche*, happily acknowledged a few years ago his effrontery in featuring the Queen on the front page of seven successive weekly issues, and declared that the paper had gained readers each time.

Some daylight has been allowed in, however, in the last few years. The wedding between Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips, in November of 1973, was managed with the usual Palace efficiency and with a friendly eye on the interests of television, radio, and the press. Prince Philip has allowed an "informal" (and not highly informative) biography. Prince Charles has recently given to *Woman's Own*, a weekly magazine, his good-humored, sensible views on getting married (he thought at the time he'd have to marry a princess, because she would know what she was getting into), and Princess Anne has told the weekly *Woman* that, like most people in Britain, she and Mark spend Saturday nights watching "Kojak" and the weekly soccer program, "Match of the Day." Roy Strong, former director of the National Portrait Gallery and now director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, has written of the problem contemporary monarchy has in finding the right "visual language"—it needed, he thought, to "create a new, meaningful iconography for itself."

Perhaps an attempt at creating this was the television film "Royal Family," made in 1969. The idea came from John Brabourne, Lord Mountbatten's son-in-law, who decided, on marrying into the family, that those outside it had a very inaccurate idea of what it was like within. The Queen



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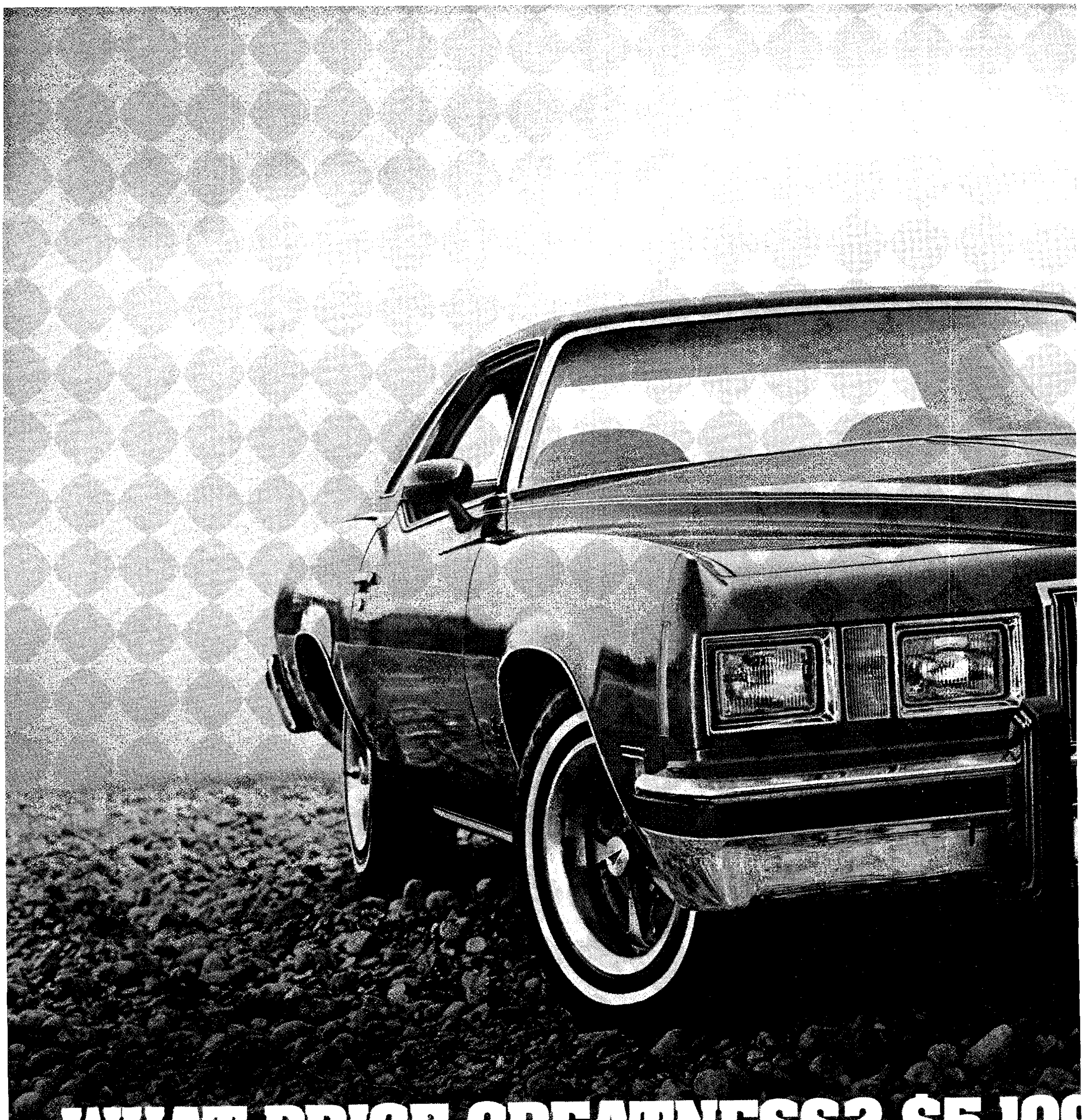

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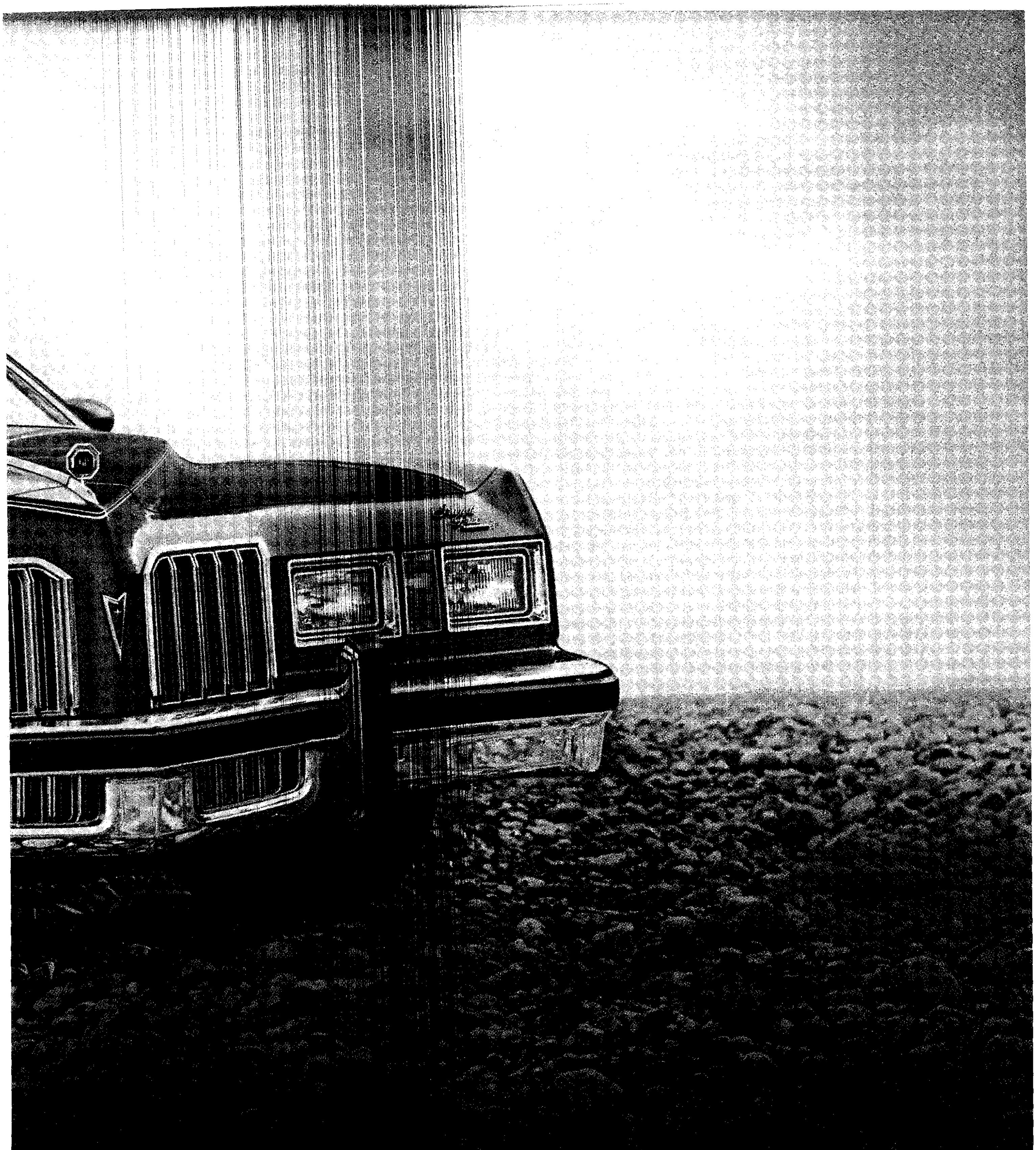

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at first wasn't enthusiastic about the film, but, once she had agreed to do it, she worked hard, opening and reopening the scarlet boxes in which government documents and memorandums come to her daily, and getting on and off horses. The film showed her in various aspects of her job: making tours, giving garden parties, going on family picnics, feeding carrots to her horses at the behest of Richard Cawston, the director. (Filming her arrival at Covent Garden one night, the television team's lights added to the opera lights blew the fuses. When the lights at a reception suddenly failed a week later in Brazil, the Queen remarked, in the darkness, "Where's Cawston?") A hand-held 16-mm. camera was used for many shots, because it was less intimidating to the Queen. In the end, she thought the film a success, because it gave people a reliable and friendly basis for understanding her and her family. It was seen by forty million British TV viewers, was shown twice coast-to-coast in the United States, and was seen by people in a hundred and twenty-four other countries. Yet in one sense the film couldn't help being false. In its professional polish, it failed to show—indeed, presumably edited out—the Queen's total funk in the face of cameras. She isn't at all a media Queen. She doesn't "register." Her good looks—marvellous complexion, sparkling eyes, and wavy hair—are not always photogenic. She gets tensed up before many public appearances, and her voice becomes artificially high-pitched. She is a hopeless actress, which is a handicap for someone who must, perforce, be a star.

It is still difficult for some people in Britain to discuss the monarchy with ease or objectivity. Many find themselves being snide or unctuous, mystical or pedantic. Some, stretched between egalitarian reasoning and a belief in monarchy, are confused or incoherent. A few otherwise well-educated people are airily dismissive: "Oh, the Queen . . ." Some ask why she isn't like everyone else, and, the moment she demonstrates that she *is* in many ways like everyone else, complain about her ordinariness and want to know why she doesn't keep up with certain intellectual trends. One or two, hoping to change her, wish that a Prime Minister would come along and take her in hand, the way Disraeli did Queen Victoria, and get her interested in literature—or, at least, the books *they* write. Many people, of course, are pleased that she doesn't have any pretensions to being what she is not. And most people who

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think about the monarchy are grateful for the color it adds to a drab world of government and constitutional authority.

IN many ways, Queen Elizabeth's contact with ordinary life is limited. She doesn't have to do the daily shopping or washing up, take the kids to school or pay taxes, which are the sides of the compartment in which most people live. As head of state, she isn't allowed to express, publicly, current political views, for if she were known to have a strong preference for one opinion or another, invidious use might be made of it. Crawfie, her former governess, wrote, "If you live in a palace . . . a glass curtain seems to come down between you and the outer world." The Queen, of course, gets to know about the marital, health, or financial problems of her staff, although at Sandringham she is very much a landowning "squire," and at Balmoral going to the village shop has an unavoidable air of pretend—of playing at being a normal person. She's never anonymous. But she and her family are certainly aware that their freedom from doing the laundry or bringing in the coal is a privilege. Prince Charles told a group of Canadian students a while back that he thought this was a base to spring from, enabling the family to be doing other, more useful things, for the benefit of the nation.

The Queen shares, nevertheless, many of her subjects' likes and dislikes—reads in bed; does crossword and jigsaw puzzles; plays Scrabble; takes snaps for the family albums; watches "Morecambe and Wise" and "Dad's Army" on television; puts up with traffic and now and then contributes to it, often driving herself in a British Ford station wagon when going to see friends. If she wants to see a play, she books seats from a ticket agency, and tries to get there just on time. Like most theatregoers, she has mistakenly sat in the wrong seat and had to be moved. Unlike most, she has had to accept the fact that when those around her spot her they react by buzzing and staring. When she made an impromptu visit to a cinema a few years ago, thirty men in the row behind recognized her and jumped to attention; they were a party of Russian transport workers. In several areas, her tastes are simple or undeveloped. Although she has grown up surrounded by masterpieces, she and Philip seem to prefer twentieth-century art, especially the works of Neo-Impressionist English land- and seascapists like Edward Seago. As for food, before she makes a foreign tour British diplomats send out word to her hosts: no huge menus; preferably a three-course meal, plainly cooked. (The Palace chef is an Englishman, not a Frenchman.) She drinks little, except for a glass of wine at dinner. Bartenders in London pubs will hand you a bottle of Malvern spring water to dilute your whiskey, and say, confidentially, "The Queen's favorite drink." But this reputed liking for Malvern water arises from the fact that she travels so much—the Queen's yacht, train, and planes stock bottled water to reduce the risk of local stomach trouble, which might play havoc with the royal schedule. No ashtrays are placed on her lunch and dinner tables, and Prince Charles, backing the nonsmoking cause, has publicly resisted a movement at formal club or company dinners to put forward the Queen's Toast to the middle of the meal; it is not done to smoke until the toast has been offered.

Lord Adeane, the Queen's former Private Secretary, has said that some of her views, like some of her subjects', are strong—though, being a good courtier, he didn't say what the Queen's were. A rare expression of her views came not long ago in response to several hundred letters of protest she received about a proposed film on the "sex life" of Jesus Christ, purportedly to be made in England by a Dane. The Queen, through her press secretary, replied that she found the "proposal as obnoxious as most of her subjects do." There is a definite testiness in the family. Queen Victoria thought Colonel R.E.B. Crompton, an engineer, impertinent for insisting on the advantages of installing electric light at the Palace, and crossly punched him on the shoulder. Perhaps occasional fury is the reverse side of shyness; perhaps it is a reaction to the highly scheduled, ceremony-ridden life. George VI had fits of violent temper, but the Queen's crossness takes a severe, icy form; it is prompted particularly by last-minute changes of plan. "Before an event, she's willing to discuss all sorts of alterations," a close friend says. "But if anyone wants to change a program once it's under way, God help him." Another family trait is obstinacy. "She always knows her own mind," her grandmother Queen Mary wrote to a

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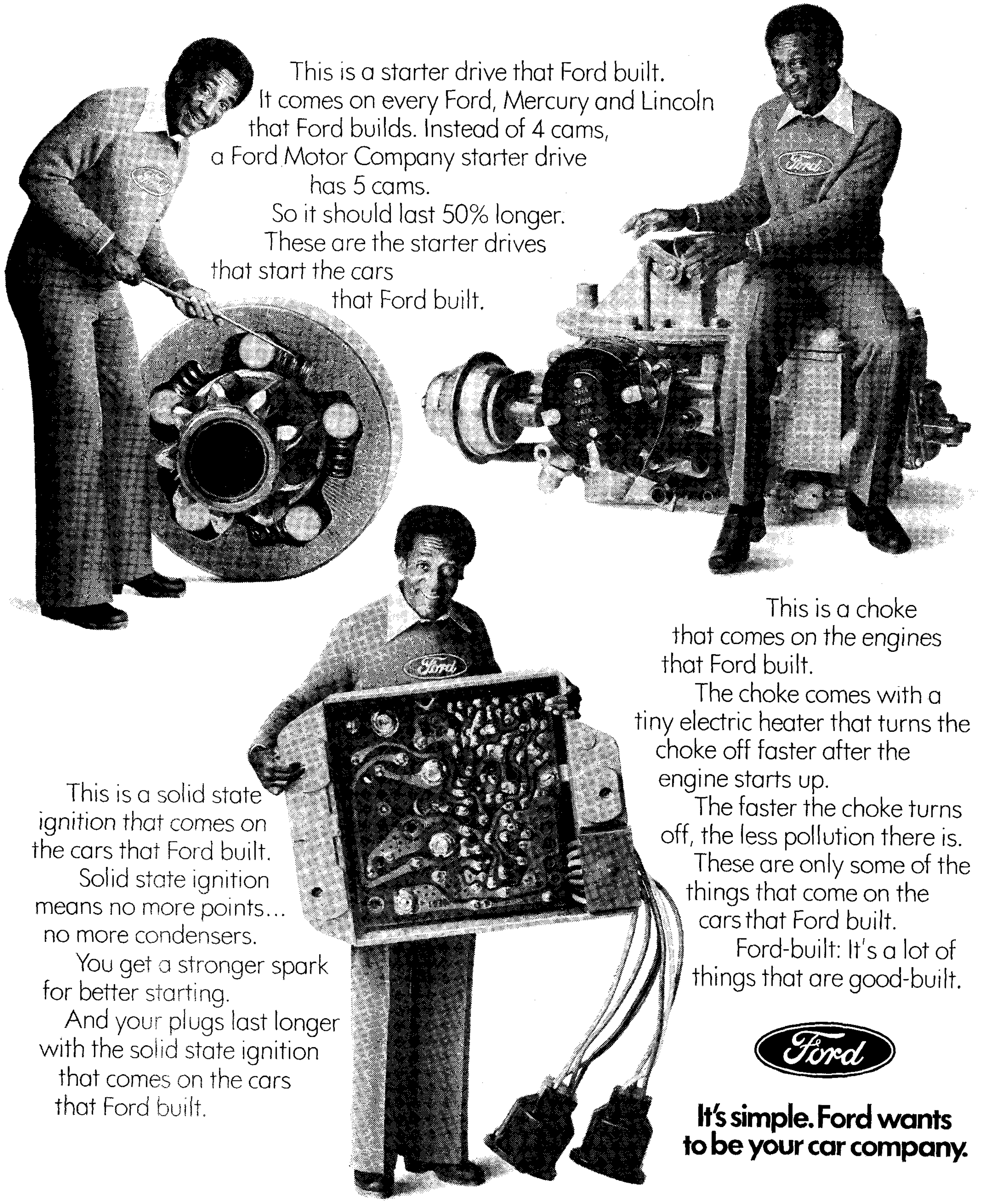

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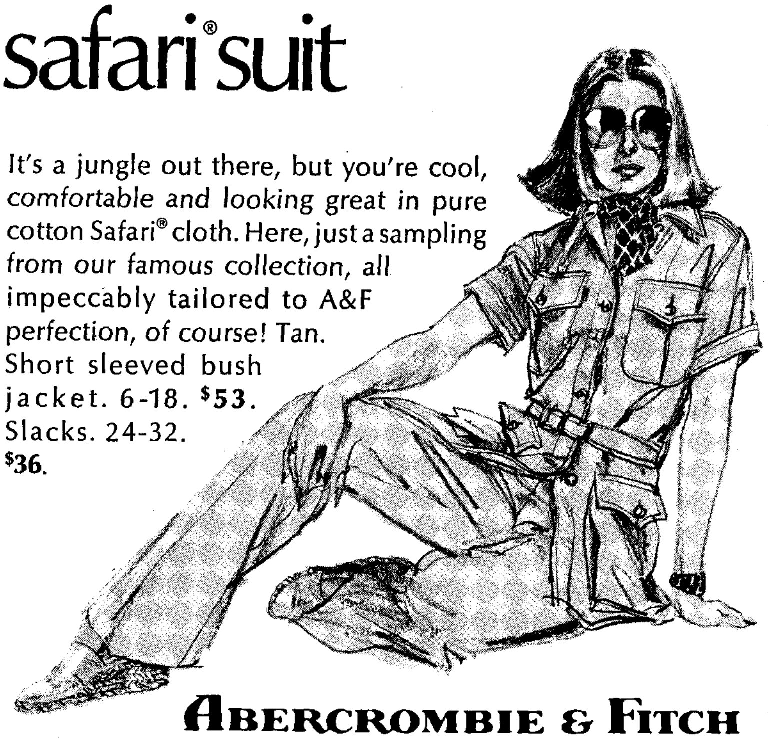

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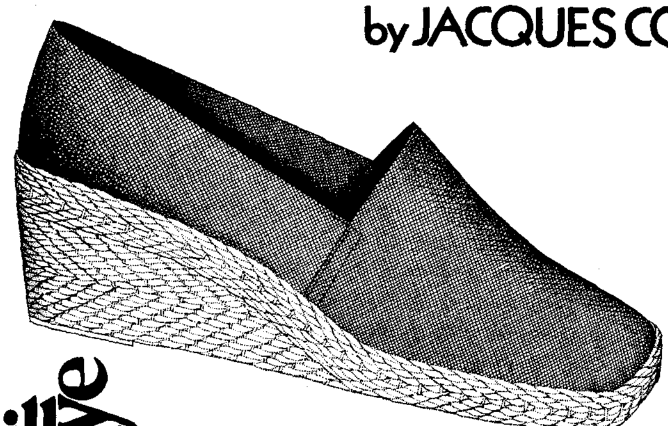

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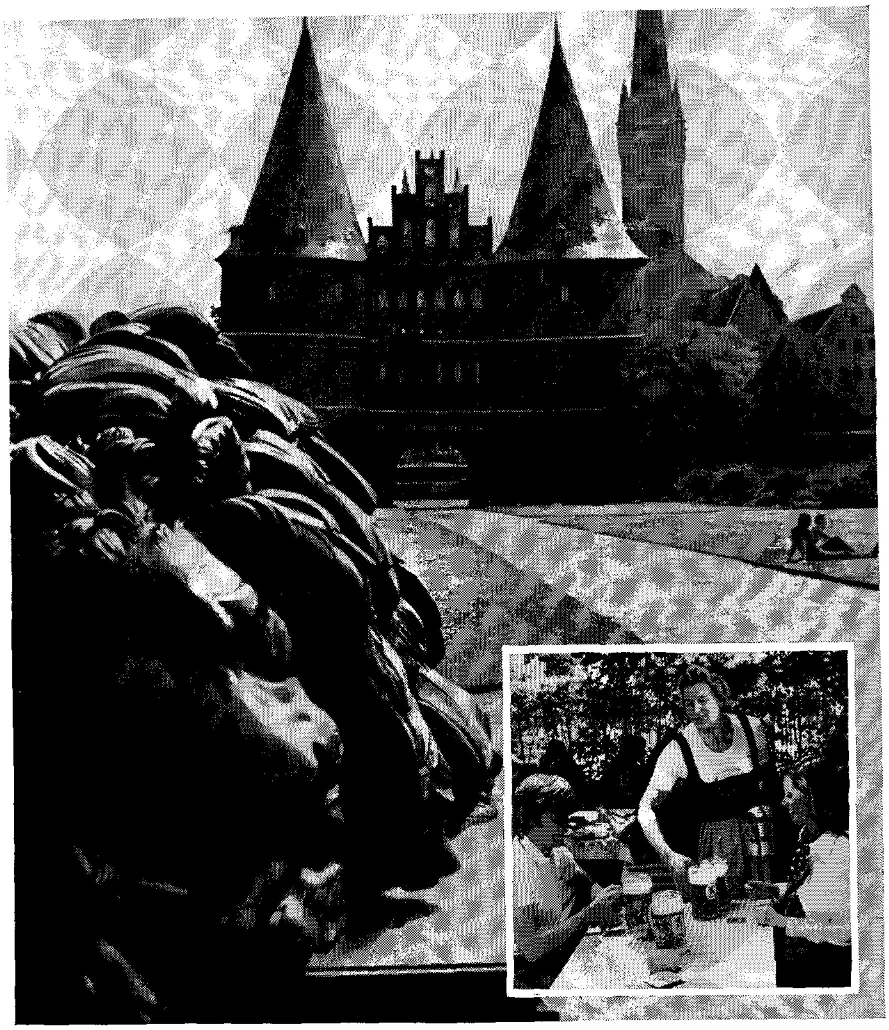
friend when Elizabeth was a child. Some years afterward, when Sir Winston Churchill wanted to make Anthony Eden his Deputy Prime Minister, the Queen told him flatly that there was no such post. A later Prime Minister suggested to her that she let Prince Philip look over the daily documents with her, and got a plain "No." Visiting her once as Lord President of the Privy Council, the late Richard Crossman tried to ingratiate himself by making fun of an M.P.'s private bill to abolish titles; the Queen briskly changed the subject to effective weed killers. Being a good-looking woman as well as the monarch helps her get her way, perhaps, but she has the power of command. An ex-naval relative says, "When she's on the bridge, she's in charge." One recent Foreign Secretary got carried away at a Palace reception and, saying good night, kissed the Queen's hand, then her wrist, and was moving on to her forearm when he was brought up short with the royal command "Far enough, Foreign Secretary."

"It's a firm woman who can ignore fashion the way she does," says an acquaintance. The age of the miniskirt and all sorts of innovations introduced by London, Paris, and New York have left the hemline of the Queen and the shape of the clothes she prefers resolutely unchanged. The honor of an O.B.E. has gone to Mary Quant, the designer, but the Queen's custom has remained with couturiers like Norman Hartnell and Hardy Amies, who can turn out well-made, well-cut clothes the way she likes them. In a sense, fashion has now come back to her. She looks right in the clothes she wears (except, some feel, for the shell-shaped hats and the turquoise colors, which—in photo and film—make her seem powdered and rouged). The firmness is evident also in her friendships. "Slow to warm to people, but once a friend, a friend for life," says a friend. People who come to work for her, unless they are manifestly incompetent, stay forever. Margaret MacDonald, known to the family as Bobo, has been with the Queen since the Queen was four, first as her nurse and then as her dresser, and is as close to her as anybody. Mabel Anderson has been nanny to each of the Queen's children in turn and is still at the Palace. It is a wrench when Prime Ministers, whom the Queen gets used to meeting weekly, lose an election and come no more. When Harold Macmillan underwent surgery, the Queen often rang the hospital to learn his condition, and went to see him there after he had decided to resign. "She came in alone, with a firm step and those brightly shining eyes," he wrote later. "She seemed moved; so was I." When Patrick Plunket, the Deputy Master of her Household, was dying, she went nearly every day to see him. Plunket had been her father's godson, and almost a brother to her—a man of excellent manners and taste, who had given her advice on how to manage her public shyness, how to receive guests, and the like. At a reception not long after his death, she told a friend, "I know how to give a party now. Patrick taught me."

As Macmillan's remarks suggest, these loyal feelings are reciprocated by those who know her well. "A very exceptional woman," says Sir Edward Ford, a former Assistant Private Secretary. "A very improbable person," says Alistair Forbes, memoirist and family friend. "We don't deserve her. It's a bit like having the head of General Motors running the corner store." The poet laureate, Sir John Betjeman, declares, "She is strong, brave, and beautiful. Tough and sympathetic, a rare combination." The hard-bitten and the cynical find themselves unexpectedly coming over a bit wobbly, and men like Richard Crossman, who was once heard swearing *he* wasn't going to dress up in a dinner jacket and go to the Palace, are sooner or later found there, dressed up and charmed. It is, of course, the fact that she *is* the Queen: a whole set of ancient responses is triggered by her presence. Some feel an almost feudal, gallant-knight-and-his-liege-lady impulse. David Poole, the portrait painter, says, "It's very curious, but what it amounts to is the definite feeling that if you had to you wouldn't think twice about laying down your life for her." Something important seems to survive of the monarch as personification of the state, and of the state's meaning to its people. One fights a shade more willingly for Queen and Country than for Country alone.

The shining eyes are also eagle eyes—another inheritance from her father. Sir Edward Ford drove with the King from Buckingham Palace one morning, and just outside the gates the King looked up at the Victoria Memorial and said, "What's happened to the cross on Queen Victoria's orb?" On returning to the Palace, Ford called the Ministry of Works, who looked into it and reported that the orb had been damaged by vandals the night before. While David Poole was painting the present Queen's portrait, in a



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balcony room overlooking the Mall and the one-way street round the Memorial, the Queen said, "Oh, look—there's a car going round Queen Victoria the wrong way." Perhaps because she so often inspects parading troops, the Queen's eyes light on buttons ill fastened, medals incorrectly worn, a kilt with the pleats pressed the wrong way (something the Scots, at any rate, take seriously). Her aides are constantly impressed by what she notices and remembers. Landing in Fiji in 1970, she gave Ronald Allison, her press secretary, a detailed account of what had happened when she arrived there seventeen years before. She notices if a photographer's flash doesn't go off, and says, "Do you want to take that again?" She looks, listens, takes things in. People, on being introduced, will say, "You don't remember, but I met you back in—" and the Queen will say, "I do remember," and tell them when and where. If she's meeting someone a second time, late in a day when she has been introduced to several hundred strangers, she may say, "Once again!" Partly this is a natural ability, partly training, and partly thorough briefing. Her staff does a lot of research before her trips, enabling her to astonish, say, a mayor whom she has never met before by asking as they shake hands, "Is your wife out of hospital yet?" People meeting her are lined up in order, so that the relevant details are more easily matched to individuals. But she impresses them, too, by a wide knowledge of local matters—in Greenwich, she indicated to several people that she knew about the traffic problems that bother many residents. Perhaps it is just as well that once in a while system and monarch fail. Some London literary folk haven't yet forgotten the Queen's question on meeting the late Cyril Connolly, the critic and weekly literary columnist: "And what part of the *Sunday Times* do you appear in?"

If Connolly had been the late Clive Graham, racing correspondent of the *Daily Express*, she wouldn't have had to ask. Outside her job as Queen, her chief interest is horses; the only public occasions on which she looks truly relaxed, and even elated, are race meetings. This is a sensitive subject at the Palace, which is aware that Methodist ministers and Soho satirists get easily excited by the association of horseflesh and monarch. But it is hard to think of a sport and pastime shared by a greater number of Britons. Colin MacInnes, an Australian-bred British writer, has pointed out, defending her interest,

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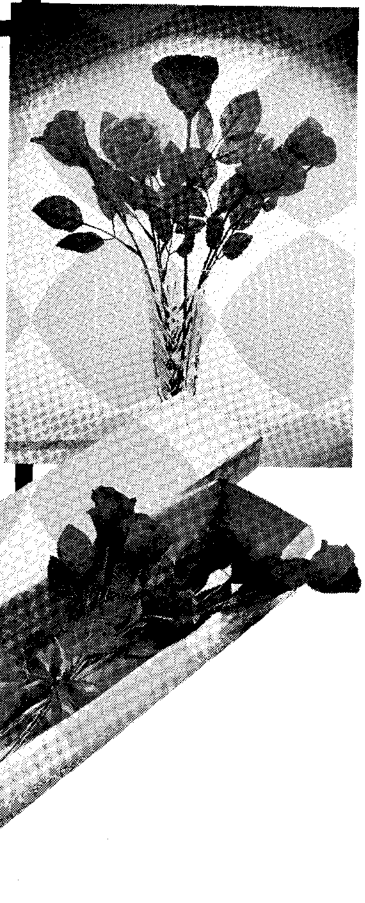

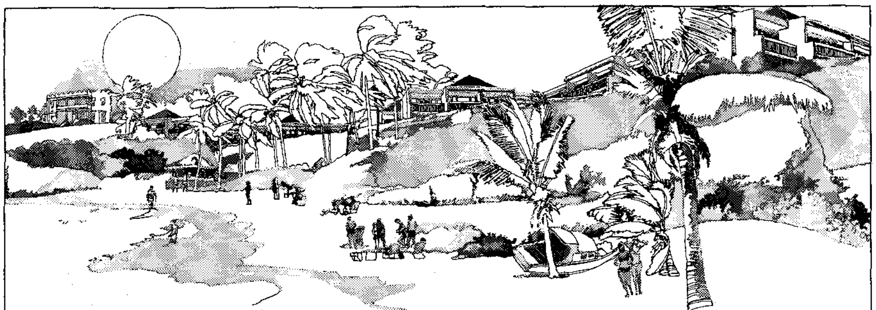

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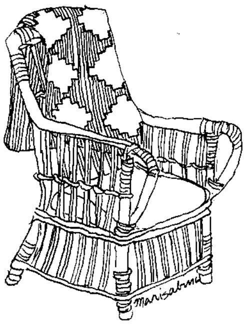
The Queen first sat on a four-footed steed when she was four. This was a Shetland pony called Peggy, a present from her father, and she has been wild about horses ever since. At 145 Piccadilly, where she spent much of her childhood, poor Crawfie often had to play horse. The Princess would say, "Crawfie, you must pretend to be impatient. Paw the ground a bit." So Crawfie pawed. Lilibet's thirty toy horses went through an imaginary stable routine every night, their saddles being removed before they were fed. When she was staying at Sandringham with her grandparents, she used to go with George V when he made his after-Sunday-lunch inspection of the stables, and she sometimes put him through the same tricks as Crawfie. (The Archbishop of Canterbury once saw George V on all fours being led by the beard by the young Elizabeth.) She picked up horse lore from Henry Owen, her father's groom at Windsor, whom she quoted as an authority on practically everything. "Owen says," she would begin, and her family would groan. (Her father's interest in horses was modified by the fact that they sometimes ran away with him. Her mother, however, has also had a highly successful career as an owner of race horses—three hundred wins to date.) In early summer, Horace Smith, who ran a riding school and stables in Cadogan Lane, Belgravia, not far from the Palace, went twice weekly to give lessons to the two sisters. He said of his senior pupil, "Her standard of riding soon became very high," and "She would ride difficult horses without question, and never expressed any likes or dislikes," and "Not a person who takes up interests lightly. If and when her interests are aroused, she goes into whatever subject it is with interest and application." The style was the girl—and, later, the woman. Smith taught her to ride sidesaddle, and in 1947, despite an equerry's opinion that she ought to attend her first Trooping the Color in a carriage, she rode. Another year, when her mount, Winston, got frisky, she spotted the cause of the trouble and swiftly fixed it by having his balance girth released a notch or two.



Her racing manager, Lord Porchester, says, "She's got an extraordinarily astute eye for anything the matter with a horse." At one sale, she drew a vet's attention to the way a horse was breathing—the vet thanked her, for no one else had noticed that the horse was ill. She can also spot the makings of a winner. She first registered her own racing colors in 1949, when she was twenty-three, and in the same year bought at Doncaster Sales a yearling filly called Stroma, which caught her eye. Stroma developed into a fast two-year-old and later bore Canisbay, a winner of many races, including the Eclipse Stakes. "Her horses are the one thing she can really call her own," says Lord Mountbatten. She now has fifty of all ages—some at Polhampton, near Kingsclere, in Hampshire, some at her two studs at Sandringham, where she can spend time with them, and twenty-one of racing age that are in training. Eight of the twenty-one are with Ian Balding, at Kingsclere, and thirteen are with Major Dick Hern, at West Ilsley, about fifteen miles away on the Berkshire Downs. The grass of the chalk and limestone downs is said to be good for a growing horse's bones.

Lord Porchester has a house at Highclere, Hampshire, between the Balding and Hern establishments. A tall and elegant man of fifty-three, he is an expert in local government, being chairman of the Hampshire County Council and the South East Economic Planning Council, and is also a race-horse owner; he has known the Queen since they were children. He keeps an eye on some of her yearlings, is responsible for all her horses in training, and helps her plan their racing campaigns. He says, "She'd make a very good trainer." She sometimes goes to stay at Lord and Lady Porchester's house for the weekend, followed by her boxes, to see her horses work. Some evenings at the Palace, at the end of a busy day, she gets on the telephone and talks horses with Porchester and the two trainers.

Although racing is the sport of kings, it is an activity in which her being Queen has little to do with her success. On the course, her horses receive no special favors. They have sometimes been disqualified because of their jockeys' tactics. One horse of hers, fancied

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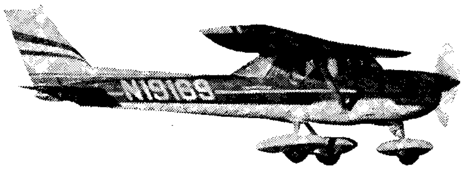
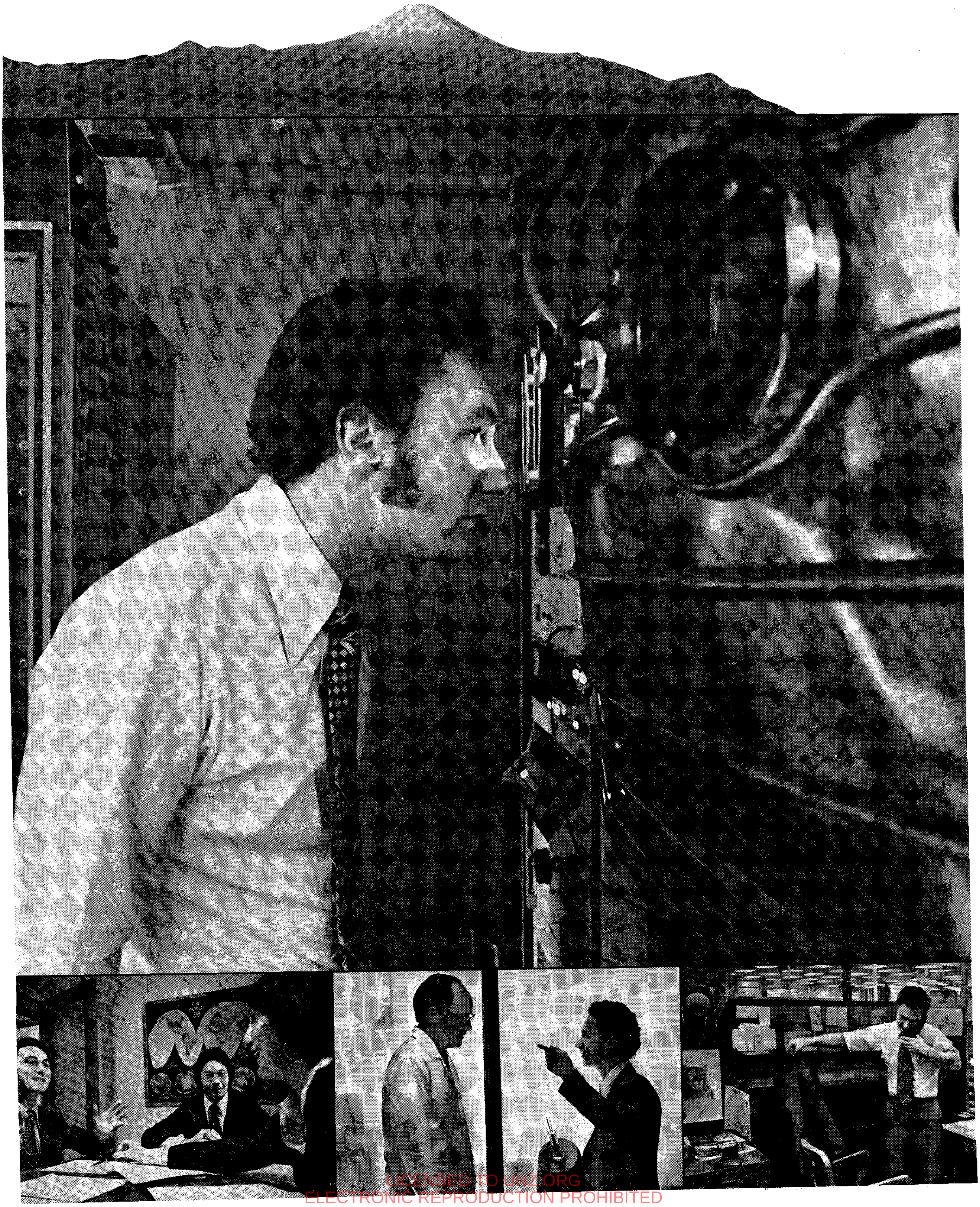


The adventurous life of a new ventures planner.



Photography by Joel Meyerowitz

"I love new environments, doing things that no one has done before. It's like walking on snow that no one else has trampled on."

Ian Garbutt is New Ventures Planning Manager for Tektronix, a $400 million electronics firm based in Portland, Oregon.

Tektronix makes oscilloscopes, computer terminals and logic analyzers, among other products. In order to help keep Tektronix competitive, Garbutt and his colleagues must anticipate where the electronics market is going so that the products that will be needed five years or more from now can be launched today.

"Having come up with one good idea, we do not rest on our laurels for five years until we find the next one. That age is over—technology is moving too fast."

The New Ventures Planning team gets ideas from a variety of sources, both within and outside the corporation. One of the first successful enterprises to incubate in Garbutt's group is a team building computer-designing computers that will help engineers program the microprocessors that control everything from automobile engines and microwave ovens to industrial control systems.

A graduate of Scotland's Gordonstoun, and England's Hatfield Polytechnic College, Garbutt leads an active, varied personal life. He's an accomplished gourmet cook and rally driver and shoots a good game of pool. He and his wife Barbara, who works for the Portland area Tri-County Local Government Commission, love the Oregon countryside and go camping, hiking and skiing. Garbutt is about to earn his private pilot's license.

"I like the sense of being in the air. I also like being physically in control, the sheer mechanical thrill—the idea that if I do the right mechanical things, I fly—and if I don't—well!"

Ian Garbutt has been a fan of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN since boyhood.

"SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is absolutely fun, that is what is so great about it. It keeps me reaching out for new possibilities. I read it largely because I am interested in getting down to the fundamentals. How did all this that we call the universe get to be here? I wouldn't give up SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN for anything."

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The New Chevrolet is a very timely large wagon. It takes up less space in garages and parking spaces, is more maneuverable in city traffic and offers more mileage than 1976 full-size Chevrolet wagons. 20 mpg highway and 16 mpg city are its EPA estimates with the new standard V8 and automatic transmission. EPA estimates are lower in California.*

The New Chevrolet offers more convenience, too. The rear door-gate opens down for cargo, or out for people when they're entering the available third seat.

There are concealed compartments in the side and under the floor to keep valuables locked up tight, out of sight. Handy utility trays built into the wheel wells hold things that usually clutter seats and floor.

And the seats fold flat in nothing flat when you want to haul paneling, railroad ties, grandfather clocks or what have you.

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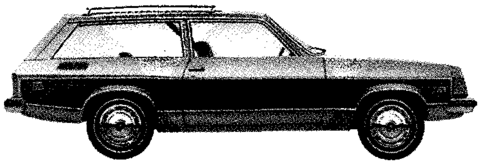
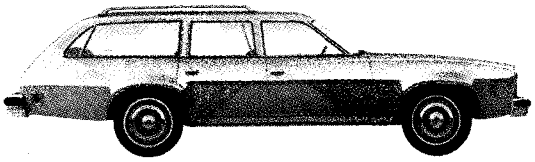


Vega with available Estate equipment

Vega. 5-year/60,000-mile engine guarantee.

Vega is a great starter wagon for small families. It seats four with room for gear behind. Vega's Dura-Built engine guarantee is an added value feature that's good for 5 years or up to 60,000 miles, whichever comes first. It covers repairs to the cylinder block and head, manifolds, water pump and all internal engine parts made necessary due to defects in materials or workmanship. It means that should something go wrong with the engine your Chevy dealer will fix it free. It does not cover repairs required because of accident, misuse or lack of proper maintenance. Your Chevy dealer has the complete guarantee statement.



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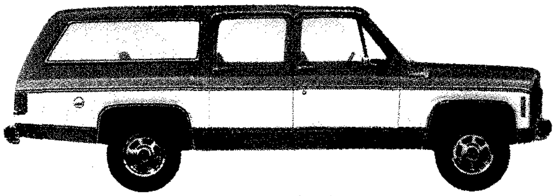
The smart, mid-size Chevelle.

Sensible value in a glamorous mid-size, that's part of Chevelle wagon's strength. The other part is a wagonload of practical features. Automatic transmission, steel-belted radials and power steering and brakes are standard. The liftgate swings up and out of the way. There are storage trays in the wheel wells and concealed space under the floor. Full Coil suspension system with front stabilizer helps it handle roads as well as loads.



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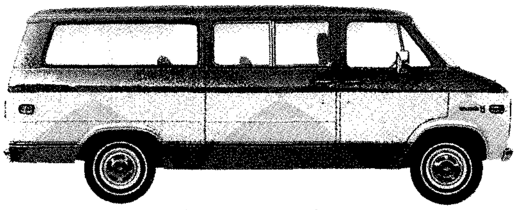

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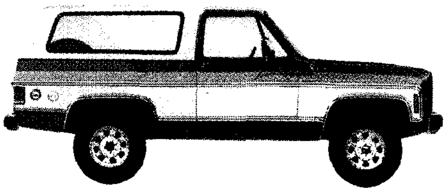

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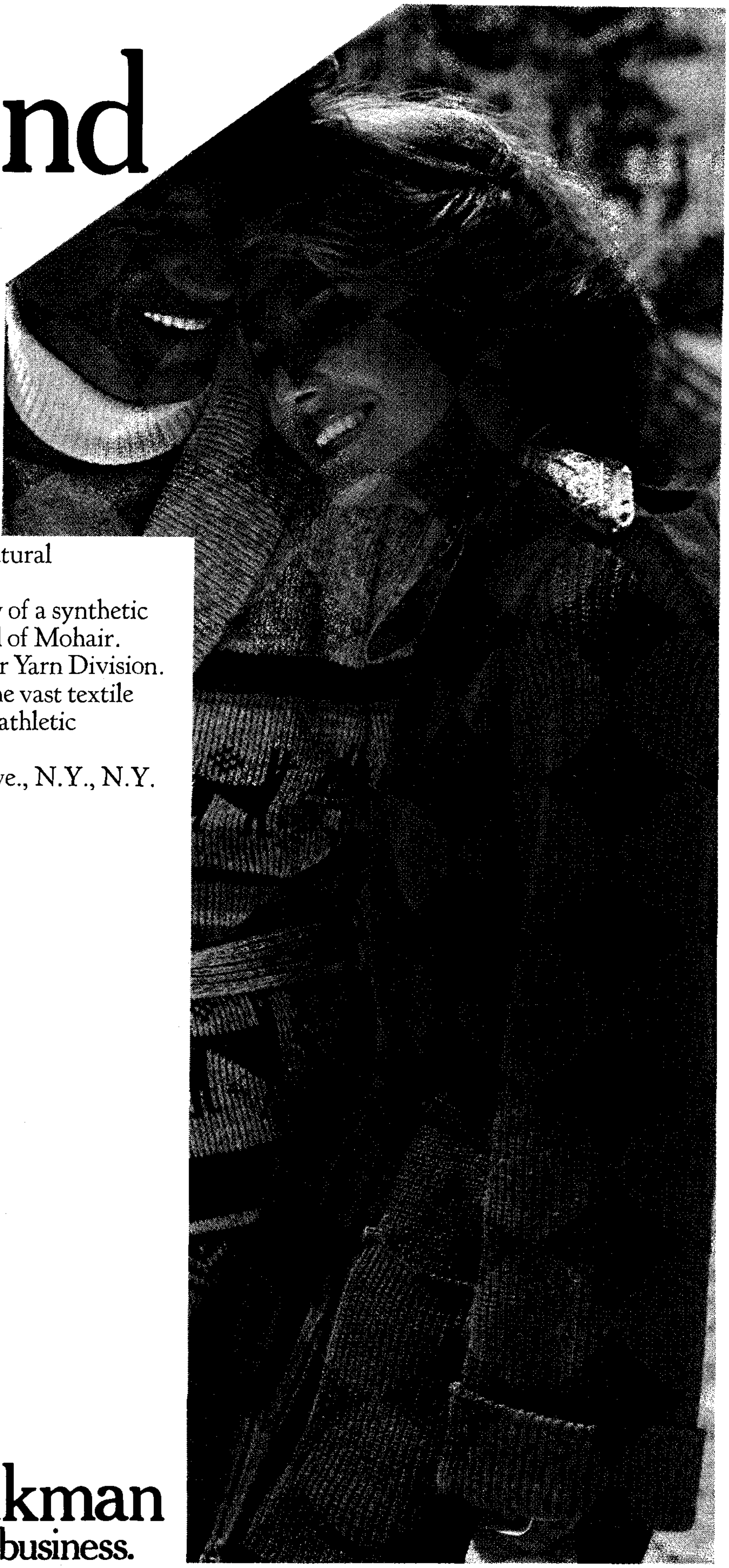

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to win on its first outing at Newmarket, in 1974, drew the unlucky lot when there were twenty-nine entries and the course authorities had decided there was room for only twenty-eight to start. She gets to the races roughly a dozen times a year. She goes as Queen to the Royal Ascot meeting—almost a state occasion. She watches the Derby at Epsom and sometimes attends Goodwood, Doncaster, or York. In 1974, she flew to France for the day to watch her filly Highclere run in the Prix Diane, at Chantilly; she had entered her for this rather than for the English Oaks, because she didn't think she had the right "make and shape" for the sharp downhill track at Epsom. In France, Highclere won a thrilling and very valuable race. The Queen's horses cost about twenty-five hundred pounds a year each to keep in training, but that year her winnings and place-money, boosted by the Prix Diane, totalled one hundred and sixty-eight thousand one hundred and fifty-two pounds; she made—unlike most British owners—a profit. If she suddenly has time free, she may drive to one of the provincial race meetings, in county towns like Bath, Newbury, and Salisbury. On such occasions, there is no advance publicity, though Lord Porchester warns the Clerk of the Course that she is coming. She mingles with the race crowd and often stands by the rail. "She reads a race very well," says Lord Porchester. "She sees the opportunities, and sees if they're taken." She doesn't bet. However, she gets as worked up or disappointed as any racegoer—yells "Go on, Joe!" to Joe Mercer, the jockey who often rides for her; exclaims, "Oh, God;" and shouts, more often than other British owners, "Hooray!"

For all the pleasure she gets from racing, she has a greater interest in the breeding of horses. She inherited from her father a stock of broodmares, and since she has been on the throne, she has been putting speed into the stock by building up new bloodlines. She plans mating lists, choosing the right stallion for a particular mare. She studies form books and knows a great deal about pedigrees—perhaps natural in a person who is connected with half the blue-blooded families in the Almanac de Gotha, the now defunct guidebook to European nobility. According to experts, she has not only the necessary knowledge and enthusiasm to be a successful bloodstock breeder but also the flair. At the moment, twenty-two of her twenty-four mares are race win-

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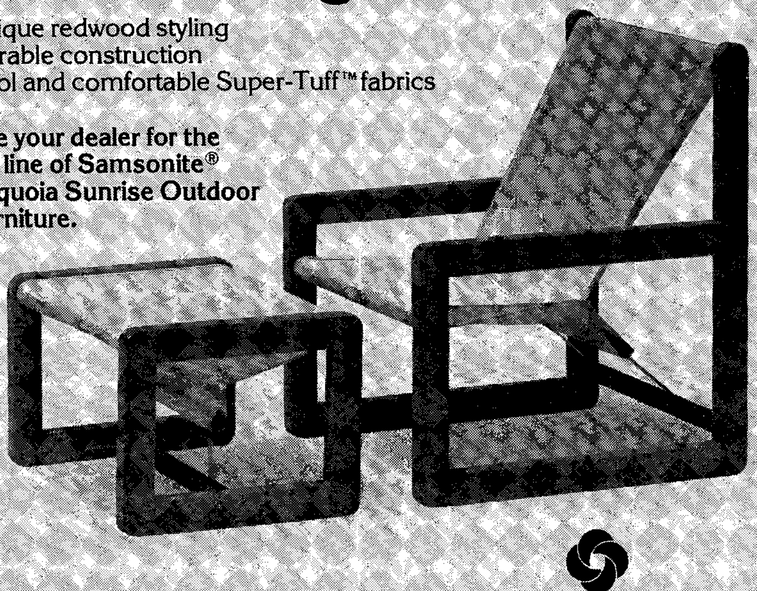

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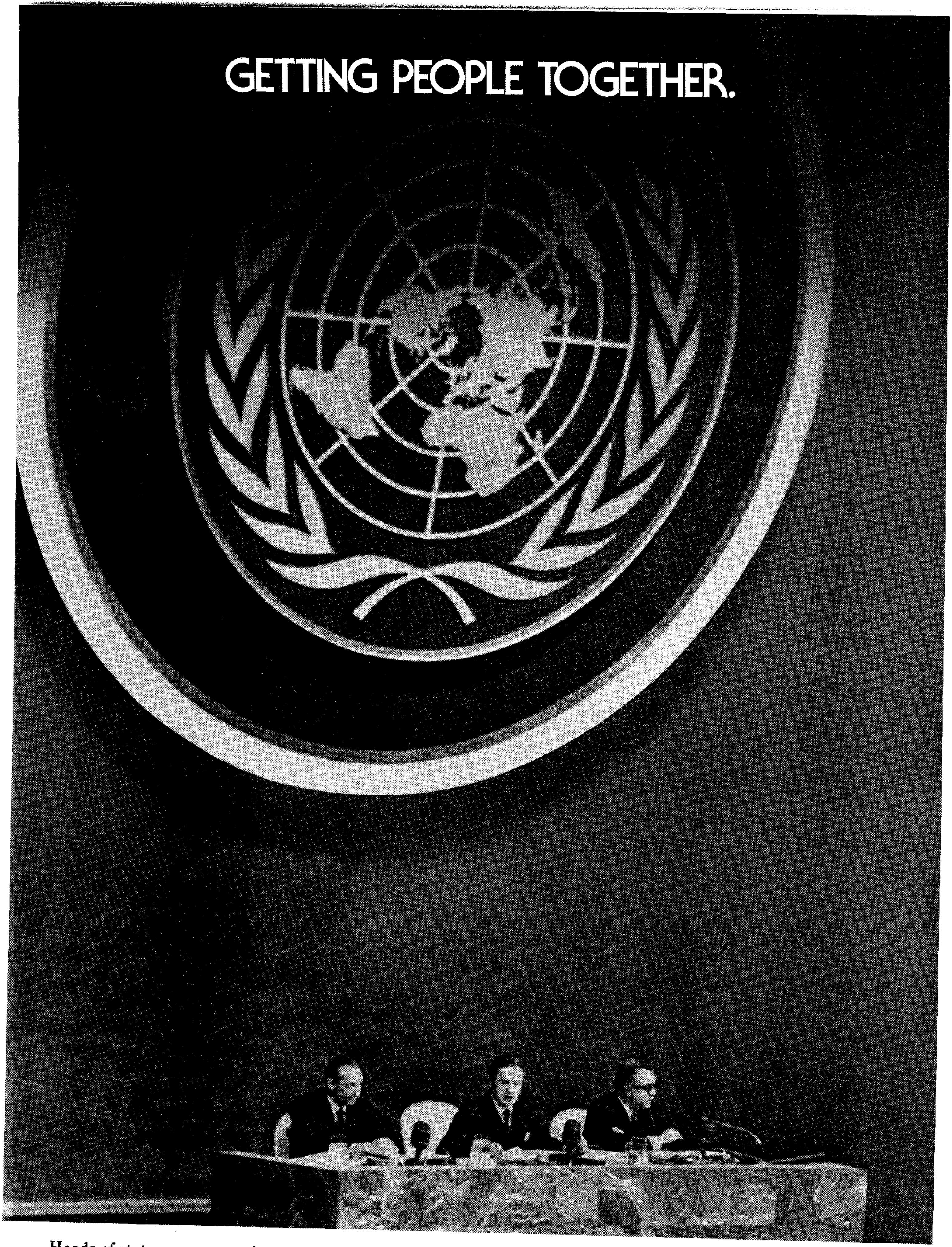
ners. Her best-known stallion, Aureole, which as a foal she used to feed with a baby bottle, had no great success at first, but the Queen had faith in him. This was eventually rewarded, on course and off; he won the King George and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot and sired Derby-winner St. Paddy and two St. Leger winners. Aureole, who died in 1975 at twenty-five, earned forty thousand pounds a year at stud. Owning horses gives her problems to worry about that take her mind off monarchical anxieties. Horses have frequent accidents and illnesses; mares foal late; some mares are barren; some horses, like her stallion Doutelle, die prematurely. But she doesn't believe in mollycoddling them. They are out in the open as much as possible, except in the coldest and—because of flies—hottest weather. There are also subsidiary pleasures, like getting into a corner with friends after dinner and thinking up appropriate names. Right now, she is interested in how the progeny of her mare Highlight (who is the dam of Highclere) and the American-bred French stallion Baldric works out. Both Baldric (who is by Round Table) and Highlight trace their descent from a mare named Feola, and the Queen has called the result of this inbreeding Circlet—now a three-year-old filly, who as a two-year-old won the Blue Seal at Ascot in her second outing. None of the Queen's horses have yet won the English Derby, and that is her ambition.

As a child, she told Horace Smith, her riding instructor, that if she hadn't been destined for other things, she would have liked to be, when she grew up, a lady living in the country with lots of dogs and horses. She has done as well as she could in this respect. She often has mud on her boots. She is able to live in the country roughly four months of the year—most of January at the Sandringham estate; most of August and September at Balmoral; and April and most weekends at Windsor. She enjoys many outdoor sports: horseback riding, shooting and stalking (although she never uses a shotgun, she is an expert rifle shot; she often works her own Labrador retrievers behind a shooting party), and just plain walking. At Balmoral, she often spends whole days walking across the moors. (In Mexico, two years ago, her hosts were surprised with the speed at which the Queen climbed their Aztec pyramids.) She is at ease with all kinds of animals; she keeps a herd of Highland cattle at Balmoral. The friends who join her and her family in Norfolk and Scotland naturally tend to be people who enjoy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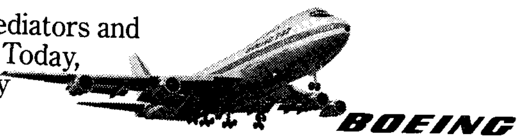

the same things. (George VI used to admire King Boris of Bulgaria, who not only was, like him, an excellent shot but drove his own royal train.) At Balmoral, the Prime Minister will come for a weekend (a visit that takes the place of weekly audiences during the summer), and, of course, the boxes never stop coming. However, for the first ten days there the Queen and her family have it all to themselves. On Loch Muick, Philip and the boys mess about in small boats and go fishing.

Wherever the Queen goes, she is accompanied by her corgis. At Sandringham, she breeds her own black Labradors and sometimes borrows pointers for her guests' shooting, but the corgis—dogs originally bred in Wales to hunt rats—are (to use a more neutral adjective than most of her staff would employ) ubiquitous. The corgis tend to be under the Palace lunch table or occupying the best fireside positions, on hearthrugs and in the seats of armchairs. Corgis are another passion she shares with her mother. Dookie, the Queen Mother's corgi, according to Crawfie, "adored the taste of strange trousers." The seal of the Duchy of Lancaster incorporates a corgi. Currently, the Queen has five corgis—Brush, Smokey, Shadow, Pickles, and Tinker (the last two being the results of a misalliance between their corgi mother and a long-haired dachshund belonging to Princess Margaret)—and any lack of imagination in the names, often chosen by the children, is balanced by the affection in which the dogs are held. A photographer who wants to take the Queen's picture snaps a much less tense-looking woman if she has one on her lap. In London, they give her an excuse for walks in the Palace garden. When people who work for her feel that they know her fairly well, they sometimes joke about the corgis, or even speak crossly about them, and the Queen's expression then—a compression of her full lips, a frosty glazing of the eyes—suggests that there are limits to her tolerance of and kindness toward her fellow-men.

QUEEN ELIZABETH once said that she first really felt she was Queen when she saw the milk bottles at Windsor marked with her cipher EIIR. Now, surrounded by such intimations, she is rarely conscious of them. She *is* the Queen. People in Britain sometimes say, "Poor Queen—what a job!" because they can't imagine doing it themselves. But she has never really known any other kind of life. She has

Henredon invites the custom look. This plump sofa, for instance, can be covered from a rich selection of fabrics—textures, florals, prints, geometrics—as well as elegant crewels. Other styles can be made in specific lengths to meet individual space needs. If you desire a unique customized interior, send $1.00 for Upholstered Furniture brochure to Henredon, Dept. N-4187, Morganton, N.C. 28655.

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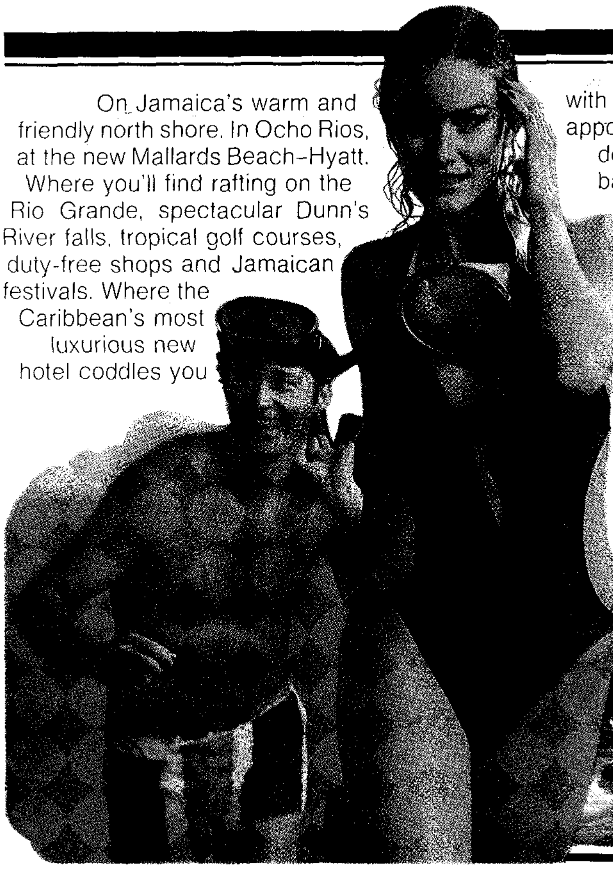
no choice. She is the anointed one—anointed literally at the coronation service. She is the lifeblood of textbook phrases—"the continuous element in the constitution;" "the safeguard of Britain's democratic character." She fills a range of roles from mythology to the present: sacrificial monarch; earth mother; white goddess; national baby-sitter. On her twenty-first birthday, in 1947, while she was on a trip to South Africa with her family, she made a broadcast to the Commonwealth: "I declare . . . that my whole life . . . shall be devoted to your service." A few years ago, there was talk of her possible retirement in the near future, but this seems increasingly unlikely. Prince Charles may take on more of the outside functions, but she will not quit. Her devotion to the job means that she is—in the words of a Private Secretary—"always on call." She is never alone; her policeman tags her steps on the moors; a footman awaits commands outside her door, even if she has gone off to an old lodge on the Windsor grounds to be by herself for a bit. She often sits on the forward edge of a chair, at the ready. Well past the time of warrior kings, the British still demand from their monarchs examples of sacrifice and hard work—in regard to which Lord Adeane says of the Queen, "I suppose you could do less, but I do not think she would want to."

On a mid-November morning at eleven o'clock, she leaves the Palace to open the new session of Parliament, with the band of the Coldstream Guards and the Corps of Drums of the Second Battalion banging away in the Palace Quadrangle—out through the gates with their gilded tops and around the Victoria Memorial and down a chute formed by thick banks of people: self-conscious smiles, little drifts of applause, one or two isolated cheers. Their coat collars are turned up against the wind, their umbrellas hung over their arms—the rain just holding off. A mounted senior police officer looks a little uncomfortable on his horse. The Queen looks out through the window of the Irish State Coach, pulled by six grays, and waves—an economical stirring of the air with her white-gloved hand. Tiara, necklace, earrings—lots of diamonds. She keeps smiling and waving. In the bend leading into the long, straight stretch of the Mall, she sees the Escort of the Household Cavalry out ahead—black horses, scarlet riders, plumes and cuirasses. The route is lined with Guardsmen, in black bearskins and long gray winter coats, and with Gurkhas, smaller men, in black belts,



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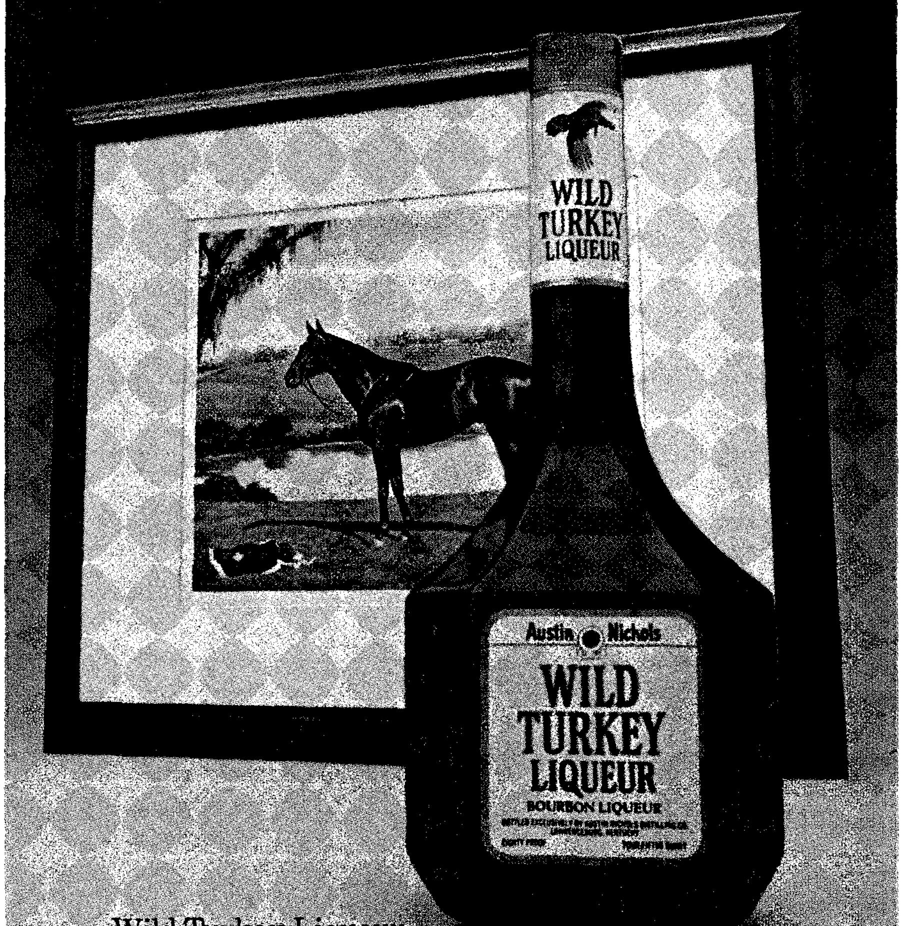

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carrying black weapons, their uniforms a drab brown-green. There are ducks by the hundred on the lake in St. James's Park. A big crowd in Parliament Square—Frenchmen, Dutch, Japanese, a thousand cameras. She waves; they wave. On the flagstaff of the Victoria Tower of the Palace of Westminster, the Royal Standard streams out theatrically huge in the stiff breeze. Bells peal from Westminster Abbey. Guns fire—forty-one bangs—from Hyde Park. Despite the weather, a warmth seems to rise from all these people that the ceremony has brought together. The carriage halts outside the House of Lords; she goes in.

Today, giving substance to one of the terms of the constitution, she is Queen in Parliament. That is the Queen sitting on the throne in the House of Lords; the upper house has mostly an advisory, amending, and sometimes delaying power, which it has been making exceptional use of in the last session or two, in late-night sittings, on bills that many lords, of left and right, regard as having little mandate from the country. Most of its members are still hereditary peers and peeresses, but an increasing number are appointed for life. Some are bishops and archbishops. In the crowded chamber, where the number of places is far fewer than the number of those entitled to them, the peers are jammed in on long banks of seats, as in a cathedral choir. In front of the throne, the law lords—judges in woolly wigs—sit on backless benches, while to one side, crushed into a box in shoulder-to-shoulder togetherness, are the representatives of the foreign diplomatic corps. Members of the public are in the galleries. The Commons, or at least a spearhead of them, led by the Speaker, the Prime Minister, and Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, the Leader of the Opposition, are greeted by archaic cries at the bar of the House of Lords and are kept standing, with little more than their feet in the door, while some of the peers smile sardonically—something they can do on this day, at least, as members of the upper house, where this must happen. The Prime Minister and the Lord Privy Seal also represent, and perhaps control, the Civil Service, which frames, words, and administers the legislation that the Commons, the purported masters, debate and enact.

The Queen is clad in the royal robes when she appears in the chamber, wears the distracting weight of the Imperial State Crown, and is hedged round by people of her Household with splendid costumes and splendid titles:

the Heralds and the Pursuivants, the equerries and the Ushers, the Gold Stick and the Mistress of the Robes. It is a charade of sorts, but meaningful—not least because it demonstrates the division in Britain of power and glory. Seated, she proceeds to deliver what is called the Queen's Speech, which the Government has provided. It isn't easy to make a speech sitting down, dressed up like this, even if you have done so more than twenty times before. But she shows not the slightest emotion as she reads the long statement of her government's plans for this session, phrased in matter-of-fact prose by senior officials, about supporting foreign alliances and maintaining efforts to reach settlements, about removing unsatisfactory features of this and seeking the orderly development of that, consolidating improvements and insuring safeguards, devolving responsibilities and introducing exemptions; a long list of intentions that the uninitiated might not realize still express the policies of the last Labour Party manifesto, some of which are a long way to the left and parts of which are now heavily diluted because of the financial situation and Labour failures in recent by-elections—policies affecting regional government, the school system, press freedom, labor relations, peace in Ulster, further nationalization of industry and inherited wealth. Some of them may survive the fierce economic climate, the Government's slim majority, and the cutthroat committee infighting in the Commons, to come in a scarlet box to be given the Royal Assent, as all legislation is, "By The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty." Her voice is clear and cool. She is the impartial umpire of the constitution, expressing not the faintest enthusiasm or indignation, unless it is as she rests the speech on her lap and says the last, time-honored words, "My Lords and Members of the House of Commons, I pray that the blessing of Almighty God may rest upon your counsels." There is no doubt at all that she means it.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

(This is the second part of a two-part Profile.)

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Any employee whose current salary rate exceeds the new top of the salary range for his or her classification will not be eligible for the general increase unless the new top of the salary range for his or her classification exceeds the employee's current salary rate.—*Currents, the house organ of the University of California Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory.*

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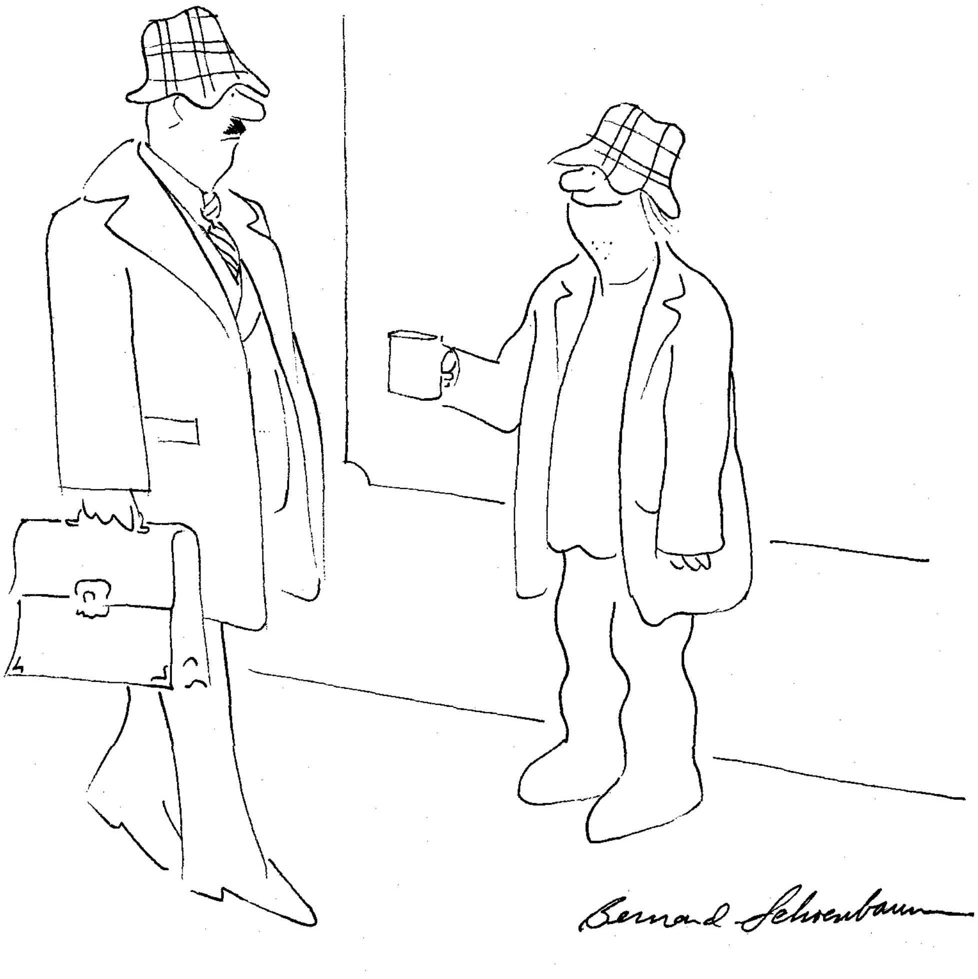
THE THEATRE

CATERWAULING

PAUL ZINDEL's "Ladies at the Alamo," at the Martin Beck, is a play about five miserably unhappy women. They have gathered in the sumptuous private office of the artistic director of a newly built theatre called the Alamo, in a city not unlike Dallas, in a state very like Texas. It is the opening night of a production of "The Seagull," scraps of which we hear from time to time, piped into the director's office by way of an electronic console that is complex enough to warrant a page in the Neiman-Marcus Christmas catalogue. We learn at once that each of the five women has ample reason to be unhappy. They tear into each other with desperate gusto, not so much in hopes of improving their lot as in order to maintain, against rising odds, their established places in the pecking order. No men are visible in the play, though we hear about a few at second hand; a sorry lot they are, every bit as troubled and unlovable as the women. One is an exhibitionist, practicing his obsession in an abandoned monastery across from the Alamo, and another is the gross husband of the artistic director. It emerges that he and the director's best friend, an aging, promiscuous, alcoholic ex-showgirl, have recently been to bed together at a nearby motel—"no big deal," as the ex-showgirl correctly observes, in lieu of apology: after all, she and the husband had set out to have a fried-egg sandwich together and one thing led to another. The chairman of the board of trustees of the Alamo is a skittish spinster of a certain age, fearful of sex and dismayed to discover that a certain grotesquely fat girl in her employ may or may not have had a lesbian connection with an actress (also aging, promiscuous, and alcoholic) whom the chairman has brought in to succeed the director. Well! I have offered the merest sample of the perplexities of flesh and spirit that Mr. Zindel has scattered untidily across the stage of the Martin Beck, and you will not be surprised to learn that none of them have been smoothed away by the final curtain; even in Texas, the longed-for bluebird of happiness keeps turning out to be a crow.



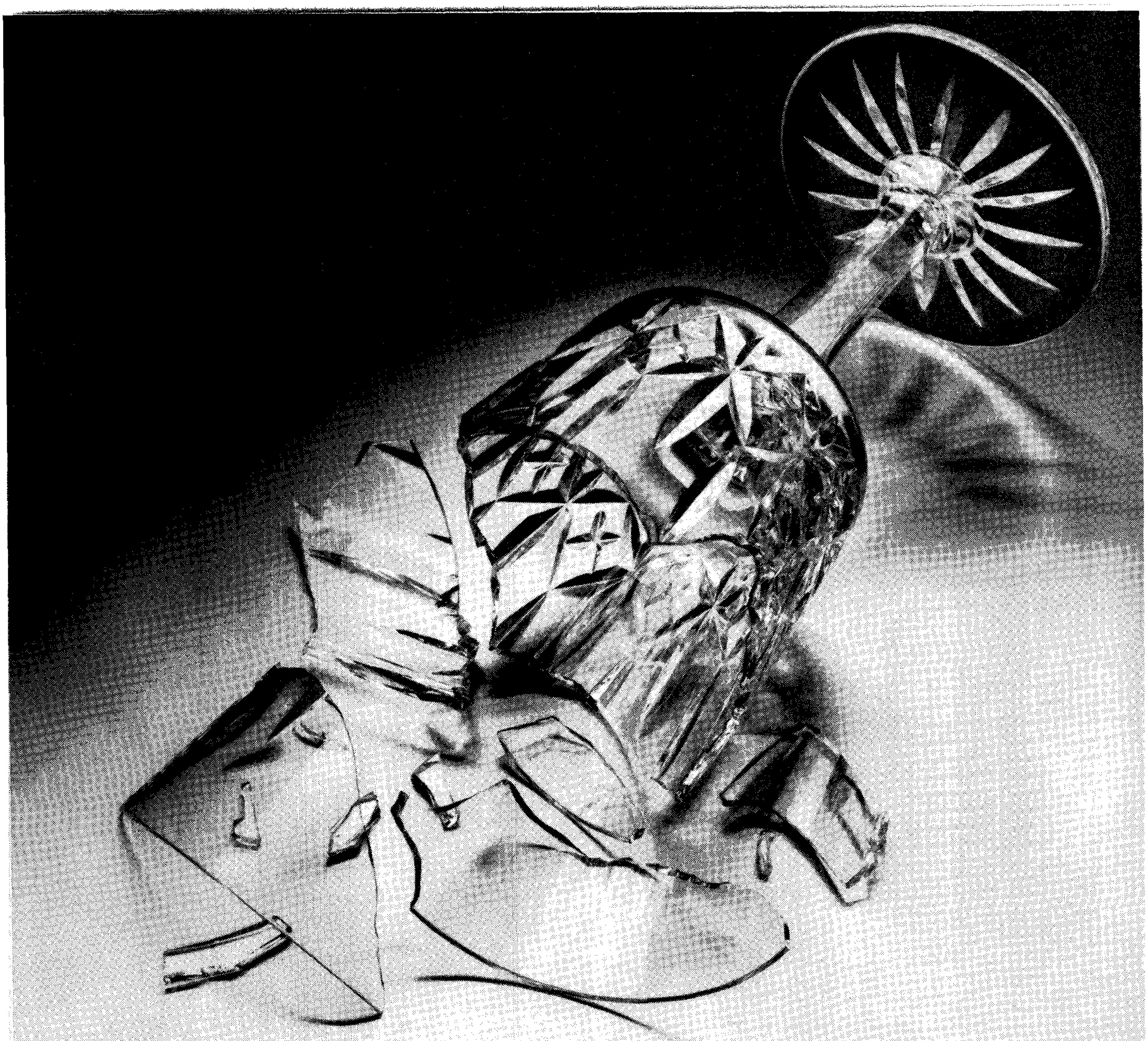
It is hard to guess what prompted Mr. Zindel to write this play. He has worked in theatres for a good many years now, and has observed at close range many an artistic director, actress, board chairman, and obese theatrical hanger-on, but it is far from astute of him to attempt, in what is at bottom an old-fashioned commercial play, the presentation of a veritable catalogue of unpleasant characteristics unaccompanied by any pleasant ones. George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart might have had the idea for a play like "Ladies at the Alamo," but in working up a serviceable plot they would never have been content with an all-woman cast, all bitchy by nature, nor would they have devoted a large portion of their text to an offstage character—the exhibitionist—who then amounts to nothing. The director, Frank Perry, appears to have had an accurate sense of what the play lacks; he drives his assortment of actresses through their paces at breathtaking speed, and the audience of which I was a part gave every sign of enjoying the steeplechase atmosphere. The actresses, all very competent indeed, are Estelle Parsons, Eileen Heckart, Rosemary Murphy, Jan Farrand, and Susan Peretz. The single, handsome set is by Peter Larkin, the costumes are by Ruth Morley, and the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

On the Roof

THE first scene of Ronald Ribman's "Cold Storage," at the American Place, is both a prologue and a monologue. It is set in a police station in Portugal in 1941, where a man named Reisen, handcuffed to a chair and lighted by a spotlight on a dark stage, talks to an unseen little boy. The Portuguese are rounding up German Jews to send them back to Germany, and he is one of them, as is the child. When he suddenly waves an arm, the handcuff opens, and for a moment his face brightens at the possibility of escape—but just for a moment. Despair takes over: he has been on the run too long, and he has come to the end of whatever courage he had. The rest of the play—actually, the play itself—is a dialogue (with interruptions) set on the roof garden of a hospital in New York in 1976, where a terminal-cancer patient in a wheelchair, an



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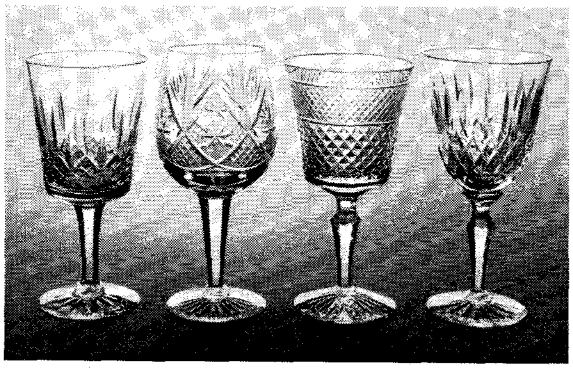

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Armenian fruit-and-vegetable dealer named Parmigian, talks incessantly to a new arrival who is there for X-rays and exploratory surgery. The new arrival is Richard Landau, the boy of the prologue, who has become an investment counsellor in the arts and a man of all but impenetrable reserve, the result, in part, of his guilt at being the only member of his family to escape the Nazis. All the action consists of Parmigian's attempts to break through that reserve by behaving outrageously, by being deliberately abrasive, and by a non-stop series of jokes and wisecracks—good ones—many of them about his own plight. If Martin Balsam, who has been away from the theatre far too long, were not acting Parmigian with such depth and skill and relish, the character might have become an insufferable know-it-all, and if the play had not been written with so much craft and humor, it could have dwindled into one more onstage therapy session.

"Cold Storage" is a comedy about suffering which, by and large, manages to keep its balance. I had never realized that Ribman, who is a serious dramatist ("The Journey of the Fifth Horse," "The Ceremony of Innocence," to name just a couple of his plays), could be so funny. It is not, however, a flawless comedy. There are too many literary allusions and a number of pretentious metaphors, and from time to time Ribman too obviously trespasses on Beckett's territory.

The supporting actors perform well, under Joel Zwick's direction. As Landau (a character that never quite breaks free of the playwright), Michael Lipton has little to do but react—wince or get sore or tight-lipped—to Mr. Balsam's verbal barrage, but when he does finally open up, his emotion is as credible as his listening, and so is his laughter at the end. As Reisen, of the prologue, Paul Sparer is occasionally a bit stagy but more often strong and convincing, and Julie Carmen is cheerful and tactful as a nurse. Parmigian's style of humor, by the way—wry, tart, ironic—sounds far more Jewish than Armenian.

—EDITH OLIVER

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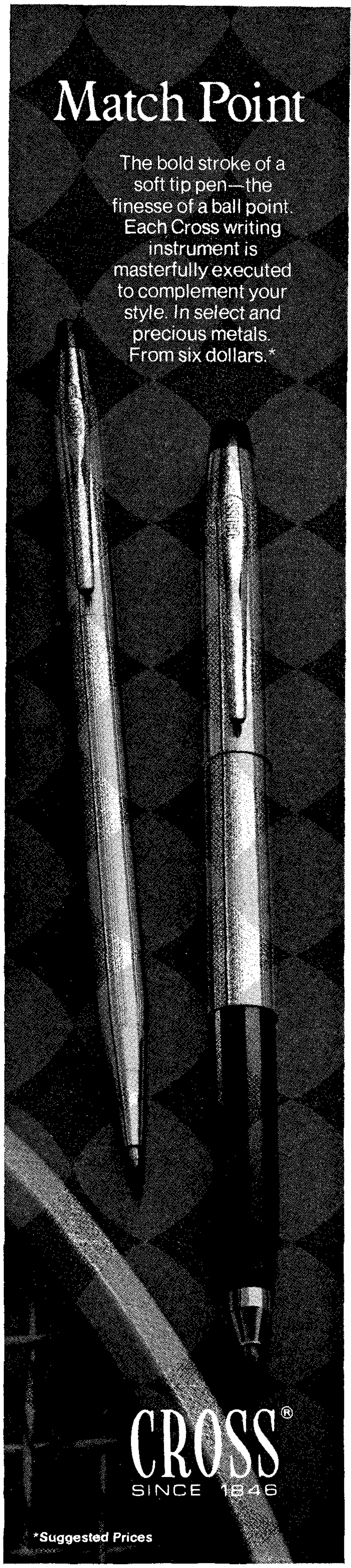
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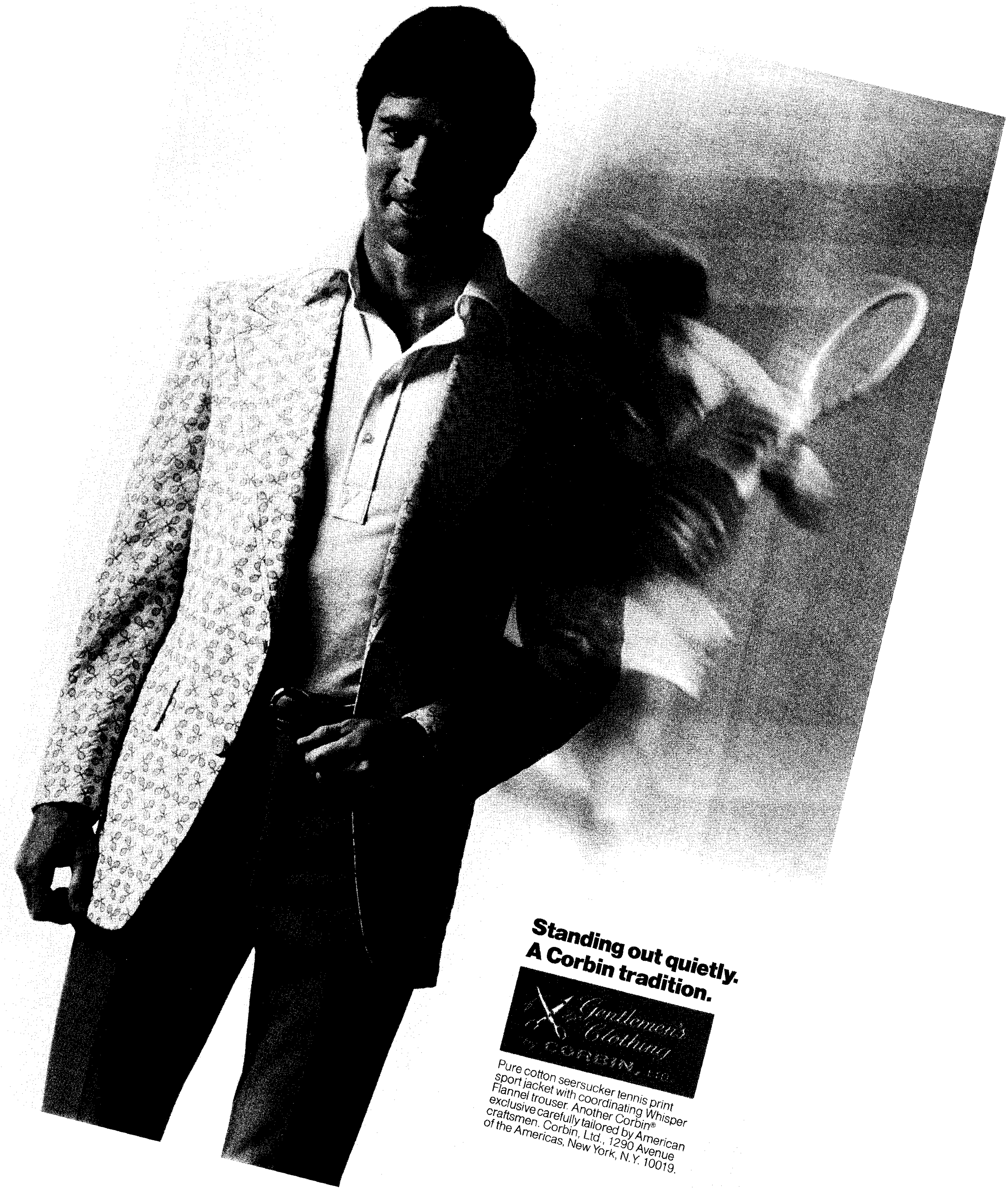**Standing out quietly.
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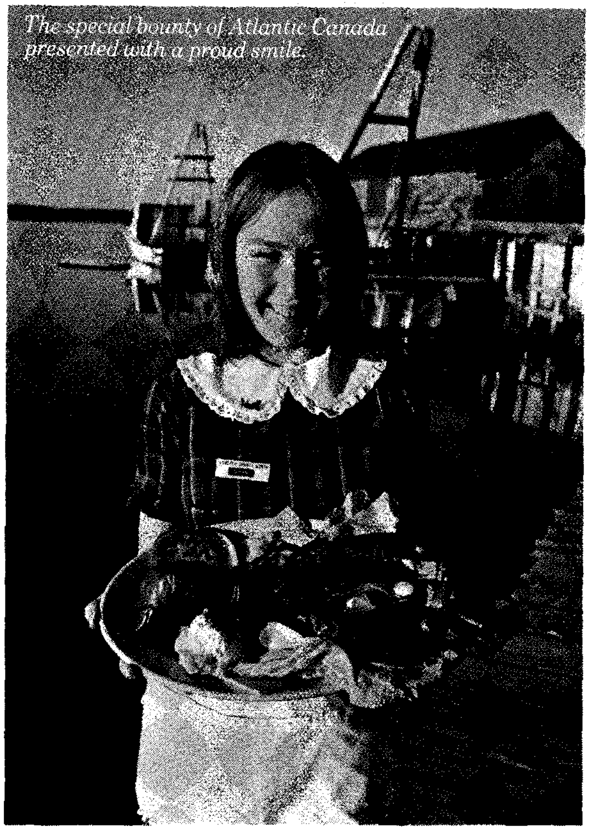

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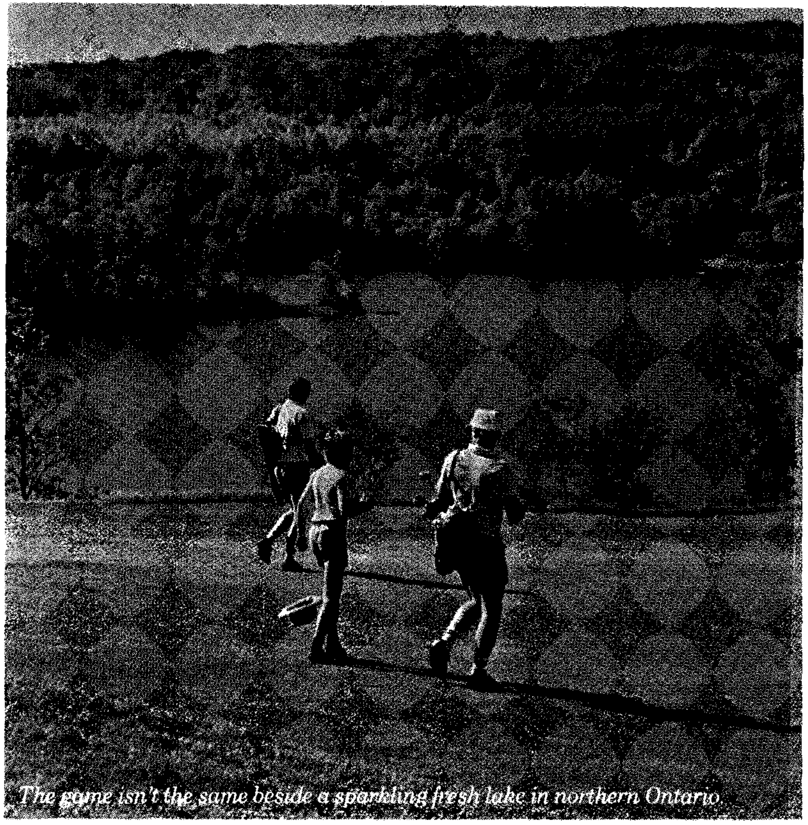

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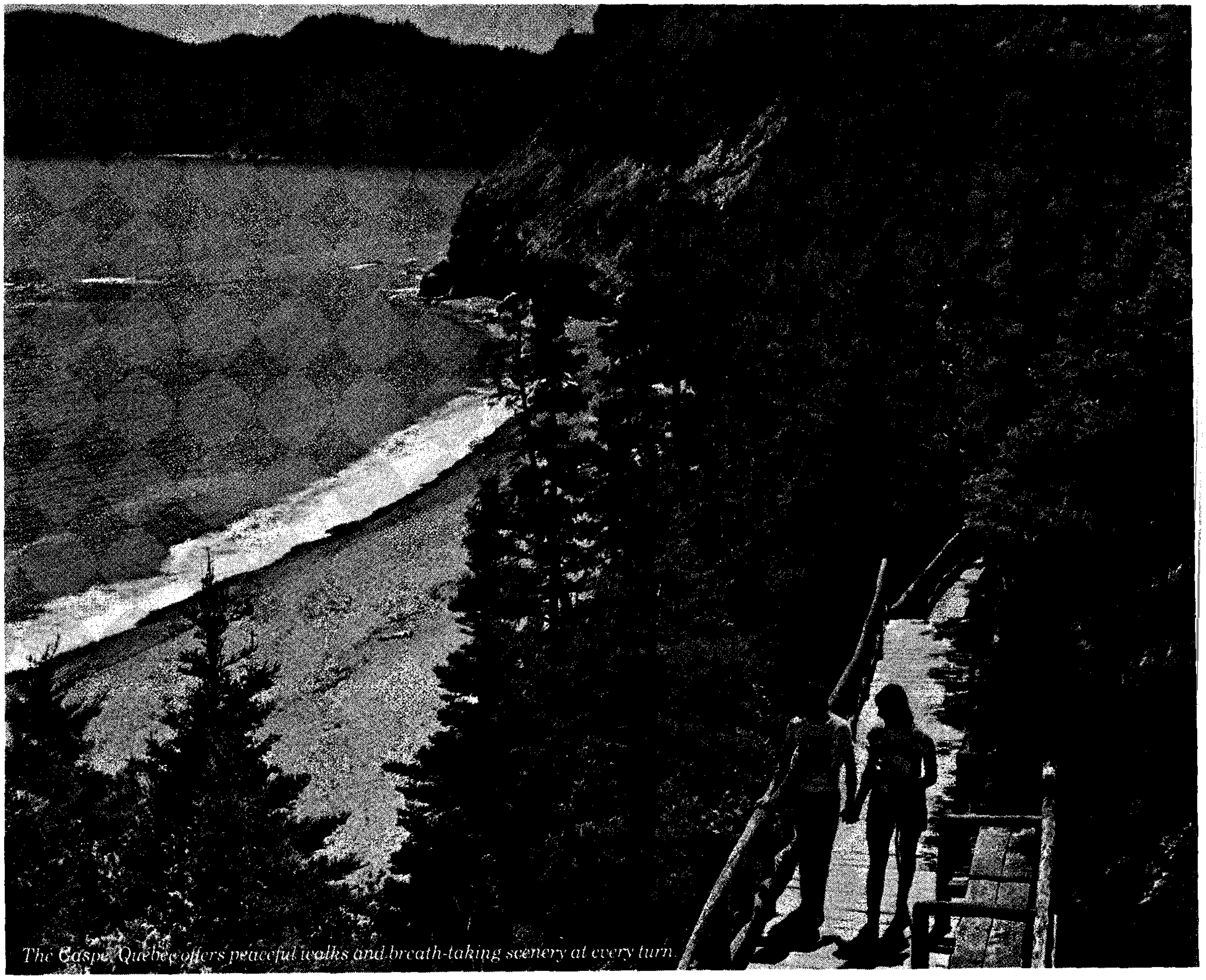

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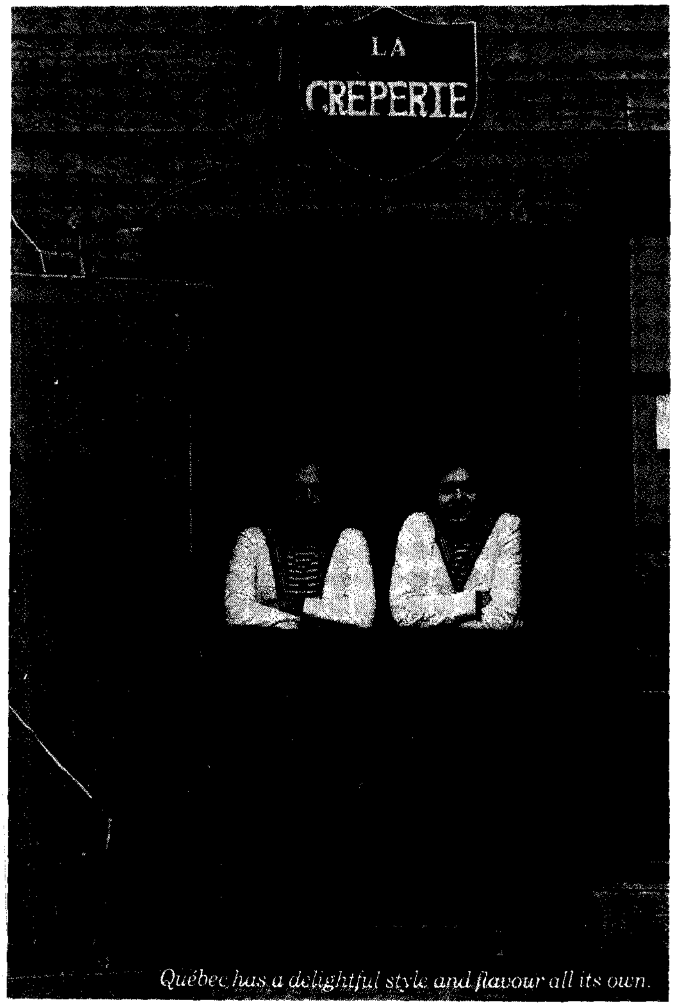

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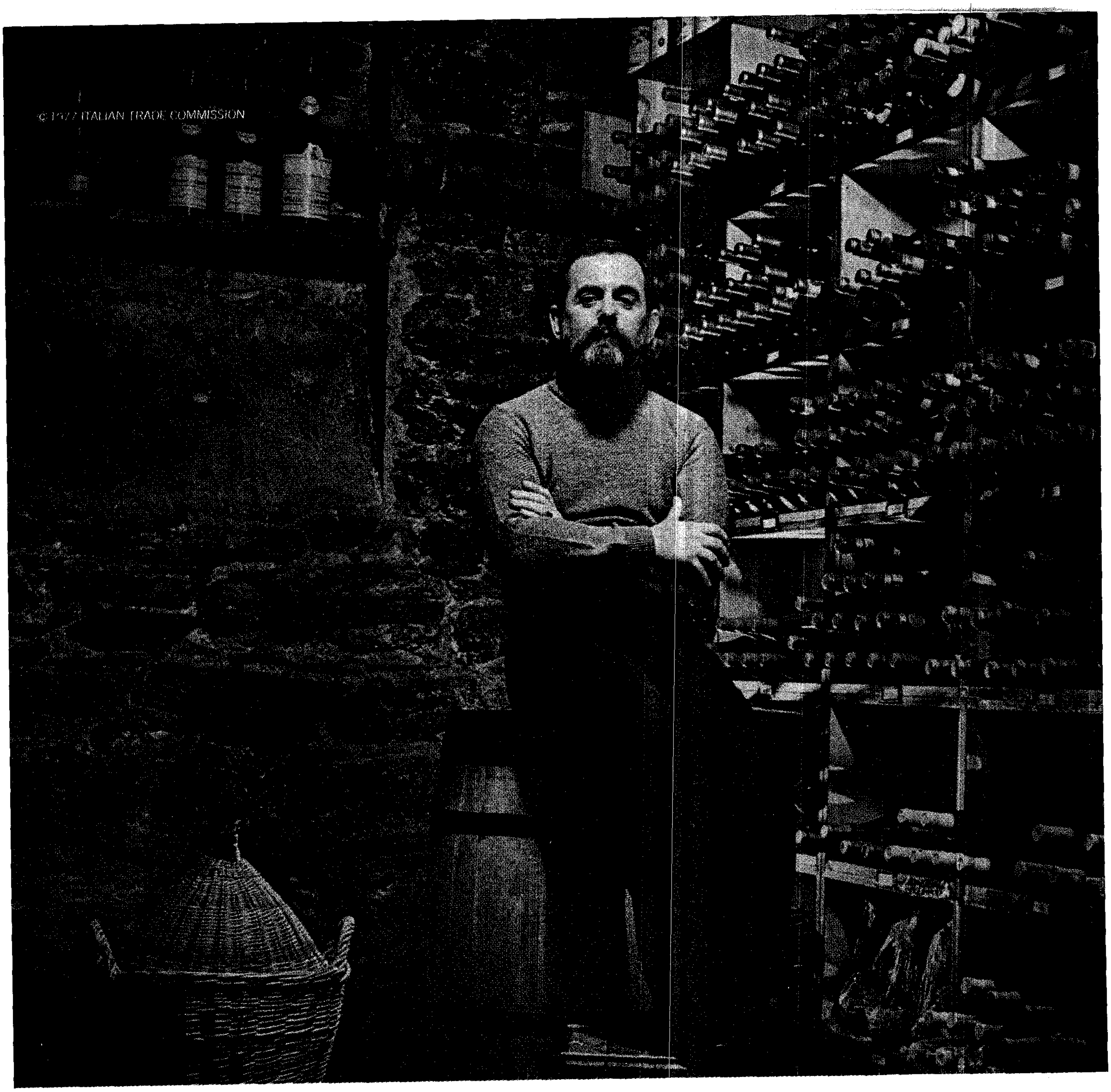

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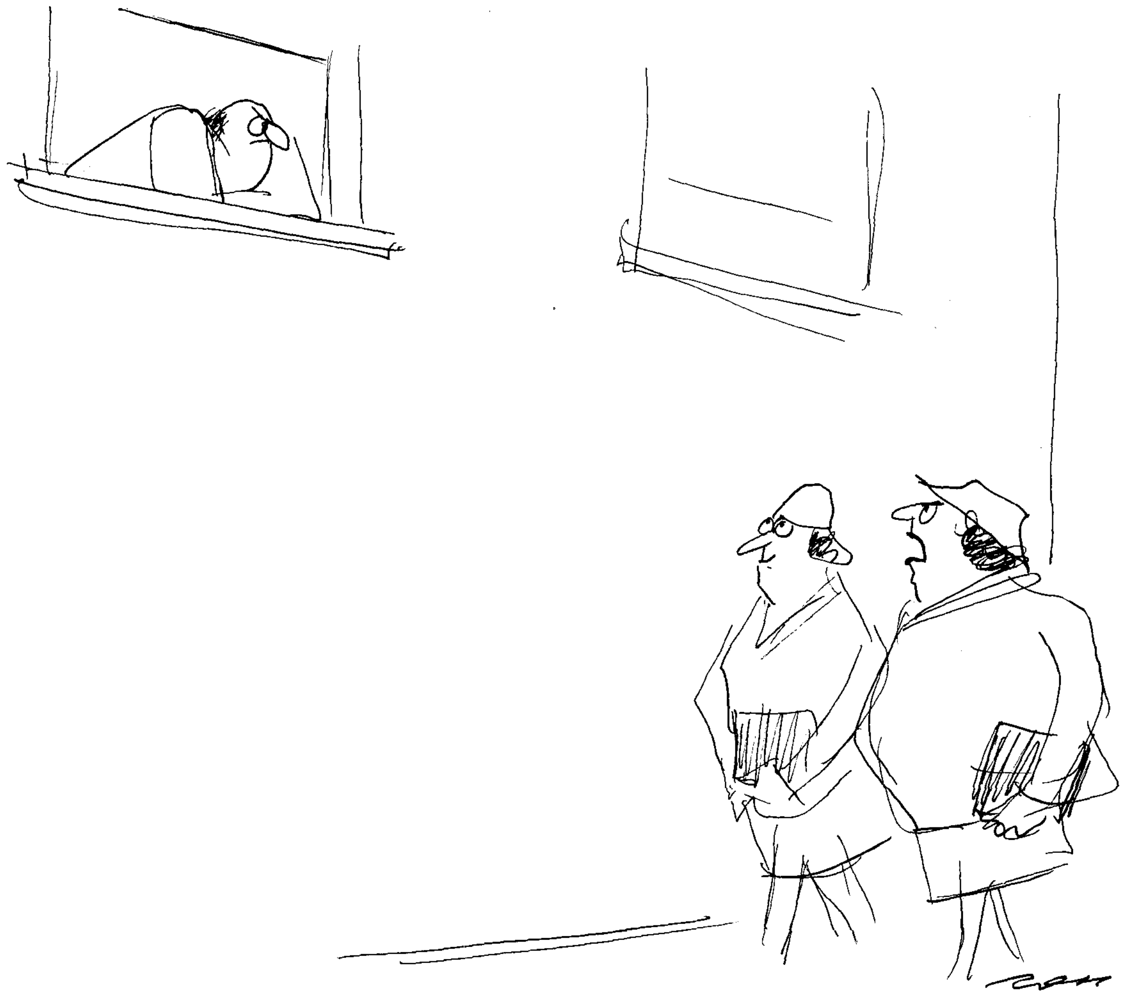
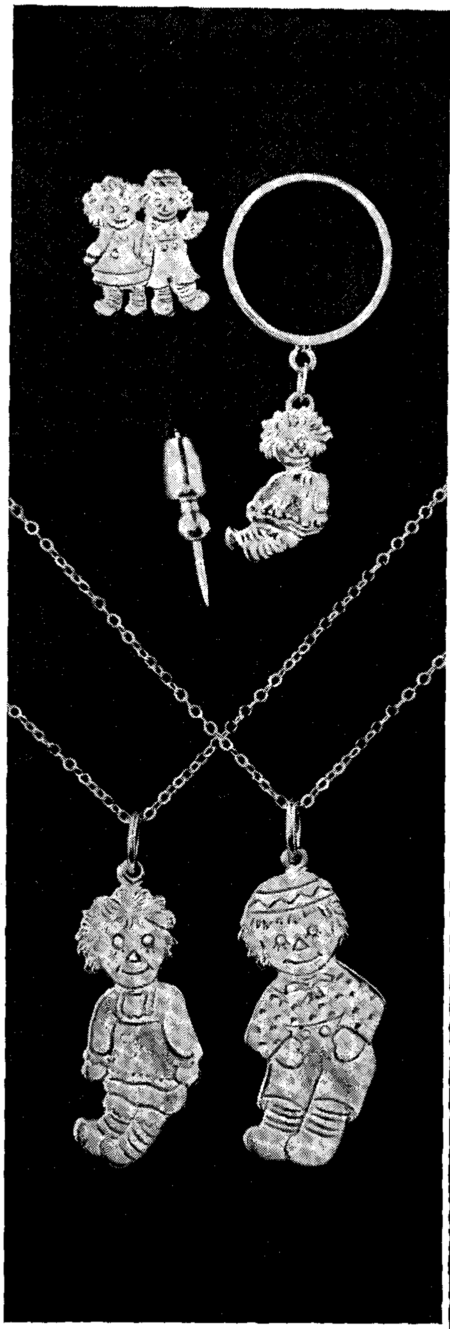
LETTER FROM MALAYSIA

MOST weekends in Malaysia, there are horse races in one of the three largest cities—in the capital, Kuala Lumpur, or in Penang, or in Ipoh—but, no matter which track the horses are running on, during the races the stands at all three tracks are filled with thousands of shouting people. When they're off at Ipoh, enthusiastic crowds in Kuala Lumpur and Penang are streaming out to the tracks, placing their bets, and following the progress of the races over loudspeakers; between races, they study their racing forms, evaluate the odds, and discuss the pros and cons of each horse as if it were parading in front of them; then, without benefit even of closed-circuit TV, they await the results, which are relayed by telephone and radio. A visitor who stays in the country for any length of time soon realizes that there is something symbolic, and a little scary, about this invisible horse racing. On the surface, Malaysia is a peaceful, prosperous nation, with a tremendous wealth of natural resources, including nearly half the world's supplies of rubber and tin, but beneath the bustling commercial exterior are all sorts of invisible pressures—primarily racial ones. Particularly because of the latter, highly complicated political, social, and economic forces are always at work among the population, which is chiefly Malay, Chinese, and Indian, and the tensions are great. In fact, they are great enough to occupy most of the attention of the nation's leaders most of the time and, consciously or unconsciously, to preoccupy the bulk of Malaysia's twelve million people all their lives. The communal problems are endemic and chronic, and they are exacerbated by poverty, which, though the government has for years been making sincere efforts to ameliorate it, remains widespread—worst in the countryside but bad in the growing urban centers as well. "There may be a cure for poverty, but there is no cure for racial communalism," a Western diplomat with many years' experience here says. "The search for a common Malaysian identity is an illusion that continues to be pursued. It will never become a reality."

No other country in Southeast Asia has to contend with such a plethora of racial problems. Eleven states make up West, or Peninsular, Malaysia, on the Asian mainland, which has a population of ten and a quarter million, composed of five million three hundred thousand Malays, three and a half million Chinese, slightly over a million Indians, and scattered Pakistanis, Sri Lankans, and aborigines. East Malaysia, which used to be northern Borneo, occupies about a quarter of one of the world's largest islands—at its nearest point, it is four hundred miles from West Malaysia across the South China Sea—and consists of the two states of Sarawak and Sabah, the former with a population of a million one hundred thousand, and the latter with a population of eight hundred thousand. Tribal Sea and Land Dayaks, some of them known as Ibans, are the predominant racial element in Sarawak, and then come Chinese and Malays. In Sabah, the largest single group are the Kadazans, a native people also called Dusuns; there are a hundred and fifty thousand Chinese and a mere thirty thousand Malays, and the rest of the population is a conglomeration of half a dozen different indigenous tribes and races. Even if there were complete racial harmony among these disparate elements spread over some three hundred thousand square miles of land and sea, it would be no easy task to maintain a well-ordered government, amid endless religious, social, and economic differences, fanned by political jealousies and rivalries. The governments in Kuala Lumpur and in the thirteen separate states of Malaysia have somehow managed to keep going since 1957, when West Malaysia, then known as Malaya, obtained full independence from Britain and changed its name to the Federation of Malaya, under a parliamentary government embellished by a ceremonial monarchy. The nation became Malaysia in 1963, when Sabah and Sarawak were joined to it. Singapore, the huge, mostly Chinese island port, also became part of the larger federation in 1963, but after two tempestuous years of racial friction it broke away, and since 1965 it has been an independent nation. Throughout these past two decades, there has been a constant feeling that the whole structure—which includes individual state governments,



"That's her husband."



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headed by Chief Ministers and with elective assemblies—hangs by slender threads, which could at any moment give way.

They have come close to doing so on a number of occasions. When the Federation of Malaya was brought to birth by the British, it was still in the throes of what was known as the Emergency—a Communist insurrection led by some eight thousand Chinese residents, mostly rural, armed by Peking and supported by between a quarter- and a half-million members of a native underground network. The Emergency officially lasted from 1948 to 1960, and a hundred thousand British soldiers and police were needed to quell it. Because memories of this prolonged crisis are still strong, the Malaysians today worry a good deal about a renewed insurgency, even though the number of armed Communists, which includes several hundred survivors of the Emergency, totals only about three or four thousand, and only four or five hundred of them are in West Malaysia at a time, the rest remaining in sanctuaries across the border in southern Thailand. What particularly disturbs the Malaysians is that the insurgents, who take their chief ideological cue from Peking, suddenly became more active three years ago, and managed to assassinate the nation's top police official as well as the police chief of Ipoh and to kill forty-five Malaysian soldiers and other policemen by assassination or in combat; unofficially, the total killed by the end of 1975 was said to be about seventy, many of them victims of booby traps. The Malaysians feel that the new outburst of insurgency, which has continued over the past year, with the casualties on both sides increasing, poses an added threat because of a concomitant increase in racial friction and because the Communists have been trying, for the first time and with gradual success, to enlist Malays as well as local Chinese. If the insurgency is not permanently contained, the government fears, among other things, a repetition of communal violence such as occurred in May, 1969, when about two hundred and fifty Chinese, thirty Malays, and twenty Indians were killed in brutal rioting that began in Kuala Lumpur and spread to other cities.

IN October of 1975, as part of its effort against the insurgents, the government issued a series of amendments to an emergency-powers ordinance that had been passed after the 1969 race riots. The amendments pro-

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vided for virtual police-state control, and they provoked such opposition among judges and lawyers that they were revised a month later. Though the revised amendments are somewhat more specific—they modify the previous blanket definition of cases that involve "security," for example—they are still as tough a series of punitive laws as exists anywhere in non-Communist Asia. There are at present about five hundred political prisoners in Malaysia, many of whom have been in jail for five years or more, and although the government has used the security regulations sparingly against captured Communist terrorists and sympathizers, the mere fact that the amendments are part of the law of the land is enough to produce trepidation among the people, who are generally willing to trust the current rulers of the nation but are understandably worried about those who might follow. Under the regulations, anyone who has committed what is labelled a security offense can be kept in jail indefinitely without being charged or tried, and when he is tried, it is before a special high court without a jury; the burden of proof is on the defendant rather than on the prosecutor; witnesses can give their evidence in camera, without the defendant or his counsel being present; secondary documentary and hearsay evidence obtained by ranking police officers is admissible; and a defendant found guilty in a serious case can receive a death sentence.

Privately, some members of the government agree with opposition critics that these laws are too draconian, that the internal dangers the nation faces are not severe enough to warrant them, and that, in fact, rather than reducing the number of Communists, they will produce more. Others, however, including a powerful group of right-wing parliamentarians, feel that the laws should be even stronger. The issue came to a dramatic head with the arrest, last June, of Abdul Samad Ismael, the managing editor of the country's leading newspaper, the *New Straits Times*, and also one of its top novelists. He was arrested under the security regulations, along with an editor of a Malay-language paper, and both were accused of slanting news in such a way as to make it easier for the Communists to influence the Malays. The case, which caused an immediate sensation in Kuala Lumpur, and also in Singapore, where Abdul Samad had been detained for two years by the British back in the early fifties, blew sky-high in September, when he made a confession over television that he had,

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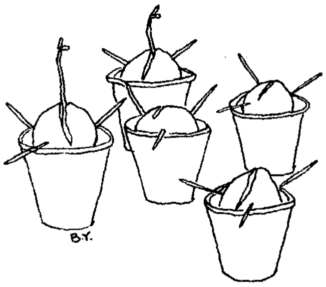
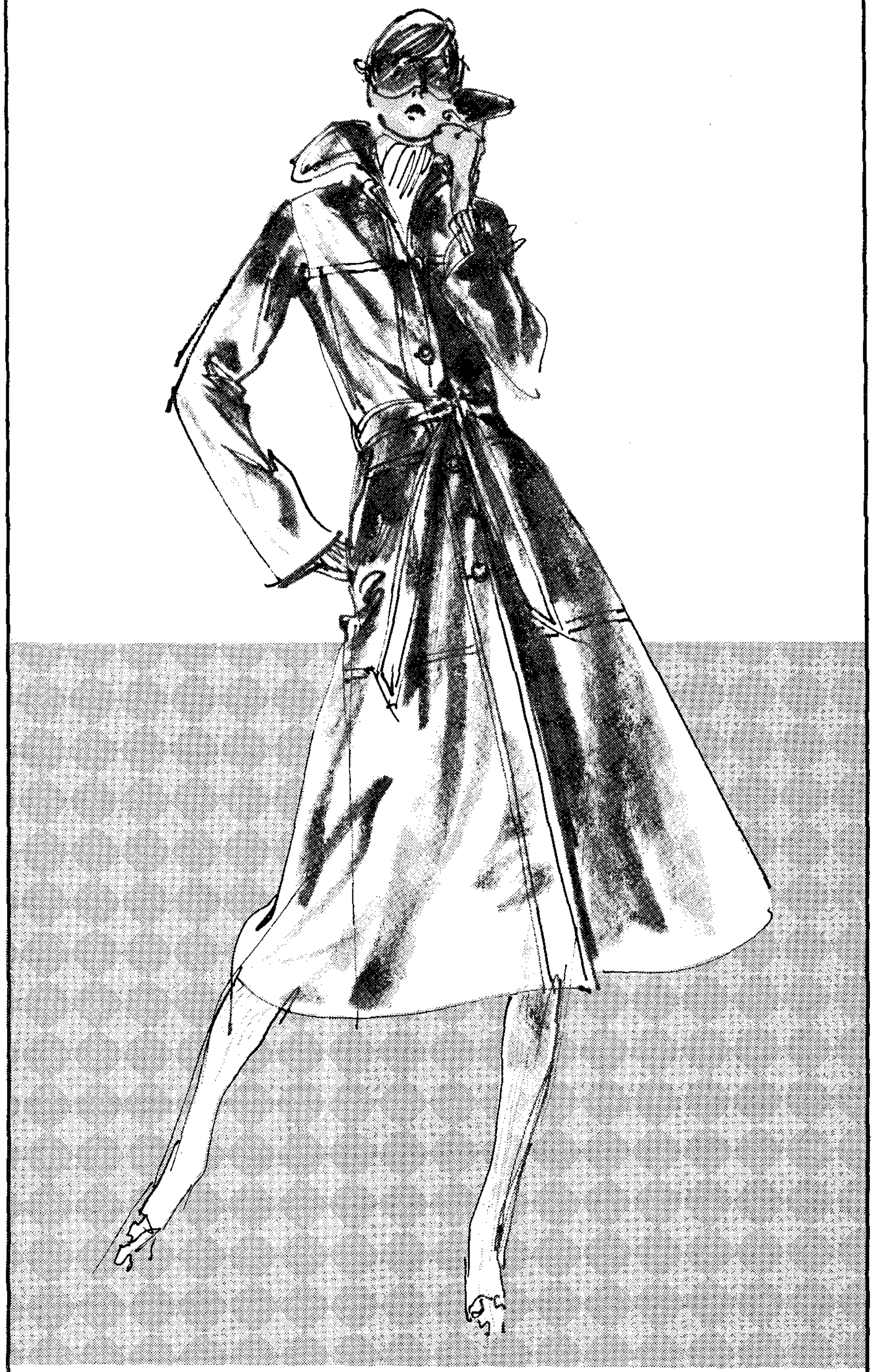
in fact, been a secret agent who had been seeking to subvert members of the government for more than a decade on orders from foreign Communists—he did not specify whether Chinese or Russian, but the implication was that they were Russian—and that he had succeeded in influencing a number of important government officials. According to what he told police, his targets had included a small group of insiders around former Prime Minister Abdul Razak, who had died of leukemia in January, 1976, and had been succeeded by Hussein Onn, his deputy. In November, two of the men named by Abdul Samad, whom Hussein had kept in his cabinet as deputy ministers, were detained under the security laws, along with the executive secretary of the Malayan Chinese Association, which supports the government, and three officials of opposition parties. Early in February, the two top figures arrested made dramatic appearances on television and confessed that they had been active pro-Soviet propagandists for the past decade. Both men, Abdullah Majid, who had been Deputy Minister of Labor and Manpower before his arrest, and Abdullah Ahmad, who had been Deputy Minister of Science, Technology, and Environment, said that they had maintained close associations with officials of "a certain foreign mission" in Kuala Lumpur since 1968—the Soviet mission was the only Communist one in the country at the time. Majid said, "I had allowed myself to be an accessory to their political designs and promoted their interests to achieve the long-term goal of international Communism," while Ahmad stated that he had been persuaded that Communists would eventually dominate Malaysia and that "the only option left for the Malays would be to accept [the Soviet] brand of Communism, which professes to allow the practice of Islam and the continuance of Malay tradition, culture, and the monarchy." He added that he had become disillusioned by the way the Cambodian Communists had treated Prince Norodom Sihanouk after the fall of Cambodia—Sihanouk has been under virtual house arrest in Phnom Penh—yet, according to the police, this did not deter Ahmad from keeping up his pro-Communist activities in Malaysia until his arrest. Both men pledged their loyalty to the Malaysian government and monarchy henceforth. No disposition of their cases has yet been made; if they are set free, their lives will obviously be endangered. The following week, another of those arrested, Chan Kien Sin, the executive secretary of the M.C.A. and former editor-in-chief of the leading Chinese newspaper in the country, also confessed, but to being a pro-Chinese Communist; he said he had been engaged in anti-Soviet and anti-American propaganda more than in pro-Chinese activities. According to the Inspector-General of Police, Tan Sri Haniff Omar, two other men arrested last November have confined their confessions to the police rather than go on television, while the sixth has decided to stick to his Communist principles.



These arrests and confessions not only shook the nation but brought to a sudden climax a struggle in the highest government echelons as well as in the mixed ranks of the nation's dominant political party, the United Malays National Organization, or UMNO, of which Hussein is the head. The struggle actually dates back several years, to when right-wing leaders of the party charged that Prime Minister Razak had allowed himself to be surrounded by men who were either Communists or pro-Communists, including the two arrested deputy ministers, who were then depicted as principal members of Razak's "palace guard." While Razak was sometimes accused of being "soft" on Communism, or at least of having allowed himself to be misled, no such accusations have been made against Hussein, a punctilious, rather prissy man, who surprised most people by the firmness with which he took over after Razak's death. It was known that he by no means had the solid support of all the other UMNO leaders, who run a wide gamut, ranging from so-called ultras, or reactionary, Malays; to liberals, or self-styled Socialists; to technocrats who try to stay aloof from ideological issues but who have also become engaged in the bitter infighting that has always been prevalent within UMNO. The confession of Abdul Samad and the arrests and confessions that followed not only brought out into the open some long-smoldering fights among the various individuals and factions in the party but have also reignited a number of long-standing personal rivalries and animosities. Since then, accusations that right-wing Malay leaders, including some of the most powerful people in the country, are consciously and purposely trying to conduct a witch-hunt and create a climate of McCarthyism have been met with countercharges that UMNO has, in fact, been infiltrated by Communists, as evidenced by the cases uncovered so far—with others rumored still to come. Though the televised confessions seemed genuine, it was also apparent that the way they were promoted was designed to further the political ambitions of certain UMNO leaders, particularly those of Home Affairs Minister Tan Sri Ghazali Shafie, who is in charge of security activities.

So far, Hussein has kept his cool and tried to keep the intraparty conflicts from damaging the basic unity that UMNO has almost always managed to maintain under pressure. While Hussein has constantly stressed the dangers of the new insurgency's becoming stronger and has maintained that this requires vigilance and firmness, he has also emphasized that only by redressing racial imbalances to improve economic conditions for the poor, especially for the majority of poor Malays, can Malaysia survive. He is fully aware that the nation has a brief and fragile tradition of national unity; that UMNO cannot afford to wreck itself through internal squabbling, particularly in view of what he and others regard as the serious new Communist threat; and, finally, that Malaysia's future depends on its being able to contain its communal problems if it cannot solve them. His admonitions about creating a sounder social and economic balance—which will not be easy to do in the atmosphere of nervousness and tension around the country—can be traced directly to the 1969 riots. These outbreaks demonstrated the fragility of the new nation, and made its leaders far more sensitive to the dangers of ethnic and political instability. The riots were precipitated by the national and state elections of 1969, which jolted UMNO, until then confident that it was in firm control and that the so-called Alliance it had formed, in 1955, with the Malayan Chinese Association, then as now a conservative Chinese group, and the Malayan Indian Congress, a basically innocuous party, had no serious opposition. The election proved otherwise. Whereas in 1964 in West Malaysia the Alliance had won eighty-nine seats in the federal parliament and the combined opposition only fifteen, the 1969 results dropped the Alliance total to sixty-six and raised the opposition's strength to thirty-seven; in addition, the opposition parties made strong gains



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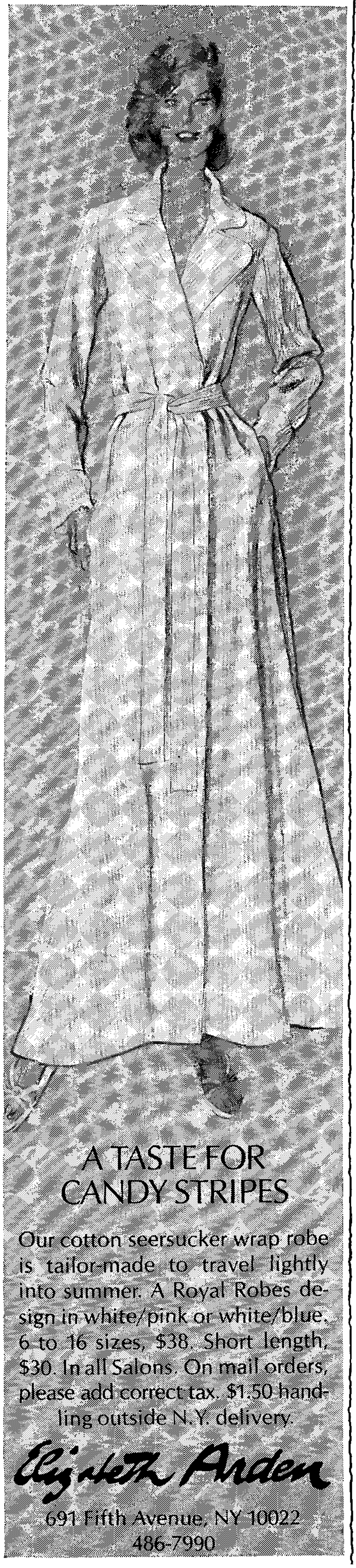

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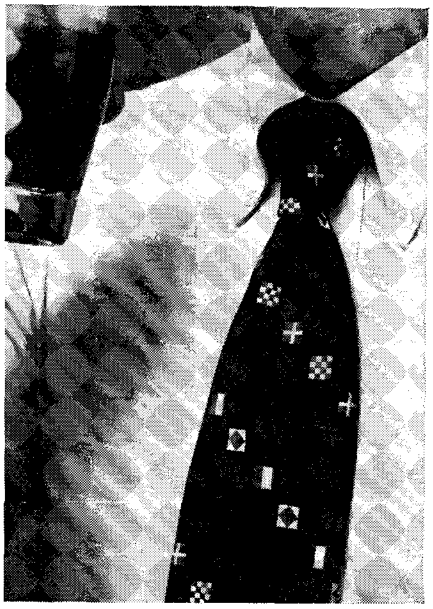
in the elections for state assemblies. Not only did minority Malay parties, including an ultra-conservative one, win more seats but—what was more disturbing as far as UMNO was concerned—new, more militant Chinese parties made strong inroads into the strength of the placid and pliable Malayan Chinese Association. UMNO feared that the power of the Alliance was being dangerously eroded by upstart Chinese elements, and saw its grip on the country slipping away.

Accounts of the riots still vary, but there is no dispute about the prime cause. This was UMNO's inability to form a state government in Selangor, where Kuala Lumpur is situated, because the new Chinese parties had taken away its local majority. UMNO tried to persuade a predominantly Chinese middle-of-the-road party known as Gerakan, or the Malaysian People's Movement, to join the Alliance and help set up a new Selangor administration, but Gerakan refused to go along, and on May 9th, after this refusal, members of Gerakan and of the more leftist Chinese Democratic Action Party marched on the home of the Selangor Chief Minister, Harun Idris, and demanded that he get out. Indians as well as Chinese started demonstrations, in which both groups ran through the streets jeering at Malays and shouting such slogans as "Kuala Lumpur is Chinese now!" and "Malays, go back to your villages!" and "Malays are powerless!" Emotional UMNO youth leaders planned to retaliate by holding a procession on the evening of May 13th. The procession, for which police permission had been obtained, was to start from Harun's residence, and the preceding evening Malay youths visited seven suburban kampongs, or villages, to mobilize support. By dusk on the thirteenth, Harun's house was surrounded by a crowd of four or five thousand, some of its members armed with sticks and knives. Harun claims that he tried to quiet the crowd, but there are those who say he incited it further. (In March, 1976, Harun was ousted from his government post, charged with party disloyalty and corruption, and was also read out of UMNO, though he has since been readmitted.) At any rate, shortly before seven o'clock a van was set afire near Harun's residence, and two Chinese who were in it were killed by a group of Malays. The mob in front of Harun's home then took off for a market area, where some two hundred Chinese were killed, after which Chinese *triad*, or gangster, groups responded by raid-



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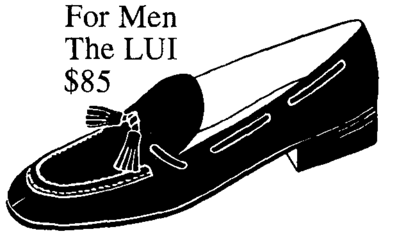

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ing a theatre and stabbing Malays in the audience. The riots spread quickly, and the list of dead grew as police and troops slowly reacted.

Amok is a Malay word, and the 1969 *amok* is still sharp in the memories of people here, who speak of it as a national blight that seared the land. It undeniably produced shock waves throughout the body politic and jolted the frail psychological balance of the young country. Not only did a new state of national emergency have to be proclaimed, but, more important, the riots created a crisis of confidence among the Malays, who had badly underestimated the feelings of resentment against them among the Chinese and the Indians. The solidarity of UMNO itself was threatened when the Malay ultras questioned the leadership of Prime Minister Abdul Rahman, who was chairman of the party and who believed firmly in coöperating with the Chinese and the Indians to maintain a multiracial government. Rahman weathered this criticism, thanks to the support of his closest aides, including Razak, who was then Deputy Prime Minister and in many ways already the most important figure in the government. In June and July of 1970, elections were held in Sabah and Sarawak, and those results proved a pleasant surprise for the Alliance: not only did it hold its own in Sarawak but in Sabah a local merger of racial groups supporting the Alliance swept the boards. These elections led to the termination of the national emergency the following February, and the restoration of democratic rule.

THE Malay-dominated Alliance, however, had learned a lesson. It had been alerted to the dangers of the challenge by the new, ambitious, liberal Chinese parties. When Razak, who was emotionally more Malay-oriented than Rahman, took over as Prime Minister, in September, 1970, he began a political consolidation that led to the creation of a broader organization, called the Barisan Nasional (National Front), in time for the next elections, in 1974. The Front originally consisted of eight parties: the three members of the old Alliance; two other parties, basically Chinese, one of which was Gerakan; a right-wing Moslem group called Partai Islam; and the dominant multiracial parties of Sabah and Sarawak. (It has since grown to encompass a dozen parties.) Razak's strategy paid off handsomely. In the 1974 federal elections, the National Front won a hundred and thirty-five seats in the parliament, and

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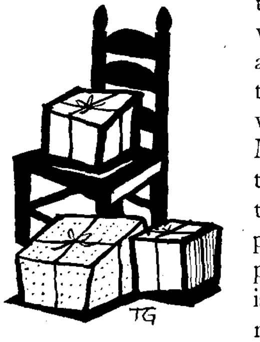
the opposition parties—only three won seats—nineteen. An opposition party in Sarawak which won nine seats joined the Front last year, so the opposition seats are now down to ten. (The next elections are scheduled for 1979.) But the 1974 results were somewhat misleading. The opposition, though its members failed to work together and apportion seats, actually won thirty-seven per cent of the popular vote; it was because the nation's constituencies had been flagrantly gerrymandered to favor the rural Malay voters over the urban Chinese that the minority parties, which were mostly Chinese, won only a handful of seats. Razak's maneuvering had worked for the moment, but the political situation remained uncertain, even within UMNO itself. And, more important, the social and economic situation was more serious than ever, having been made critical by the world recession and by inflation, which hit Malaysia hard. Rubber and tin prices dropped sharply in 1974 and 1975 while prices of consumer items soared. The racial aspects of all this, together with the new insurgency, continue to pose threats to Malaysia's peace and security, even though the economy now shows signs of regained prosperity.

Malaysians dote on planning. The country has had five-year plans ever since 1956, when it was still Malaya, and volumes of studies and statistics on every phase of the society and the economy attest to its reputation as perhaps the most thoroughly self-analyzed of all the developing nations. Rural development has been the thread running through practically all the plans, though what was called the First Malaysia Plan, of 1966-70, placed its primary emphasis on integrating the economies of Peninsular Malaysia and Sabah and Sarawak. In the Second Plan, drawn up after the race riots and running from 1971 to 1975, the stress was on national unity and a "New Economic Policy," which together had the objective of eradicating poverty among all Malaysians, irrespective of race, and "restructuring" the nation's society to correct economic imbalances among the races. Inequity of income distribution is certainly a major problem. According to a recent study of the Malaysian economy, conducted by the World Bank on the basis of the voluminous surveys that the Malaysians have prepared, forty per cent of the population has a total monthly household income of less than ten United States dollars, which is twenty-five Malaysian dollars; eighty-seven per cent of the households in question are those of farmers and farm laborers, most of whom are coconut farmers and rubber "smallholders" (who grow rubber trees on a few acres), the rest being rice farmers, fishermen, and landless workers; seventy-seven per cent of these households are Malay, and only fourteen per cent are Chinese.



The World Bank and other concerned groups and individuals have concluded that in future planning the heaviest emphasis must be placed on rural development, and that the secondary goal of restructuring the ethnic shares of incomes and employment is inextricably linked with widespread rural poverty. But critics of the planning that has been done so far—and the World Bank shares their view to a degree—maintain that much more work has to be done on identifying the specific problems of the various poverty groups. Some states, for example—especially Kelantan and Trengganu, in the north—are far more backward than others, and there are different degrees of poverty, which require diverse solutions. Political scientists and economists at the University of Malaya, in Kuala Lumpur, are among those who have stressed this point, and one of them, Stephen Chee, has written, "Rural poverty is directly attributable to the benign neglect of a benevolent colonial government which worked on the premise that Malays were best governed if they and their sociocultural system were left uninterfered with. Consequently, the Malays became spectators to the economic modernization of the country." Some politicians, including the present Deputy Prime Minister, Mahathir Mohammed, have maintained that ethnocultural deficiencies among the Malays necessitate their being specially provided for. Mahathir wrote a book a number of years ago called "The Malay Dilemma," in which he propounded this chauvinistic argument, and, partly because of the book and partly because of his opposition to Prime Minister Rahman's multiracial policies, he was banished from UMNO for a few years. (His book is still banned in Malaysia.) The majority of critics don't agree with this "racial stereotyping," as Chee puts it, and,

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moreover, feel that it has dangerous communal connotations, especially in view of the fact that since the 1969 riots, as Chee notes, "communalization has gone more subterranean and is more dangerous psychologically because it has become more politicized and could be catalyzed by the new insurgency."

In a talk I had with Mahathir, who is also Minister of Education, he declared that the 1969 disturbances were due to "the extreme insecurity of the Malays" and insisted that "we must redress the balance." Though he advocated policies for elevating the status of the *bumiputras*, or Malay "sons of the soil," Mahathir said, it was "a misunderstanding" to conclude that such policies aided solely the Malays. He cited a large project under way in one area to introduce double cropping among Malay farmers by improving agricultural techniques. "This is not helping just the Malays," he said. "The first and biggest beneficiaries are the Chinese traders, contractors, machine-shop owners, and so on, because when the Malays make more money they don't put it in the bank, unless they're saving for a trip to Mecca—they spend it. Ninety per cent of the original benefits thus go to the Chinese." This may be true in some cases, but after leaving Mahathir I spoke with a number of Chinese and Indians, and came away with the definite feeling that the *bumiputra* policy had made them doubt whether, in the long run, they had any future role in the country. Unquestionably, most of the economic wealth which is not in the hands of foreigners is in the hands of the Chinese, but the non-Malays are feeling increasingly discriminated against, despite Mahathir's claims. The feeling is especially strong among Chinese professional men, such as doctors, and several thousand either have left Malaysia for such places as Australia, or are talking about doing so. One Chinese, a young businessman who is also active in politics, remarked to me, "We feel we have a reduced commitment here."

The so-called New Economic Policy, which was set forth in the Second Malaysia Plan and is being extended in the Third, which started last year, continues to pursue the social-restructuring objectives and to attempt to deal with poverty more fairly among all races. The New Economic Policy envisages the redistribution of wealth as well as of incomes by 1990. In 1970, according to the statistics, Malays' ownership of share capital in what are known, in

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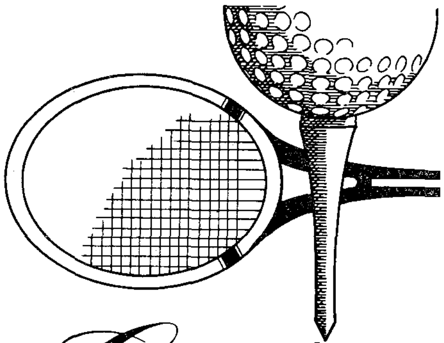

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British terminology, as limited companies was only two per cent of the total, while foreigners, primarily Europeans, Americans, and Japanese, held sixty-one per cent and Chinese and a much smaller number of Indians and other Asians held thirty-seven per cent. By 1990, the Malays are supposed to hold thirty-per-cent ownership in all commercial and industrial activities, the indigenous Chinese, Indians, and other Asians forty per cent, and foreigners thirty per cent. The total volume of shares held is supposed to increase by 1990 to five times what it was in 1970, as the manufacturing sector grows larger and the value of the gross national product increases by a projected eight per cent or more a year, but the Chinese, Indians, and foreigners remain skeptical about their chances of retaining what they regard as their fair share of the pie. One of the principal objectives of the Third Malaysia Plan is to help poor rural Chinese—especially those who have been living in the four hundred and sixty-five New Villages that were set up to isolate the Chinese peasants from the Communists during the Emergency. These villages were badly neglected when the Emergency ended, and most of the Chinese who live in them are landless and, unless they are near towns, have found it hard to obtain any regular employment. While the Third Plan is bold in its aims and prognoses—a total of about eighteen billion dollars is to be expended, or almost twice as much as was spent for the Second Plan—there are doubts on the part of many analysts that the government can cope with it bureaucratically, especially in some of the poorer states that most need help but that are the worst equipped in both human and technical terms to utilize it and to deal with innovations. Under such circumstances, the danger of increasing rather than diminishing racial friction in the rural areas as well as in the urban centers, especially Kuala Lumpur, remains considerable. Reflecting the growing worry over the spreading insurgency, the government has allocated six hundred and fifteen million dollars for defense over the next five years, double the total of the past five, and the manner in which this is spent, involving relocation of people now living in the most vulnerable parts of the country, could also lead to renewed racial strain.

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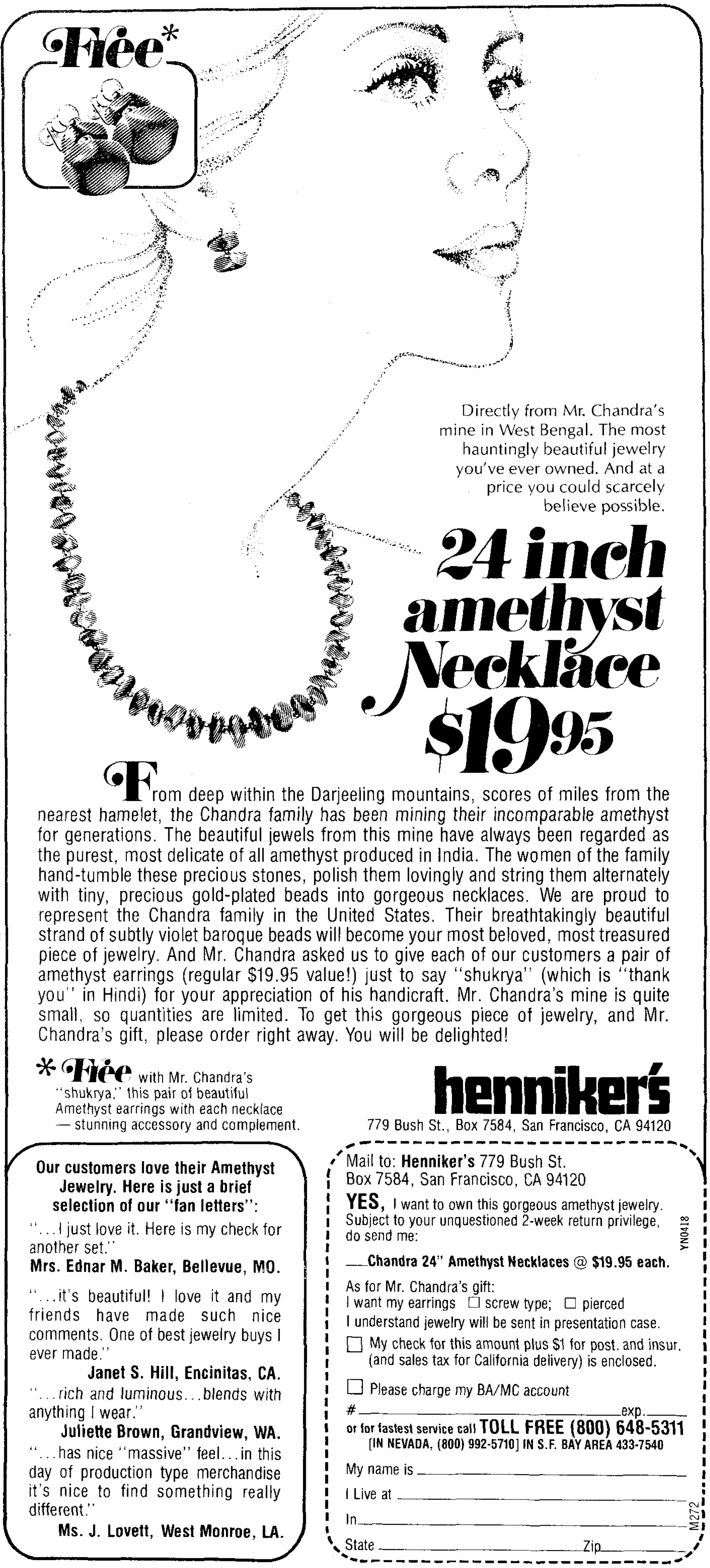
palm oil and petroleum, is to be stepped up, and the number and kinds of goods that are fabricated and manufactured here are to be increased. But there is also considerable doubt whether, as the corporate structure grows, the vast majority of poor *bumiputras* will benefit very much. Even if their incomes rise with wider employment in manufacturing and commerce, they are still not likely to amass enough savings to buy heavily into businesses or purchase corporate shares. In fact, many independent observers are afraid that the restructuring that is supposed to take place will increase strains and tensions not only among the various races—primarily the Chinese and Indians versus the Malays—but within the ranks of the Malays themselves. Already, a new Malay élite and middle class, taking advantage of the greater opportunities afforded Malays today, are improving their living standards, most notably in the urban areas, where they tend to identify themselves with the better-off Chinese. Restructuring, then, according to a University of Malaya professor, Dr. L. Lourdesamy, may actually decrease rather than promote national unity. He points out that none of the races are homogeneous—nor should they be, he adds—and he poses the question whether the problem of unity is not essentially one of "politics and culture" rather than one of economics. In the opinion of many, the true solution is not Malay dominance through UMNO and the National Front, but real and effective multiracial policies, along with greater concentration not only on ameliorating poverty but on improving "the quality of life" for all races. "We haven't thought sufficiently in humanitarian terms," another faculty member, Professor Rahim Mohkzani, says. "There is no mechanism to take care of individuals who are unfairly treated, regardless of what race they come from. Too much stress is laid on economic input, not enough on social considerations." The Third Malaysia Plan does take some cognizance of these considerations, and there is fresh emphasis on setting higher health and nutritional standards, on rural resettlement schemes and urban squatter relocation, and on elevating the status of women and encouraging the growth of consumer organizations. But in all these areas, as Mohkzani points out, adequate research and sufficient understanding of personal factors are still lacking.

Ever since independence, and especially since the 1969 race riots, it has been the government's underlying prin-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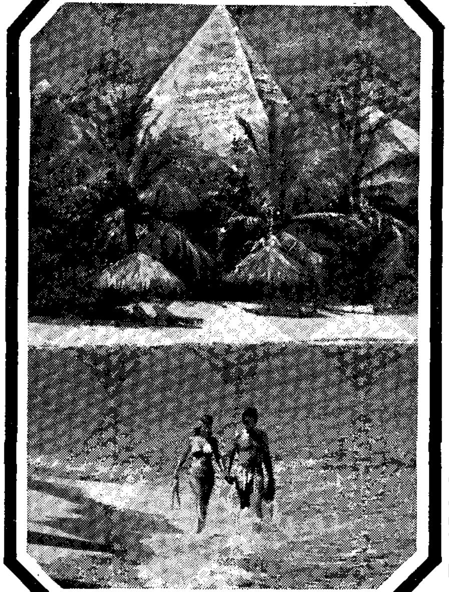

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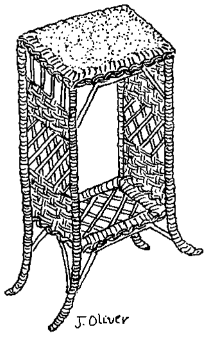
ciple that the lot of the Malays must be improved economically at the same time that their hand is strengthened politically. In accepting a secondary political position, the Chinese—or most of them, at any rate—have been taking comfort in their far superior economic status. One American diplomat says, "They adopted the attitude of 'We'll make do with our Mercedes 230s and let the Malays maintain political control.' But the restructuring plans are causing increased resentment as they take effect. New horizontal rather than vertical divisions are growing up, and, by internalizing politics within the National Front, the government has restricted their scope, which is the opposite of what we try to do in the United States. The problem is compounded by the fact that there aren't any outstanding Chinese political leaders." Another source of uneasiness among the Chinese and the Indians is the growing predominance of the Malays in the civil service, particularly since there has been a decline of efficiency in many departments—the police are an exception—and some increase in corruption. As a friend of mine, an Indian, put it, "The Malays don't work hard, because they know they don't have to in order to get ahead, and the Chinese and Indians don't, either, because they know that even if they do they won't get promoted."



STILL other sources of racial friction are language and education. In 1957, Malay was made the nation's official language and English was retained as the first foreign language, though every racial community had the right to use its own language, and Chinese schools, mostly private ones, continued to operate. By 1970, Malay had become the only language used in government primary schools, and today practically all teaching through the university level is in Malay, so students and professors alike have to learn it. Private schools for the Chinese still exist, but if Chinese students attend the University of Malaya or one of the seven other institutions of higher learning in West Malaysia they now have to learn Malay. English remains the second language. The Chinese regard these regulations as another example of their being forced into a secondary position. The Malayanization process has extended to university enrollment. The University of Malaya used to be mostly Chinese, but now its student body of nine thousand is more than half Malayan; as in the past, though, the Chinese still concentrate on the sciences and the Malayans on liberal arts. The quality of teaching in many faculties, such as medicine, has declined as Chinese and European professors have left; and, also, approximately as many university students—around thirty thousand—as are enrolled in Malaysia are studying abroad these days.

Those in foreign schools, mainly in Australia and England, have frequently criticized the government in Kuala Lumpur, which has kept them under surveillance. Strict control of the university students within Malaysia—and especially of their political activities—has been in effect since the passage of amendments to the Universities and University Colleges Act in April, 1975. Within Malaysia, not more than five students can hold a meeting on any university property, no boycotts of classes are allowed, no student or student groups can carry on any outside activities without special permission, and strict disciplinary rules, extending even to what a student can or cannot keep in his dormitory, are imposed. Full group responsibility for any breach of discipline by a single student further inhibits student action, and severe penalties are imposed for violations. These rules, far harsher than those for students in any other non-Communist nation, with the exception of South Korea and Burma—and even more rigid than those governing student political action in some of the Communist countries, notably China—are regarded by students and many faculty members, not to mention opposition political leaders, as more abhorrent than the security regulations, but there seems to be little organized effort to change them. I visited the large University of Malaya campus on several occasions and always found it placid and almost bucolic—far different, I realized, from what it had been in December, 1974, when student demonstrations led directly to the passage of the university laws. Significantly, those demonstrations were not interracial but involved mainly the Malays. The trouble was sparked by the government's failure to handle a poverty problem in a Malay area two hundred miles from Kuala Lumpur—in Baling, in the northern state of Kedah, where poverty was widespread. The price of rubber had declined from a high of a hundred and eight dollars a kilo in February to thirty-nine dollars a kilo in November, and the local smallholders became aroused after a boy was alleged to have died of starvation and five other people died when, in desperation, they ate poisonous roots. In late November, ten thousand men, women, and children started a protest march but were stopped by the police, with tear gas. The government, which controls the news media, tried to prevent the story from leaking out, but then, by distributing special rice rations in the area and acknowledging the deaths from the poisonous roots, it virtually confirmed the reports. Two weeks later, when students had just come back from their holidays, three or four thousand of them from the University of Malaya and other institutions began a march from the university's campus, on the outskirts of Kuala Lumpur, to a big, grassy square downtown called the Padang. Again, the police broke up the march with tear gas, and, though no one was killed, a number of people were hurt and more than a thousand students were arrested, as was a popular sociology professor named Dr. Syed Hussein Ali, a member of the People's Socialist Party. He is still in jail, but all except half a dozen of the students have been released. As a result of the incident, not only were the new university amendments passed but the structure of the University of Malaya was altered to give the Chancellor and his assistants added disciplinary powers that verge on the dictatorial—a move deeply resented by the more liberal faculty members.

The 1974 affair, although it was not nearly as serious as the 1969 riots, served to focus attention anew on the issue of poverty. At a three-day seminar at the university last spring, all aspects of the matter were discussed, and, with the issuance of the Third Malaysia Plan, the subject is again in the forefront. On the surface, poverty seems scarcely to affect the ordinary pace of life in Kuala Lumpur, which, with a population of about eight hundred thousand, is one of Asia's smaller capitals. There is a growing influx from the countryside, however, and one has to go only as far as the outskirts to come upon squatter areas, where as much as a third of the city's population lives in huts or shacks or other ramshackle dwellings. The government has instituted a housing program, but it has not kept up with the growing numbers of squatters. They are almost all rural Malays who have come to town in search of work, and are grateful to get

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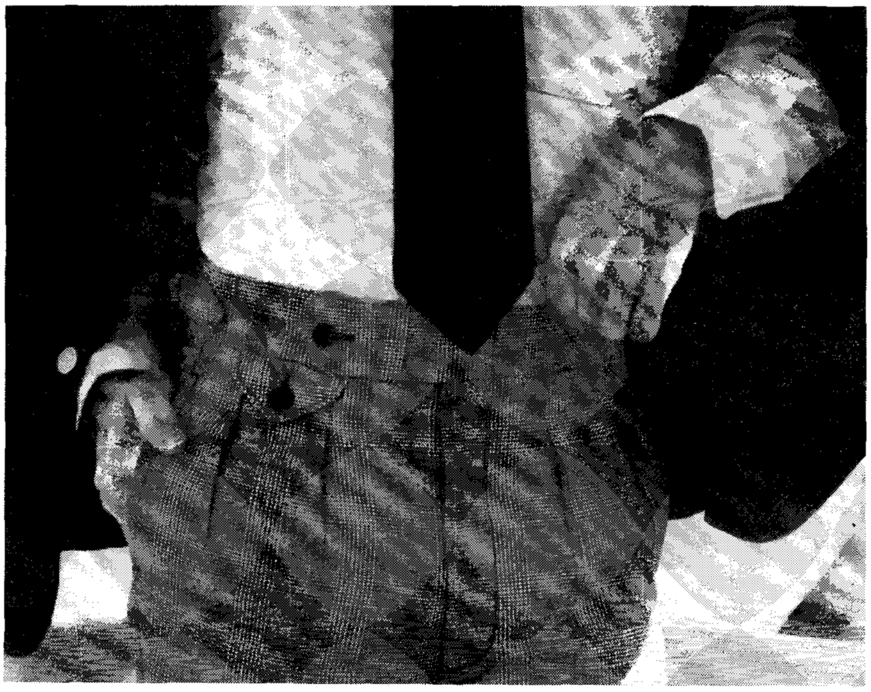

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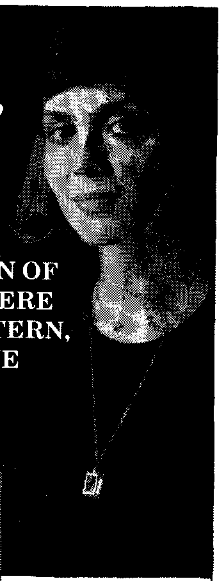

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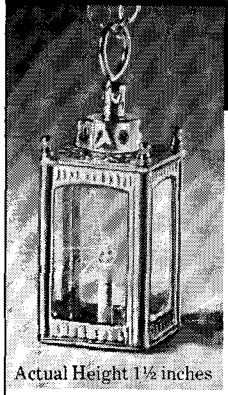

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even the most menial jobs. The Malay poor, whose religion bids them share what little they have, don't do much begging, and about the only beggars one sees on the streets are Indians who have arrived comparatively recently and have trouble getting citizenship and work papers.

In Kuala Lumpur, which in the past fifteen or so years has become a modern city, with tall new office buildings and hotels and two new showcase public structures—a white-latticed parliament building and a large mosque—the contrasts between wealth and poverty are more extreme than they are elsewhere in the country. While the old downtown area around the Padang and the Selangor Club, where British planters still drink their whiskey or beer under slow-turning fans, has changed relatively little, the surrounding streets provide a strange mixture of old-style colonial government structures, run-down small shops, restaurants, and supermarkets, and relatively new banks and commercial buildings, which are the hub of the country's busy commercial and financial life. Malays, in their colorful skirts and blouses, and Indians, in their longer saris and robes, mingle with Europeans and smartly Western-dressed Chinese. No one appears to be in a terrible hurry, but a lot seems to get done, especially now that the prices of rubber, tin, and palm oil are rising again. Over the last several years, at least half of the government ministries have been moved to the fringes of the city, away from the squatter areas, and the flow of traffic—which, as in all Asian cities, has been getting worse each year—has consequently increased to the point where it often becomes utterly tied up.

Although Kuala Lumpur is an unquestionably Asian place, it retains some flavor of colonialism, and, to make the atmosphere still more cosmopolitan, such things as entertainment, including films and television shows, are becoming more Western—specifically, more American. While I was in Kuala Lumpur, a Wild West rodeo troupe was staying at my hotel, and, in their broad cowboy hats and high-heeled boots, its members looked strange among the Malays and Chinese who packed the local stadium for each noisy, galloping performance. When I asked some Malay friends about this enthusiasm for remote cultural attractions, I was told that "we Malays are cultural escapists," and that "we Malays don't have much cultural heritage of our own." Literature, for example, is pa-

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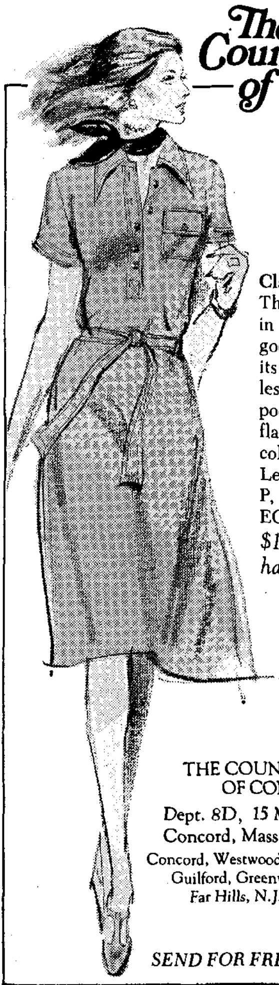

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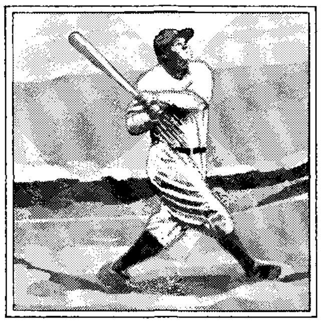
rochial, most of it consisting of simple poems and short stories published in magazines and newspapers. Moreover, the Malays of Malaysia have no indigenous heroes, in contrast to the Indonesians, many of whom are of Malay origin but whose cultural pantheon is wide and varied and full of historical and mythological figures. The Malayan peninsula has been cut off from this cultural heritage because of its geographical separation from Indonesia by the Strait of Malacca. Moreover, in the colonial period the British sought to Anglicize much of the society of the peninsula and keep the rest fragmented. A search for local heroes continues, but sources seem pathetically thin. Over the past two years, for example, an official committee has spent twenty-five thousand dollars to investigate evidence that a man said to be more than a hundred years old (in his dotage, he insists on remaining silent) is a former Malay warrior who fought against the British in the nineteenth century. No conclusion has yet been reached. Without heroes, the Malays tend to rely on royal pomp to stir their imaginations and add zest to their lives. In February of last year, I watched the coronation of Sultan Yahya Petra as the sixth Yang di-Pertuan Agong, or King of Malaysia, in a highly colorful ceremony at Kuala Lumpur, attended by eight other hereditary Malaysian sultans and their retinues, who were dressed in elaborate costumes of all shades and shapes. The coronation of a new king, a ritual that dates back to the fifteenth century, traditionally takes place every five years, with the sultans taking turns wearing the crown. As descendants of the original Malay ruling families, they provide a link with the past which the culturally starved Malays find emotionally rewarding.

Although the king and the sultans play no active political role in Malaysia, they are informed and consulted about important matters, much as the sovereign is in England. Thus, when Prime Minister Hussein selected Mahathir as his deputy, he went to see the King before announcing it at a press conference. Mahathir was chosen over two other senior vice-presidents of UMNO: Ghafar Baba, the Minister of Agriculture, who immediately resigned in a huff; and Razaleigh Hamzah, who, until he stepped down last September, headed Petronas, the government petroleum corporation, and who was named Minister of Finance. Ghafar had been generally favored to get the job, but Hussein, mindful of the fact that Ghafar has a num-



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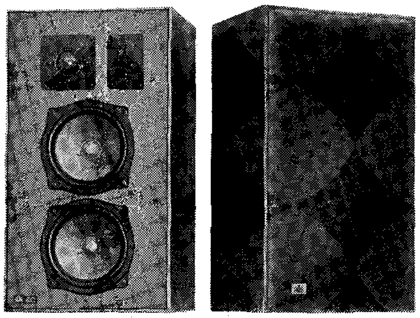

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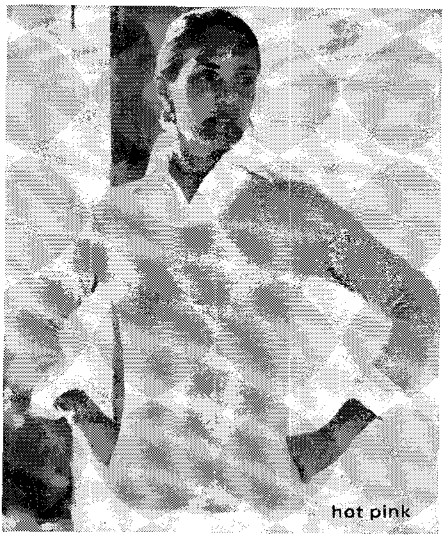
ber of influential enemies, and not wishing to exacerbate the divisions within UMNO, passed him over. As for Razaleigh, at thirty-seven he was considered too young for the job—and, besides, he was unmarried; among Moslems, who are allowed as many as four wives, bachelorhood is looked upon as a handicap for high office. Mahathir, despite what is classified as a radical Moslem background ("radical" in this instance meaning right-wing), was thought by Hussein to be a prudent choice. Nevertheless, Mahathir's selection as Deputy Prime Minister, which makes him heir apparent to Hussein, who is fifty-five and had a serious heart attack two years ago, was not happily received by the Chinese. And, oddly enough, as a result of the recent rash of arrests and confessions, which Mahathir is said to have opposed, he is now being criticized by some of the leaders of the right. In Malaysian politics, bedfellows seem to make constant switches.

SINCE succeeding Razak, Hussein has demonstrated his ability to make difficult decisions, and it is this that has surprised many people—for, though his moderate position and his background as a lawyer and a politician were respected, there was some doubt about his toughness and his capacity for running the country with a firm hand. Rahman as Prime Minister was a father figure; he is now seventy-three years old but continues to play an influential behind-the-scenes political role. Razak was primarily an administrator, and because he was suffering from his fatal illness during two of his five years as Prime Minister, he found it increasingly hard to deal with critical issues. Hussein, a somewhat impatient and testy man who tends to do a lot of private brooding and to reach decisions by himself, or sometimes after secret consultations with a few members of his staff, is almost completely inaccessible to the press. His high sense of rectitude is his most admirable quality, and this has marked his unusual political background. His father, Onn Jaafar, was the founder of UMNO and one of the leaders in the fight for independence, but in 1953 he and Hussein quit UMNO to start a multiracial party, which they felt was necessary to pursue the fight for independence. Their multiracialism was more tactical than ideological, however, and both father and son were regarded as Moslem nationalists. Hussein did not reënter politics until 1968, when he rejoined UMNO; he ran successfully for parliament the following year. Just how successfully he will be



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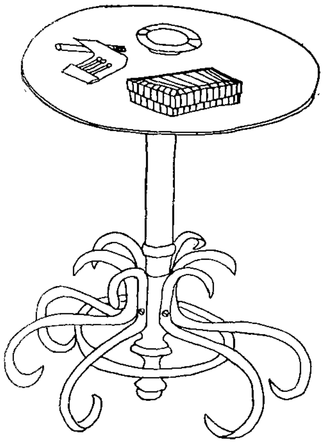
able to maintain a consensus in UMNO today remains to be seen, especially under the circumstances of the new party crisis engendered by the charge of Communist infiltration. UMNO will hold its next party conference in 1978, and Hussein's continued tenure as Prime Minister will depend upon his being reëlected as party chairman. While he faces no serious threat at the moment, growing rivalries and power plays within UMNO's ranks could weaken his position. As for the National Front, even though there are indications that Hussein may relax the extreme *bumiputra* policies of the past, its future is also in question as the Chinese become ever more discontented with their secondary political role and with the rise of the Malay élite and middle class.



Hussein's hatred of corruption and his determination to keep firm control over dissidents were clearly demonstrated last year by his almost ruthless handling of the case involving Harun Idris, the Selangor Chief Minister. When Harun permitted the UMNO youth organization, which he headed, to criticize the new government on the grounds that UMNO had lost control over the nation's affairs and had been infiltrated by Communists, Hussein moved against Harun swiftly, and with a surgical precision that amazed everyone and left little doubt about his ability to handle crises. First, he called a meeting of the UMNO Supreme Council at his home and persuaded it to expel Harun from UMNO for breaches of party discipline, which thus removed him from the leadership of the UMNO youth wing. Then, when Harun got the youth group to speak up for him, Hussein called the youth leaders together and gave them a thorough and effective rebuke, after which the Selangor state assembly removed Harun as Chief Minister. Harun had already been on leave from that office for several months because corruption charges had been filed against him for misuse of his state office and for forgery and "abetment of criminal breach of trust" in his handling of funds of the Bank Rakyat (People's Bank), which he headed. Last May, he was found guilty and sentenced to two years in jail on one of the corruption charges against him, concerning money he received from the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, one of the most prominent concerns in the Far East, which wanted approval to put up a large new office building in downtown Kuala Lumpur, and last September he went on trial in the other case, involving bank-stock manipulations. He was found guilty of these charges in January and sentenced to another six months. As Selangor's Chief Minister for twelve years, he was one of the most powerful men in the country, and his fall from power provided a major political shock, whose repercussions may not yet be over.

Harun's fall does not appear to be permanent. Last October, he was readmitted to UMNO, and the conservative faction he represents had already regained control of the UMNO youth group. Harun is appealing both of his convictions, and if his name is eventually cleared, he could still make a comeback.

A SIMILAR situation has existed in the state of Sabah, where the United Sabah National Organization, or USNO, headed by Mustapha Harun—no relation of Harun Idris', but a friend of his—was defeated in state elections last spring by a new party, called Berjaya. Mustapha, who had been a godfather figure in Sabah for the past decade, having made a fortune out of dealings in timber concessions and squandered much of it in personal pleasure-seeking and lavish living, resigned as Chief Minister at the end of 1975, several months after Berjaya was formed. It was headed by Mohammed Fuad Stephens, a former head of state who had been a blood brother of Mustapha's until the latter threatened to take Sabah out of Malaysia and form a new nation with himself as Sultan. Berjaya was started with the blessings of the late Prime Minister Razak, who had also earlier backed Mustapha but decided to clip his wings when he became too flagrant in his self-aggrandizement and began his secessionist overtures. When Mustapha stepped down as Chief Minister in favor of his deputy, he still continued to run Sabah from behind the scenes and was expected to take over again after the elections.

The upset victory of Berjaya, which won twenty-eight of forty-eight seats in the state legislature, was followed by

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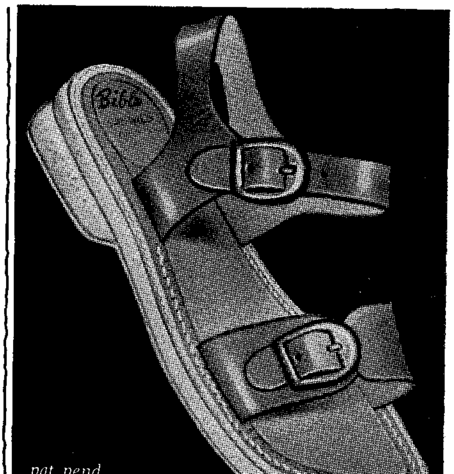
tragedy when, early in June, a private plane carrying eleven passengers, including Stephens, his son, and three new government ministers, crashed as it was about to land in Kota Kinabalu, the state capital, killing all occupants. The new Chief Minister, the No. 3 Berjaya man, Harris Salleh, quickly took the reins and has managed to form a government. The election had been a wild one, full of charges and countercharges, and accompanied by a few bombings, and the situation undoubtedly would have got out of hand if Prime Minister Hussein had not sent over a thousand extra police to keep order. Corruption remains widespread, and Sabah's eight hundred thousand people, especially the backward tribal groups in the rural areas, have more or less been ignored as development has lagged, despite the state's rich resources. Harris pledged to implement the various economic and social reforms that Stephens had promised. At first, Mustapha showed a wish to coöperate with Harris and Berjaya, and even expressed a desire to disband his party, but USNO is still very much alive, though it recently lost a hotly contested by-election to an independent candidate who has since announced his support of Berjaya. Like Harun, Mustapha may still have ambitions for the future and he could again become a disruptive influence and give Hussein more headaches. After deliberation, Hussein accepted USNO as part of the National Front, but Berjaya is still running Sabah with more autonomy than any other part of Malaysia enjoys.

While Hussein will probably devote most of his attention to domestic matters, he has shown himself capable of following in Razak's footsteps as an outstanding Southeast Asian leader. While Malaysia, as one of the five members of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations, or ASEAN, favors the creation of a neutral and peaceful Southeast Asia, it also seeks the best possible relations with the Communist nations, including Vietnam, with which it has also established ties—a top-level Hanoi delegation visited Kuala Lumpur last July—while remaining neutral in the Sino-Soviet conflict. Significantly, as the Chinese embassy in Kuala Lumpur builds up its relations with the local Chinese community, the Russians are trying to appeal to the Malays, although the recent arrests and confessions created an obvious embarrassment for Moscow. The Chinese Communist Party continues to lend ideological support and encouragement to the Malayan Communist Party, and



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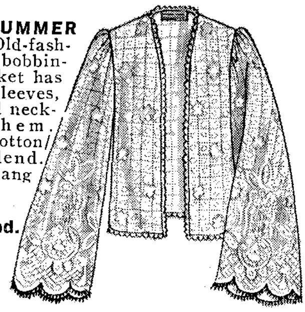

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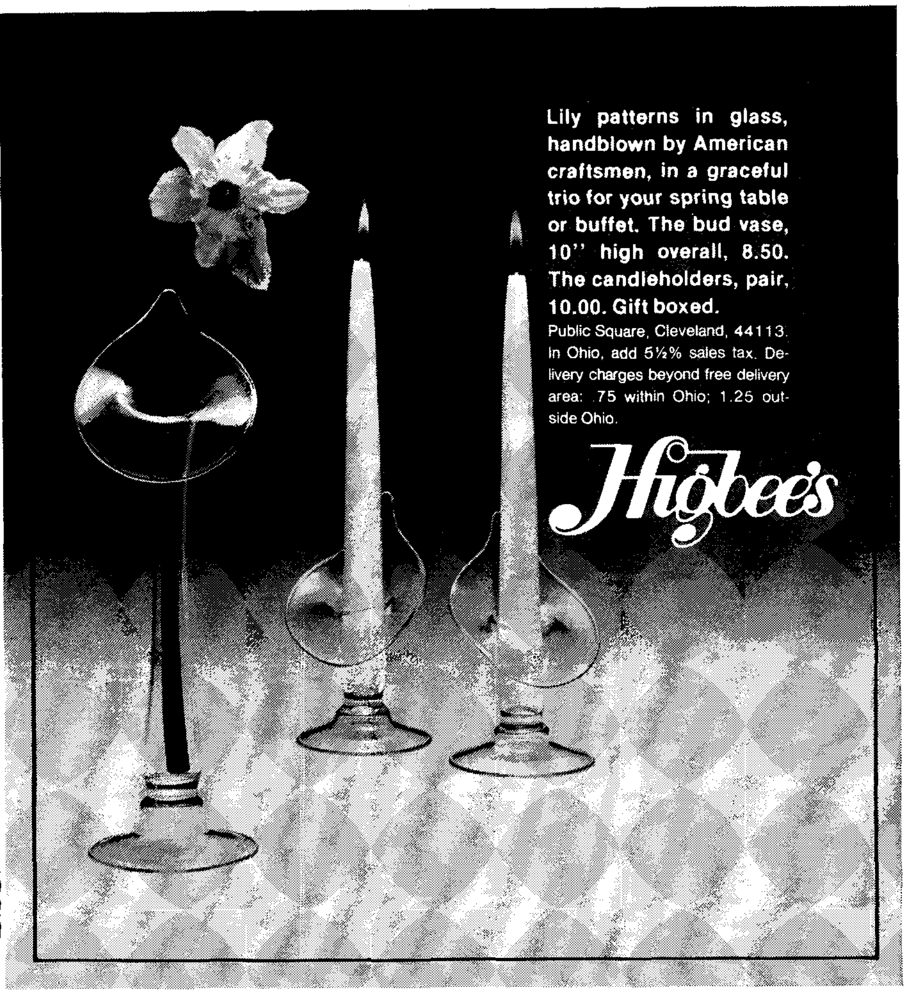
Hanoi has openly espoused revolutionary movements in the area, though a visiting North Vietnamese leader, Deputy Foreign Minister Phan Hien, asserted that revolution would henceforth not be "exported" and that North Vietnam wants to establish good bilateral relations with the other Southeast Asian nations. The Malaysians are increasingly defending their own bilateral relationships, with Thailand and Indonesia in particular. In the words of one foreign-affairs expert, "We can only live in the world as it is," and while Malaysia wants to establish a permanent relationship with Vietnam, it has no illusions about the possibility of future Vietnamese encroachments in Southeast Asia. As the expert put it, Malaysia remains pro-Western, and will continue to build up its trade relations with the Western nations—including the United States, which buys much of its rubber and tin—and to maintain a pro-Arab policy in the Middle East. Thus, overall, the country's foreign policy is as much of a balancing act as its domestic politics are.

MALAYSIA has a land border with only one country, Thailand, and that is only three hundred and twenty miles long, but, as far as the Malaysians are concerned, one short border is enough. Were it not for Thailand, the insurgency problem could be easily contained within Malaysia, but since the insurgents use southern Thailand as their sanctuary, and only between a fifth and a tenth of their armed men venture into Malaysia at a time, the Thai proximity is a sore point. Though Thai-Malaysian relations have been basically peaceful, there has long been friction over border-control questions. The Thais coöperate with the Malaysians in trying to curb smuggling, but up until a few months ago had not been particularly coöperative about the insurgents, who take a live-and-let-live attitude toward the inhabitants of southern Thailand, where old-fashioned banditry also flourishes. The Thais tended to more or less ignore the interlopers and to concentrate on eliminating the bandits. Besides, they have to cope with an armed group of several hundred Moslem separatists—whom the Thais accuse, with some justification, of receiving their inspiration from Moslem radicals in the northern Malaysian states. (Nine-tenths of the inhabitants of southern Thailand are Moslems, and the separatist movement there has deep historical roots.) The Thais have a more serious insurgency problem of their own to contend with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in northern and northeastern Thailand, but in the past few months the southern insurgents—both those who are members of the Communist Party of Thailand and those whose home base is Malaysia—have become more active. This has led to fresh efforts by Thailand and Malaysia to reëstablish a twelve-year-old border agreement that was all but abrogated last April, when, following some demonstrations in the Betong district, which were believed to have been Communist-led, since Betong is virtually controlled by the Communists, the Thais demanded that several hundred Malaysian Field Force troops regularly stationed there be withdrawn. The Malaysians were upset by this and announced that they would regard Betong as a "hostile area" and return if the situation demanded it. For about a year, relations between the Thais and the Malaysians remained uncertain, but last month Kuala Lumpur and the new right-wing government in Bangkok drew up a new and much more effective agreement, which provides for regular consultation on the whole issue of insurgency and for joint military and police actions to be resumed; several have taken place in the last few weeks, including one in which two thousand Malaysian troops were operating in Thai territory together with fifteen hundred Thais for nearly three weeks. The right of "hot pursuit"—which enables troops of both countries to follow their respective insurgents across each other's borders—is now fully reëstablished, and the Malaysians are particularly gratified that they can follow the Communists as far as they deem necessary into Thailand; under the previous accord the limit was five miles. However, the Malaysians can no longer station troops permanently on Thai soil, as they had previously in Betong. The new spirit of coöperation between the two countries was dramatically underlined by Hussein, who, meeting with the King of Thailand in Chiang Mai in northern Thailand after the new accord had been signed, announced that if Thai security were seriously threatened, Malaysia would provide assistance.

In 1960, when the Emergency ended, some five hundred Communist terrorists, as the Malaysians call them, escaped to Thailand and set up camps where they set to work reappraising their policies and slowly building up their strength. In mid-1968, responding to a new revolutionary summons issued to all Communist parties by Chairman Mao Tse-tung, the Malayan Communist Party put out a directive

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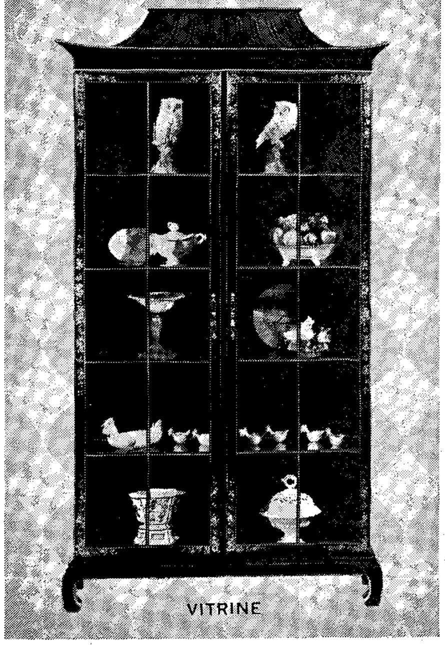

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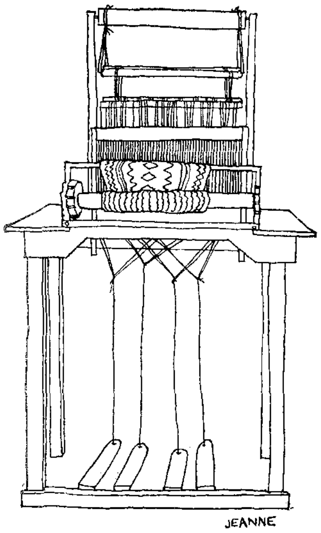
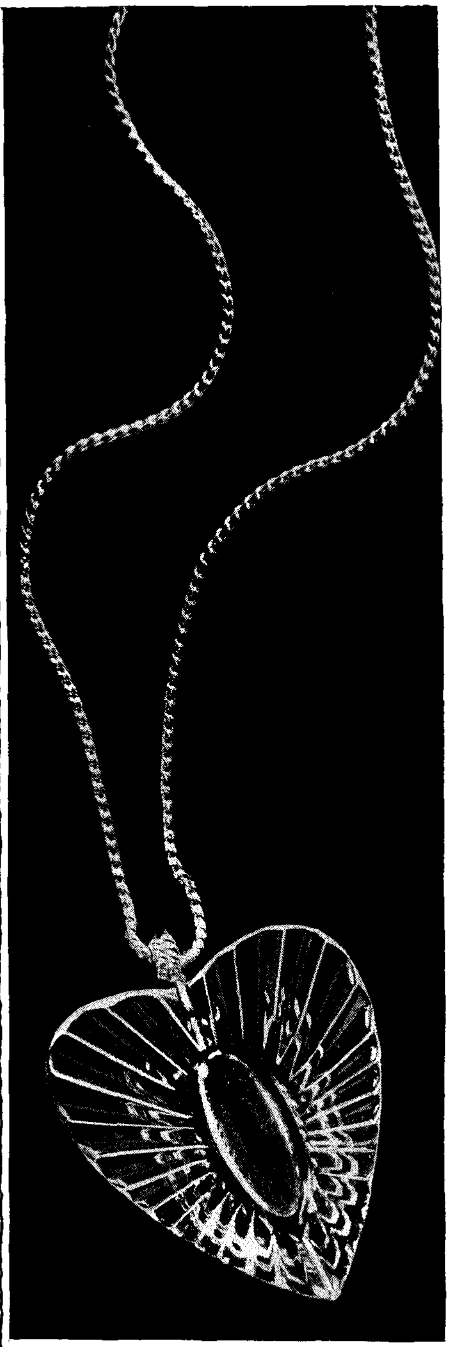
for resumption of "the armed struggle" and "the people's war." The following year, members of the Malayan National Liberation Army, the armed wing of the Party, began infiltrating small groups of men back into Peninsular Malaysia, with the initial objectives of regaining popular support in the form of food, money, and intelligence, and of signing up fresh recruits. They confined their activities at first to the four northern Malaysian states of Perak, Kedah, Kelantan, and Pahang, and then gradually spread south. The race riots in May, 1969, inspired them to intensify their campaign. The British had estimated that at the height of the Emergency the underground Chinese supporters of the terrorists—known as the Min Yuen, which means People's Movement—numbered as many as half a million, and eventually the British neutralized most of them by moving them into the New Villages, which were surrounded by barbed wire and carefully guarded night and day. Some of these villages today are known by the police to contain new Communist cells, but the Min Yuen as a whole is estimated to number only between a thousand and fifteen hundred, if only the active supporters of the armed terrorists are counted; there may be tens of thousands of additional sympathizers who could become active.



What worries the government most is that this time the Communists, instead of killing civilians, as they were doing during the Emergency, are concentrating on attacking security forces, both police and Army, and on creating a secret underground organization among Malays as well as Chinese by touting what they call "Islamic Socialism." Over the past three years, the terrorists have engaged in a number of daring attacks on government installations, using both grenades and guns; among other things, they blew up a monument in Kuala Lumpur commemorating the end of the Emergency. Such acts, together with the assassinations of top police officials, indicate that the terrorists now have elaborate strategies and tactics for urban as well as rural areas. They have also reached an accommodation with the veteran gangster organizations that traffic in drugs—another problem that worries the authorities, both in itself and as a means of further subverting and weakening the society. Last year, the insurgents, having shown themselves to be mobile and flexible, increased the tempo of their activity following a lull, and in April, for the first time, they shot down a government helicopter, killing eleven soldiers. They have also stepped up the number of urban bombings. The government is aggressively trying to seek out and destroy Communist supply dumps and jungle camps and has established permanent paramilitary organizations and local community-defense groups throughout the country for safeguarding villages and providing intelligence about the terrorists. As a result, many more suspected insurgents are being arrested—about fifteen hundred were last year, and, after careful screening, two hundred or so were permanently detained. Despite the government's increasing police surveillance, officials I spoke with do not doubt the continuing ability of the Communists to reëstablish jungle hideaways and rebuild their underground network, even though the experts say the insurgents will not enter the phase of all-out guerrilla warfare until they have achieved these preliminary aims.

But the Communists, too, have their factional problems. Since 1970, as the result of a dispute over the execution of members suspected of being government infiltrators, two separate groups have broken away from the main body—one calling itself the Revolutionary Faction and the other the Marxist-Leninist group—of the Malayan Communist Party. Though all three branches follow the Maoist line, the dispute has been a serious one, and the opposing factions have fought to the death in a number of skirmishes in the Thai sanctuary areas, while in Malaysia they have competed in carrying out attacks, with the Marxist-Leninist branch concentrating on urban targets and assassinations. Each of the factions has its own flag, its own armed force, and its own political apparatus. The split came about through lack of cohesive leadership at the top of the Party hierarchy. Chin Peng, who was the Communist leader during the original Emergency and is now in his late fifties, is believed



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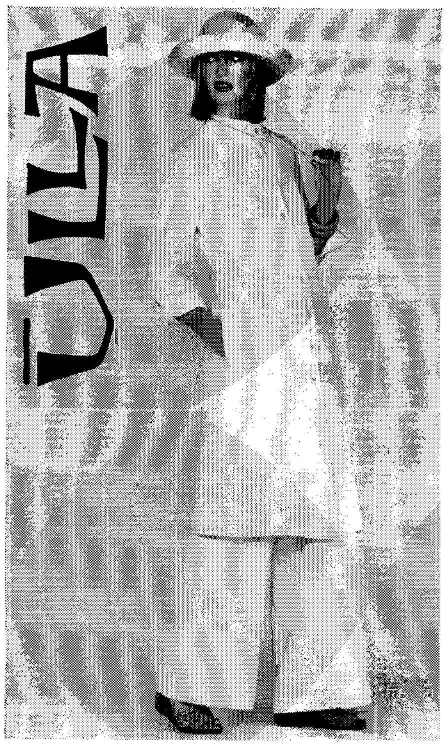

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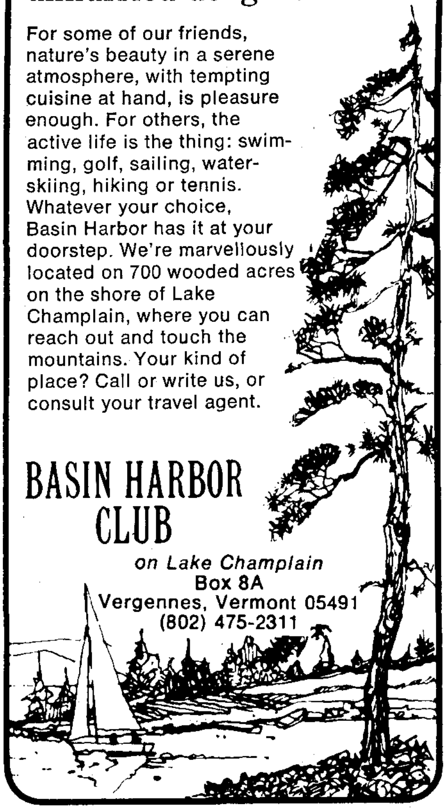
to have been in China for the past twelve or fifteen years, though there have been unconfirmed reports that he has returned to Malaysia in an effort to heal the breaches in the Party ranks. But, with or without Chin Peng, the Communist radio, run by the main branch of the Party, and probably situated in Yunnan province, China, constantly beams broadcasts to Malaysia, which include ideological directives and are often highly detailed. (At least one of the other factions also has a radio station.) Recently, in what was obviously an appeal to the Malays, a new land-reform program was outlined by the main faction. What particularly disturbs the government is that the underground organization in Malaysia has thus proved itself capable of capitalizing on the legitimate grievances of local villagers and also of publicizing them by radio. In Ipoh, the capital of Perak, where the Communists are most active, the chief government secretary told me that about twenty-five per cent of the complaints that the Communists uncover and air turn out, when they are investigated, to be based on facts—and one fact is government neglect. The government has also created a dilemma for itself by deciding recently to close down many of the northern areas where logging operations are conducted. While placing these regions under military control is considered necessary, because the Communists extort money from the workers and try to rally them to their cause by propaganda appeals or by blackmail and threats, the government runs the risk that workers will hence become discontented and turn to the terrorists.

After speaking with officials in Ipoh, I went on a day's tour by car and on foot through some of the same areas where, more than two decades ago, I watched British and Malayan operations during the Emergency. Malaysia is a beautiful country, and as our car moved through rolling green hills and lush valleys and rubber plantations there was a pervasive calm that seemed to belie any new threat to peace. In some of the New Villages we visited, however, there was ample evidence that the Communists still have the opportunity to benefit from poverty and economic neglect. A tenth of the population of the country, mostly Chinese, still lives in villages like these, and since the Emergency ended the villages have become more and more rundown. With not enough land to cultivate, and cities and towns often miles away, so that other work is hard to find, the people live close to the sub-



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sistence level. Facilities such as electricity and water, to say nothing of schools, are poor or nonexistent. A man who used to be in charge of New Villages told me, "What the government must do is restudy the whole problem and decide which villages are economically viable and which aren't. It must open up more rural land for cultivation and think in terms of creating local industries based on agriculture, and new multiracial communities. Otherwise, the deterioration will provoke more and more discontent, and the insurgents will take advantage of it."

As we rode deeper into the jungle along a bumpy dirt road, we passed several clusters of huts inhabited by sparsely clothed aborigines, another neglected group. Then we reached a police camp, and received permission to proceed seven miles farther on, to a site where the Army was conducting a search operation. At the Army outpost, the colonel in charge, a Malay, told us that his company had been combing the area for ten days but had not yet come across any Communists or found any supply dumps. The operation was continuing, he added somewhat bleakly. It was all oddly reminiscent of similar futile American operations in Vietnam. The colonel was polite and pleasant, but he said he couldn't brief us any further because he was not authorized to do so. Some of his soldiers were playing volleyball near his tent, and we visitors watched the game while we continued to chat with the colonel, who was obviously lonely out there in the jungle. He had had some training in America and had visited New York City, where, he said, he had had a fine time. "Tell me," he said. "What's it like in Times Square these days?"

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

◆

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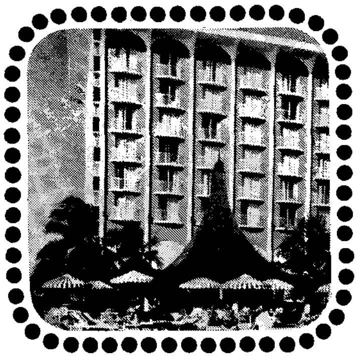

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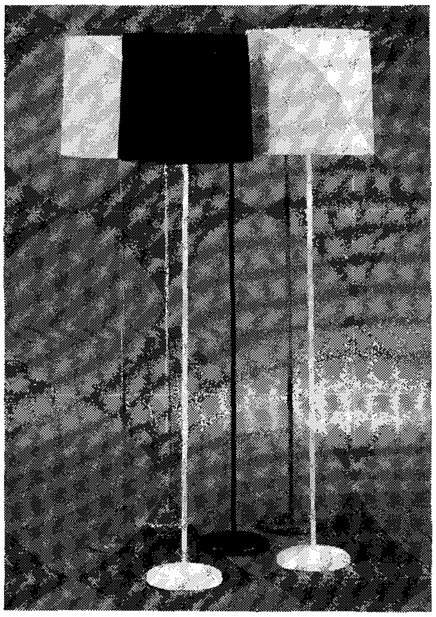

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Other English-Speaking "Uncle Vanya" Will Burn So Fiercely

CHEKHOV's plays express the firm conviction that a Russian can't be himself unless the weather is wretched. (Chekhov was dreadfully ill at ease in the sun of Nice.) "Uncle Vanya" is a magnificent, heartrending record of a family caught in a miserable climate, with a literal storm in the action. The present film version, directed by Stuart Burge, preserves the 1963 Chichester Festival production in England, directed by Laurence Olivier; filmed plays are mocked, but it is still a miracle that we thus have this for good. It is probably the best "Uncle Vanya" in English that we shall ever see. Never in our lifetime, apart from the Moscow Art Theatre production, has there been a staging that was such a monument to people who talk their lives away out of the fear that no one is listening; to beauties who present their faces to hopeless lovers as though the men were looking glasses; to intimates whose names are ritually mistaken; to men of Chekhovian sensibility who fear their souls to be zinc-lined. People should be heeded, says Chekhov. The old are like children, he says. They want someone to be sorry for them. But no one ever cares about the old.

Uncle Vanya has a loving nurse, played by Sybil Thorndike, who allows herself the hilarious rudeness peculiar to nineteenth-century Russian literature's servants. There is a forgotten familiar named Ilya Telegin (Lewis Casson), who has been coming to dinner for centuries; he is nicknamed Waffles, because, as he obligingly explains, he has a pockmarked face. People get his real name wrong, because he is not the sort of man to whom anyone has ever paid much attention. You feel that he would have been dressed in the wrong robe for his christening, that people would have noticed too late and then said "What does it matter?" There is, of course, the flaneur of the district, Dr. Astrov, played by Laurence Olivier with the hesitant rush that he particularly understands. Dr. Astrov is absorbed by forestry. Sonya (Joan Plowright), who worships his ardor, is herself a character of ardent longing, doomed to keep account books. Dr. Astrov, so keen a doctor, so enthusiastic with his maps of forestry, speaks with passion of the time when more trees and animals flourished: A better life has passed away somehow. . . . There's a man in a play by Ostrovsky who has more whiskers than sense. . . . Ah, yes, another little glass of vodka wouldn't do any harm against the cold.

And so it goes. The play has near its center one of Chekhov's great literary frauds: Serebryakov (Max Adrian), a revered pamphleteer on art who may or may not once have had visionary ideas. And there is Uncle Vanya himself—Voynitsky—played with lunging comic rage by Michael Redgrave. Vanya sees himself more mockingly than anyone else in the household sees him. A man of enlightened views who enlightens no one. A man who eternally misses his chance: who misses his opponent twice when he tries to commit murder, who ignominiously fails even to be arrested, and who comes in carrying the discharged pistols of endeavor as though those failures confirmed his place in the state of society. In love with the family beauty, Ilyena (Rosemary Harris), he enters with a bunch of flowers just at the minute when she is kissing Astrov. The flowers drop. Another calamity. No matter. At some other point, in reverie, Vanya says that ten years ago, when he was thirty-seven . . . Ah, well, people grow prematurely old in Chekhov's provinces, and Vanya already feels himself an ancient bungler. The world is full of bungling. A man can't even take proper aim at an enemy. He can't even choose the right moment in his life to pay homage to the quivering, self-absorbed Ilyena he loves.

The production perfectly catches the peculiar dilemma of Chekhov's great characters, which is that they are tragic heroes who are fated to seem comic in the eyes of the people they most worship. Everyone wants to talk, everyone passionately wants to say something new, and yet everyone has been talking to everyone else for fifty years and is constantly telling everyone else to shut up. Boredom is a consuming topic. The tedium of country life with one another swallows people by the gallon, like a thirsty horse at a trough. Crankiness looms. A man is surrounded by cranks, and gradually, without noticing it, he becomes a crank himself. Vanya complains of sleeping at the wrong time, yet

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tells Ilyena she's too indolent to love. Serebryakov, the writer, who goes nowhere without his galoshes, mutters that it is tiresome of him to linger on, but summons up the farcical energy to rouse himself from his wheelchair and yell against all this talking, which will be the death of him. The play is full of gusts of leave-taking and of making up, lit from within by Chekhov's way of showing us the aspiration and splendor of characters apparently trapped in their times. Vanya twice says, "I must do something." The Doctor looks, apparently without reason, at a map of Africa and speaks of how hot it must be there. Other climes, other worlds, other ways of life. Even the fusspot old writer dreams of something better, has something innovative about him. Dullards imagine cutting a dash, plain women fall most nobly in love. Russian is a language in which it is quite possible to speak in successive sentences of a samovar and of boldness of mind, of gout and of the centuries ahead. Uncle Vanya's wild and sensitive longings occupy a central part of him. It seems no mistake that the word "uncle" in Russian is feminine. Uncle Vanya is cherished like a beloved and fragile woman, as a creature of astonishment and fun and tragedy. If he is a sot, it is because he finds in vodka a semblance of the life he is seeking in his restless naps. "I'm not fond of my fellow-creatures," says Astrov, regretfully puncturing one of the world's illusions about doctors. All Astrov can do is take the temperature of the patient's lassitude, and muster up a little more energy and courage. Chekhov's characters have an unsettling honesty about their discontent which has seldom been brought out so funnily and sadly as in this magnificent heirloom of a production. One leaves the theatre with the most Chekhovian illusion that everyone in the audience looks like one of Chekhov's characters, and has something odd and admirable about him.

ROBERT ALTMAN'S "3 Women," from a script by him, begins with closeup shots of young torsos in swimsuits walking gently thigh-deep in water, arm in arm with parallel parts of old people disfigured by age and feeling their way. The young and confident and beautiful are leading the geriatric and bemused and unsure of their footing. We are in the bathing pool of a health spa for the aged. Things move as in a dream.

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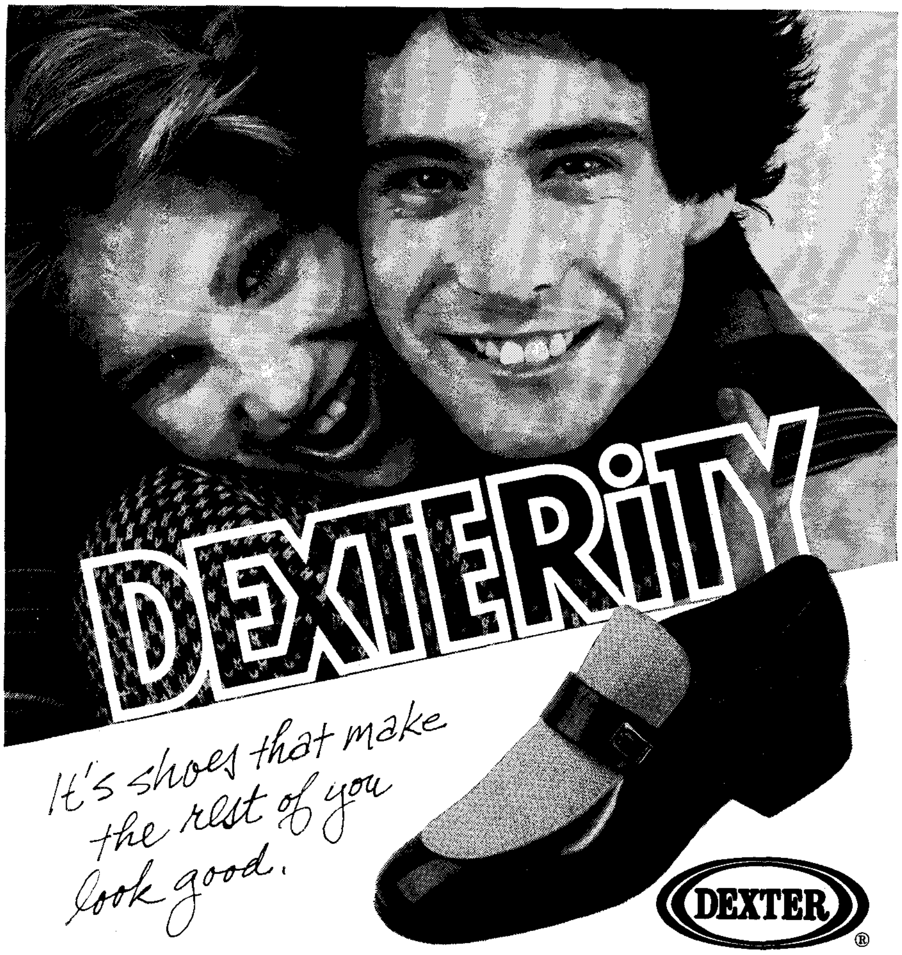
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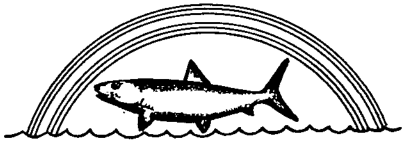

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dream. She is played by Shelley Duvall (who was in Altman's "Brewster McCloud," "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," "Thieves Like Us," "Nashville," and "Buffalo Bill"). Tall and self-composed, she is the attendant at the spa who has been chosen to "break in" a shy novice called Pinky, a strawberry blonde with heavy-lidded Memling eyes, played by Sissy Spacek (of "Badlands" and "Carrie"). The third woman of the title, who is called Willie, played by Janice Rule, is a hunted-looking girl with an apron full of paintbrushes, who never opens her mouth and who decorates emptied swimming pools with curious, nervous, grasping figures painted always in profile.

Just as the swimming pools are silently drained, so the self-confident Millie and the abashed Pinky begin to be plundered of their temperaments by exchanging roles. "3 Women" is Altman's "Persona," except that it is not a great metaphysical film, though a potent emotional one. Millie gives dinner parties; flirts; bosses Pinky, her roommate; shows off about men; humiliates the virgin Pinky, making it all *too clear that she herself has better* legs and a thriving social life. She is the official matured specimen for wan junior citizens. She smokes outside the patients' shower curtains; she drinks; she has an alarming, sozzled friend named Edgar (Willie's husband, played by Robert Fortier), who looks like a laid-off cowboy; she drives a snazzy mustard-yellow car that is knowingly nearly matched to one of her dresses. Where Pinky will be scared and tentative, Millie will be downright and practical, being the consumer advocate of grownup living:

PINKY: I'm frightened. I had a bad dream.
MILLIE: Dreams can't hurt you.

But Millie's dream of a man-bent heaven *can* hurt. Pinky throws herself off the railing of their awful little shared motel-like apartment into a swimming pool decorated by Willie. She goes into coma. Millie begins to lose her will, and it passes into Pinky as if with the oxygen forced into her lungs and the liquid food in the tubes up her veins. Pinky's parents arrive from Texas: her mother in a square felt hat, looking afraid; her father tall, in a ten-gallon Stetson, half gone himself. When he sees the remnant of Pinky lying there, all he can say is "What are we supposed to do now?" Out of coma, Pinky takes over Millie's personality. She insists on being called Mil-

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lie. She keeps a diary in Millie's identity. She smokes, and drinks, and flirts with Edgar. Gone is the girl who well deserved the loving, bewildered parents who had helplessly brought her, in an intensive-care room, a wooden plaque to hang in a kitchen. She now denies that she knows anything of them. Out of bed, she steals Millie's car and claims that it is no more than taking what is her own. Then Willie has a baby by Edgar, whom both girls have boozed with. The baby dies, mostly because Pinky, endowed now with Millie's former sophisticated flippancy, has simply failed to go for a doctor. Millie and Pinky have gone through a psychic change of self-authorship. Some fluid of identity has passed between them, and it is noxious.

The film is eloquently written, with many of Altman's typical overheards and murmurs, and an eerie recurring use of chattering girl twins who work at the spa. The twins are emblems of something unknowable and out of reach. "3 Women" has the character of a dream. Like a dream, though, and unlike "Persona," it lacks the character of the highest art, which would make it unforgettably imprint itself.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

THE CITY

My mother calls it
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as if there were
no other,
and somewhere beneath
its sidewalks
a single subway car
ferries my father's ghost
across the Hudson.
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storefront dreams:
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Here in the country
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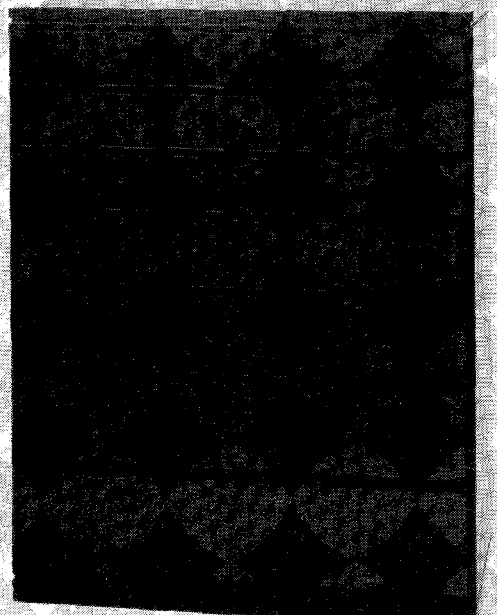

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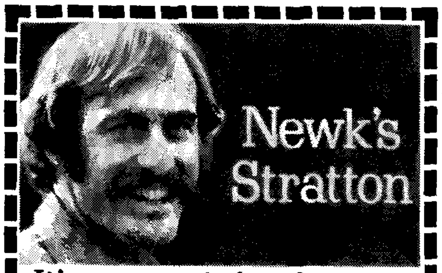

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THE RACE TRACK

It's Cormorant Again

RACEGOERS are an impressionable lot. Many who were at Aqueduct last Saturday for the Gotham Stakes came away thinking that Cormorant may be the horse Seattle Slew will have to beat in the Derby. As expected, Charles T. Berry, Jr.,'s bay colt by His Majesty came through with flying colors in the mile and a sixteenth over the inner, all-weather track, winning as comfortably—by more than two lengths—as he'd won in the Bay Shore a fortnight before. Fratello Ed was second, Papelote was third. The time—1:43⅗—was only three-fifths of a second off the track mark. Eight three-year-olds ran, and Fratello Ed was the quickest away, but Cormorant headed him round the clubhouse turn and dominated the running thereafter. James Simpson, who trains Cormorant, said after the race that his colt's next start would probably be the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct on April 23rd, though he also had his eye on the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland five days later. A crowd of 28,804 saw the Gotham.

Seattle Slew had been expected to run in it, but Bill Turner didn't drop his name in the entry box. Turner said that since the Gotham would be over the all-weather track, and the distance was only a sixteenth of a mile shorter than the Wood, which was the colt's objective, he would skip this one. Since Seattle Slew came to Belmont, trainers have been very much interested, as you'd expect, in the way Turner has been training him. The colt's first outing, on April 4th, was a very slow mile and a half on the main track at Belmont. Next morning (and the going was very muddy that day), he had another mile and a half. His third gallop was the same distance, but on Thursday he went two miles. Last Saturday morning, Turner gave him another slow mile and a half. This week, he'll have speed trials.

I don't think I'm stressing the point too much when I say that the highlight of racing at Aqueduct last week was the riding of Cauthen. He had only seven winners in the first three days, but on Thursday he had six (as he had had on January 22nd). He would have had seven if his mount in the ninth race, who led into the stretch, hadn't run out of speed and finished second. Only six other jockeys have had six winners in a day on New York tracks. Not one has ever won seven—and the American Racing Manual has been keeping the records since 1891. The sixteen-year-old apprentice started his string by winning the first five races: the first by a nose with Bee Abe ($4.40), the second by five lengths on Joy's Answer ($7.40), the third by more than eight lengths on Cayman Isle ($5.40), the fourth by one and a half lengths on Speedy Sadie ($3.60), and the fifth by three lengths on Happy Huntington ($6.60). He finished sixth in the sixth race, but he won the seventh by two and three-quarters lengths on Donizetta ($3.80). I daresay the horse he'll remember best is With Nostalgia, whom he rode in the ninth. Next day, he had four winners, and on Saturday another four, bringing his total for the week to twenty-one, and for the season to two hundred and twelve.

Weight, they say, is the great leveller. Proud Delta, winner of an Eclipse Award for being the best older member of her sex racing last season, pounded true in the Bed o' Roses Handicap on Good Friday. Though she carried 125 pounds in what was her first race of the season, she was off and running. But she tired in the stretch, and Shawi, to whom she gave sixteen pounds, came along and beat her by a length and three-quarters. Shawi paid a $40.60 mutuel.

THE $125,000 Widener Handicap at Hialeah last weekend was not what it used to be. Only seven came out for the fortieth running, and Yamanin won it in a driving finish from Romeo, who was disqualified and placed last for bumping both Strike Me Lucky, the favorite, and Mount Sterling. That moved One More Jump, a 30–1 shot, into second place, and Mount Sterling into third. So it goes.

SANTA ANITA's long and successful meeting closed last Sunday, with Properantes winning the San Juan Capistrano Handicap, at a mile and six furlongs over the Camino Real turf course, before a crowd of forty-three thousand. The Kentucky-bred runner, racing under Mrs. Jacqueline Getty's colors, finished with a great rush in the stretch to beat Top Crowd by three-quarters of a length. Caucasus, the favorite, was third, four lengths away. King Pellinore, the stablemate of Caucasus, was a late scratch.

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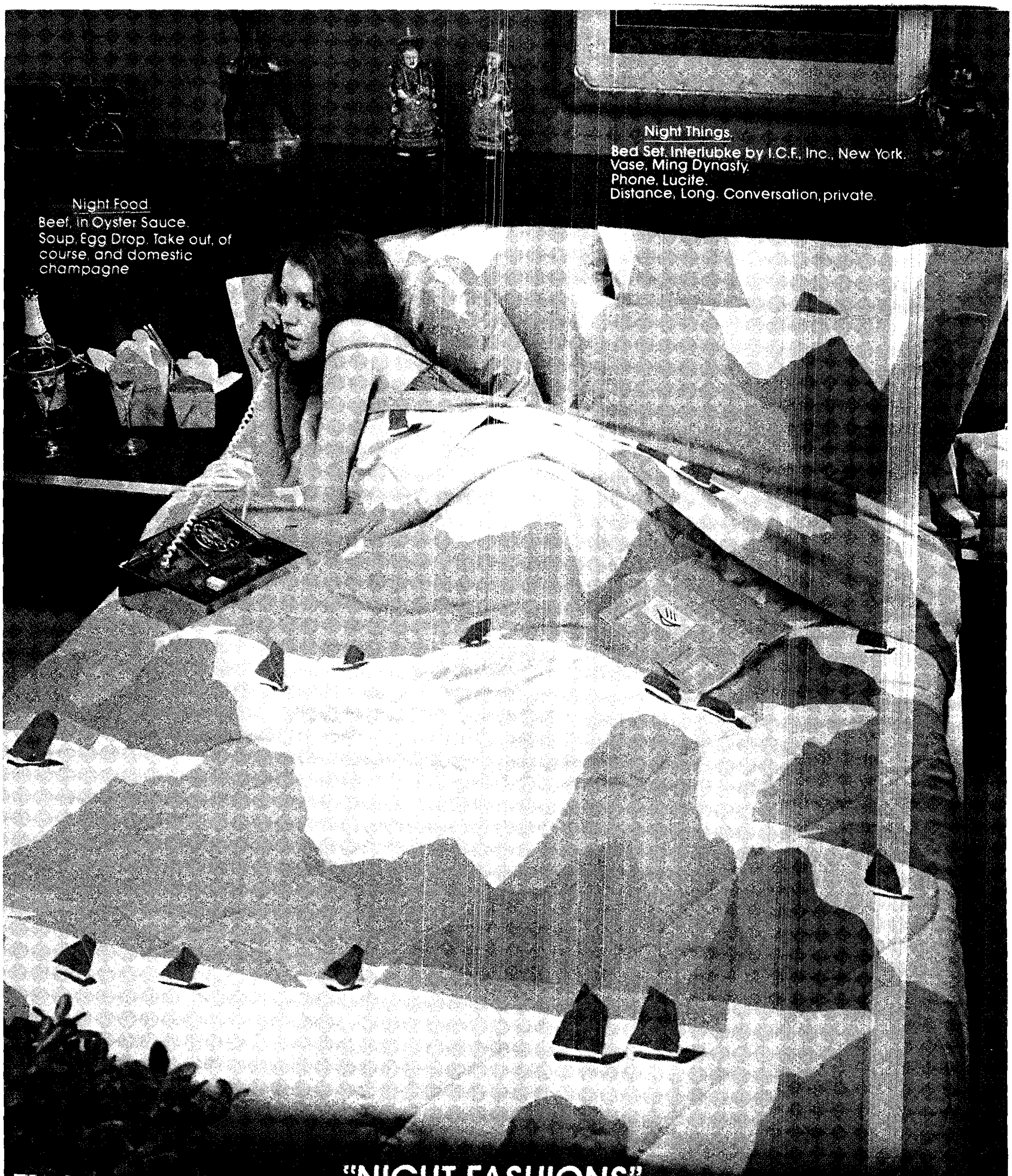

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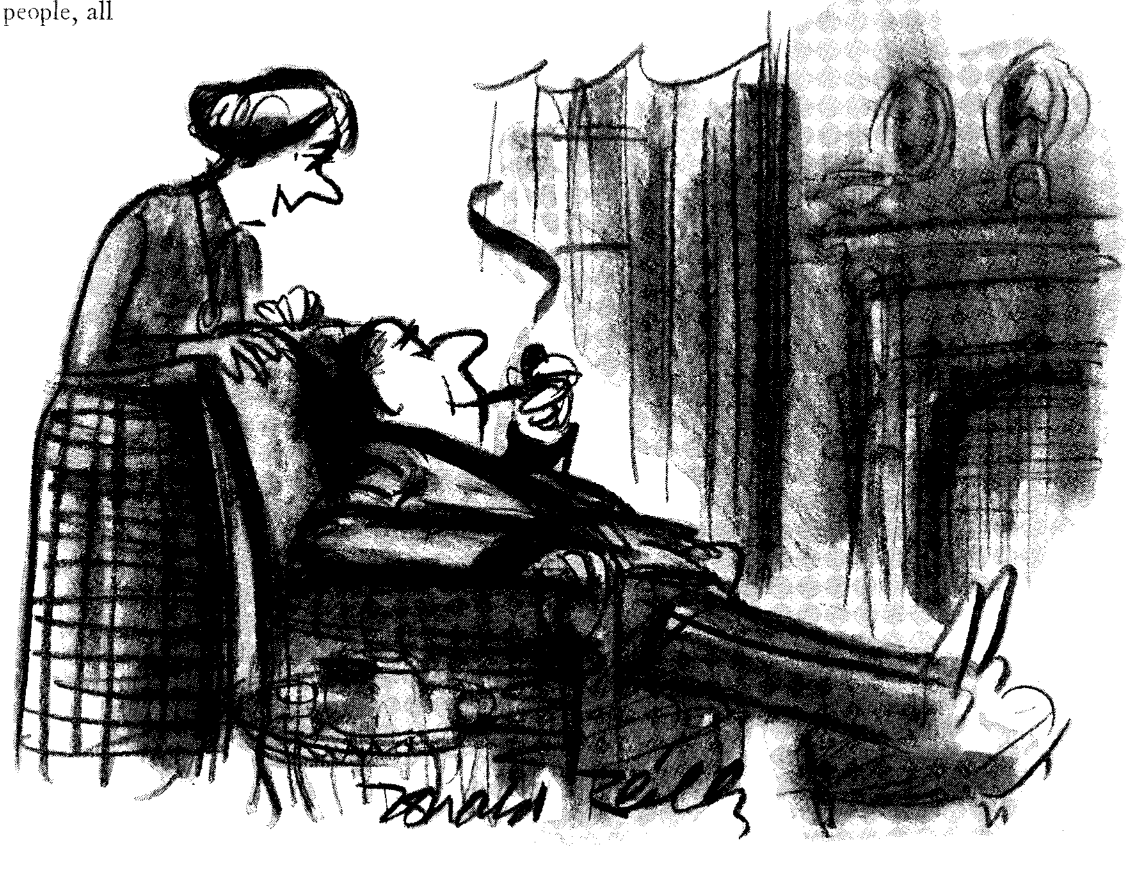
MUSICAL EVENTS

Scenes of Bohemian Life

THE Metropolitan Opera has a new "Bohème," directed by Fabrizio Melano, in décor, by Pier Luigi Pizzi, borrowed from Chicago. The sets are less attractive and apt than those Chicago used to have; those were built and painted to nineteenth-century designs by Adolfo Hohenstein, supplied by the publisher of the opera, and so they had the composer's approval. (For some seventy-five years, similar scenery did hard and good service at Covent Garden, and there may still be other versions of it around. These sets match Puccini's intentions and the style of his opera, and make possible the precise actions prescribed in his score.) At the Met, the loft studio of Acts I and IV is uncomfortably vast for the intimate exchanges between Mimì and Rodolfo; the Statue of Liberty looms over the Latin Quarter of Act II; and otherwise everything is much as usual. For big-house "Bohème"s, the Zeffirelli-Karajan production that opened at La Scala in 1963 set a standard by which all others are judged. Perhaps it is unfair to judge them so: maybe we shall never again see a "Bohème" so expensive and so beautiful. In Act II, where the stage stretched back from a Seine-side Café Momus across a tree-lined boulevard to house-sized houses, Zeffirelli used three hundred people, all of them carefully rehearsed. The Scala has kept the show in its repertory—a revival came to Washington last year—but has not been able to keep its magical details intact. The Courbet effects of changing lights in the studio, and of dim figures glimpsed through the snowscape of Act III, which reached not to a visible backcloth but through gradations of light to a point beyond which the eye could not penetrate—these are no longer what they were. The Met has settled for a conventional "Bohème" writ large. The sets are serviceable, if not particularly pretty. The staging is routine, which is preferable to tasteless invention but not the same thing as bringing an opera to life in the way that its composer intended. In this somewhat disappointing but at least unobtrusive frame, individual singers come and go and give their individual performances.

On the first night, Luciano Pavarotti played Rodolfo for laughs, not romance. He destroyed the tender moment of Mimì's first entrance by sprucing up after the exclamation "Una donna!" Later, like an ill-bred provincial tenor, he deliberately blew out his own candle instead of running so eagerly to light hers that his goes out, too. His singing was large and lyrical but not youthfully ardent. Renata Scotto's Mimì was carefully studied and delicately executed, and the vocal weight of the role is just right for her. If she could find a Visconti or Zeffirelli and a Serafin or Giulini to collaborate with, she could surely become a great singer; as it is, neither the dramatic nor the musical focus is quite sure. She has worked out everything for herself, with intelligence and artistry, but now she needs guidance. She made a self-centered impression: what she did took no colors from and shed no lights on the performances around her. James Levine conducted as if he despised the opera and had never listened to Beecham's recording of it. He slammed roughly into the ensembles, allowed much coarse bray and bang from the orchestra, and then would suddenly let the star soloists do more or less what they liked. What Miss Scotto liked was to drag out phrases—lingering here, fading into inaudibility there—until any rhythmic impetus disappeared. But before the final duet, ignoring the stage directions, she struggled painfully and slowly to her feet, to embrace Rodolfo once more, and this was something new (new to me, at any rate), true, and touching.

Three weeks later, in a televised performance of the opera, things went rather better. But it was the second Mimì of the season, Ileana Cotrubas, who brought some emotion to the production. The drama came to life with her entrance, and she held one's attention—not on herself but on Mimì—whenever she was on the stage. For Miss Cotrubas, who was making her Met début, is an extraordinarily touching stage figure, the kind of personality to whom an audience's heart goes out at once. One seemed to listen to Rodolfo's "Che gelida manina" through Mimì's ears and to watch Rodolfo through her admiring eyes. The Rodolfo was now José Carreras, and although in truth his aria was sung neither particularly well nor particularly badly, merely fluently and agreeably, Miss Cotrubas hung on each



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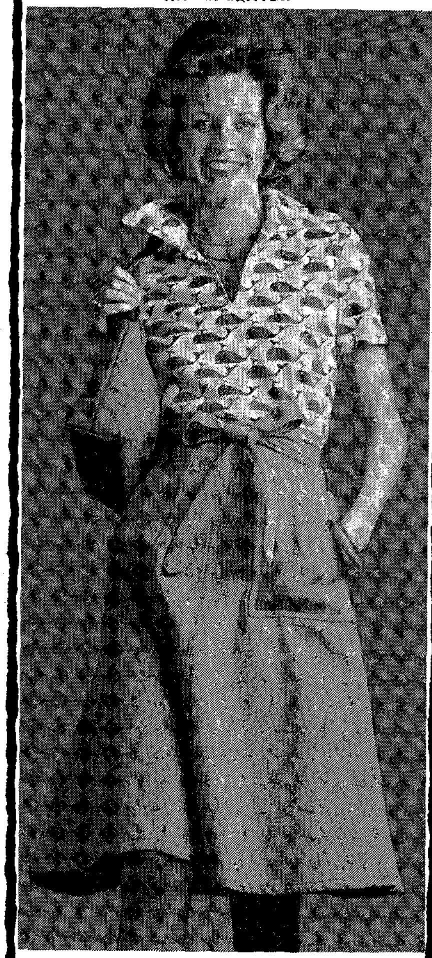

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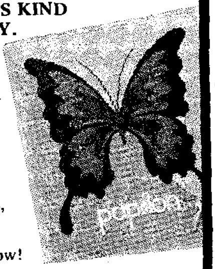

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phrase of it in a way to persuade us that it *was* something wonderful. The Met is far too big a house for her subtle art and for a voice that is not rich and full, although it is attractive, very well schooled, individual, and delicately shaded. And Mimì is not the ideal role for her; as Mélisande, as Susanna, and in the title role of Cavalli's "Calisto," in smaller houses, her uncommon blend of intelligence, distinction, wit, precision, charm, and youthful vulnerability is more rewardingly revealed. But she is so delightful a singer that the Met audience deserves to hear her, even if it cannot hear her to full advantage.

At this performance, Miss Scotto appeared as Musetta. She chewed up the scenery in Act II, in an exuberant and rather awful display of high spirits, but in Act IV she had some moving moments. Another important soprano, Josephine Barstow, made her Met début a few days later, as Musetta. She, too, is not a "natural" for the Met, and anyone who was hearing her for the first time may have wondered why she is Britain's admired Violetta, Leonore, Octavian, Elizabeth of Valois, and Salome—besides being an incomparable performer in Prokofiev's "War and Peace," Tippett's "The Knot Garden," Henze's "The Bassarids" and "We Come to the River." Anyone sitting near the front, however, must have noticed that the unusual, heavily shaded voice is used with rare dramatic eloquence; that Miss Barstow commands the art of joining notes—or separating them—expressively; and that she is a skillful and potent actress even when, as a flighty, excitable Musetta, she plays against the natural grain. Miss Cotrubas and Miss Barstow, like Elisabeth Söderström (who has not sung for the Met for several years now, although her triumphs in such roles as Janáček's Jenůfa and Strauss's Christine and Countess Madeleine are regularly reported from abroad), are rare, precious, and wonderful artists who shine most brightly in the setting of a carefully rehearsed ensemble production, given in a house whose scale allows every fine detail to tell.

On the first night of "Bohème," Maralin Niska was a somewhat harsh Musetta. The other main roles have been strongly cast: Ingvar Wixell as Marcello; Paul Plishka, and later Justino Díaz, as Colline; and Allan Monk as a bonny Schaunard, ready for promotion to Marcello. Italo Tajo, in the small role of Benoit, tried to make too much of it. The production began badly—Rodolfo was seated at a table looking out front, although he informed us

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that he was looking out of the window at Paris's smoking chimneys—and it ended badly, with a prominent tableau for Musetta and Marcello at a moment when all attention, theirs and ours, should be on Rodolfo and the dead Mimì. But presumably these details will change when other singers take over.

THAT other "Bohème," Leoncavallo's, was put on by the New York Grand Opera for a single performance in the large Beacon Theatre, but the execution was below a tolerable level, and after two acts I fled. The pleasures of opera in a small theatre were demonstrated by a bewitching performance of Tchaikovsky's "Iolanta," given by the Mannes College of Music in the Marymount Manhattan Theatre, on East Seventy-first Street. This is a gem of an opera house—a two-hundred-and-fifty-seater, built two years ago, raked like a miniature Bayreuth, with a pit, reaching back under the stage, that held fifty-five players and allowed them to play out without drowning the student cast. "Iolanta," Tchaikovsky's last opera, about a blind princess who, with love to help her, gains her sight, is a sweet and beautiful composition, exquisitely scored, filled with captivating melodies and tender sentiment. I wish the City Opera would take it up. It is short, and needs a companion piece on the bill; Tchaikovsky wrote it to be done along with "The Nutcracker." (I last heard it—with Miss Barstow, as it happens, in the title role—accompanied by Rimsky-Korsakov's "Mozart and Salieri," and the two made a good Russian pair.) The Mannes performance was very prettily designed by Robert Joel Schwartz, warmly and sensitively conducted by Semyon Bychkov, and ably directed by Harvey Vincent. Young-Soon Kook's singing in the title role was true and pure, and she looked delightful. The opera was done in English; although the translation was not a happy one, it at least provided a medium of communication between the cast and the audience. This poignant student "Iolanta," I thought, afforded keener pleasures than a slew of star-cast Metropolitan "Bohème"s.

—ANDREW PORTER

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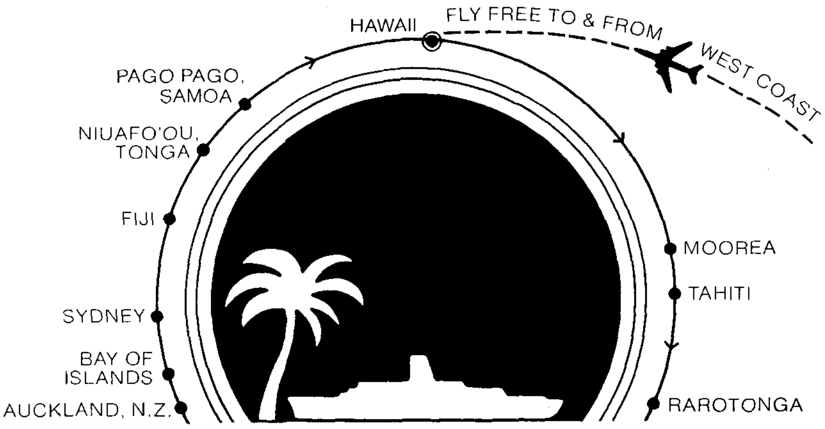

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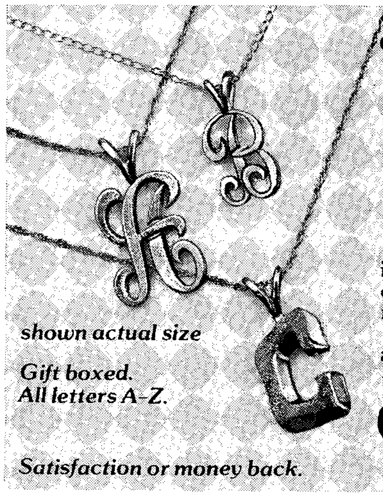

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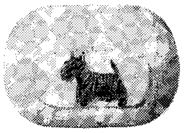

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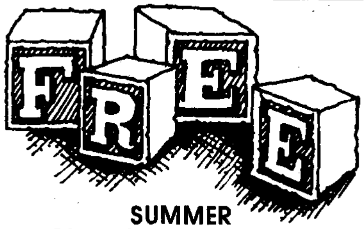

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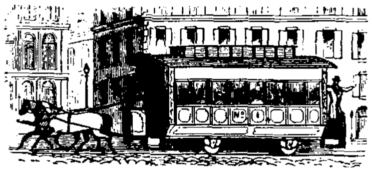
"The Cabaret Songs of Arnold Schoenberg," which was issued not long ago by RCA, with Marni Nixon as vocalist and Leonard Stein as accompanist (ARL 1-1231; single disc). The title of the disc is something of a misnomer, because only a couple of the songs are of the cabaret type. Most of the rest are in the Austro-German lieder tradition, having been written to texts by such worthies as Lenau, Hofmannsthal, and Goethe. All of them are delightful. Apparently, the dour Schoenberg did not consider these songs important enough to have them published during his lifetime. They have been dug out of the archives of the Schoenberg Institute, in Los Angeles, and they date from the years between 1893 and 1903, when Schoenberg was at the very beginning of his career. Though Miss Nixon's German enunciation leaves something to be desired, she gives the songs excellent interpretations, and they provide a whole new impression of the Austrian revolutionary's talents.

Lieder make up a large number of fairly recent releases, and nearly all of them are sung to perfection by artists of great distinction. Hugo Wolf's "Mörike Lieder" are done on Deutsche Grammophon by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, with no less an accompanist than Sviatoslav Richter, and the results are what might be expected (2530 584; single). With Christoph Eschenbach at the piano, the same great singer has done Schumann's "Liederkreis," Op. 24, and "Aus Myrthen," Op. 25 (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 543; single). Christa Ludwig displays her superb artistry in a volume of Schubert lieder, with Irwin Gage at the piano (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 528; single), and Marilyn Horne sings songs by Schubert, Schumann, Wolf, and Richard Strauss, with remarkable, *echt*-Germanic style, accompanied by Martin Katz (London OS 26302; single). The Dutch soprano Elly Ameling has also produced a fine disc of Schubert lieder, with Dalton Baldwin at the piano (Philips 6500.704), and Jan DeGaetani has done a small group of Schubert songs, accompanied by Gilbert Kalish, on a record whose reverse side offers Schoenberg's "The Book of the Hanging Gardens" (Nonesuch H-71320). This work, which is set to a text by Stefan George, and which dates from 1908, is technically atonal but is not extreme, and has an Impressionist flavor. Mahler's popular "Das Lied von der Erde," which is a lied with orchestral accompaniment, has been given a bright new interpretation by Herbert



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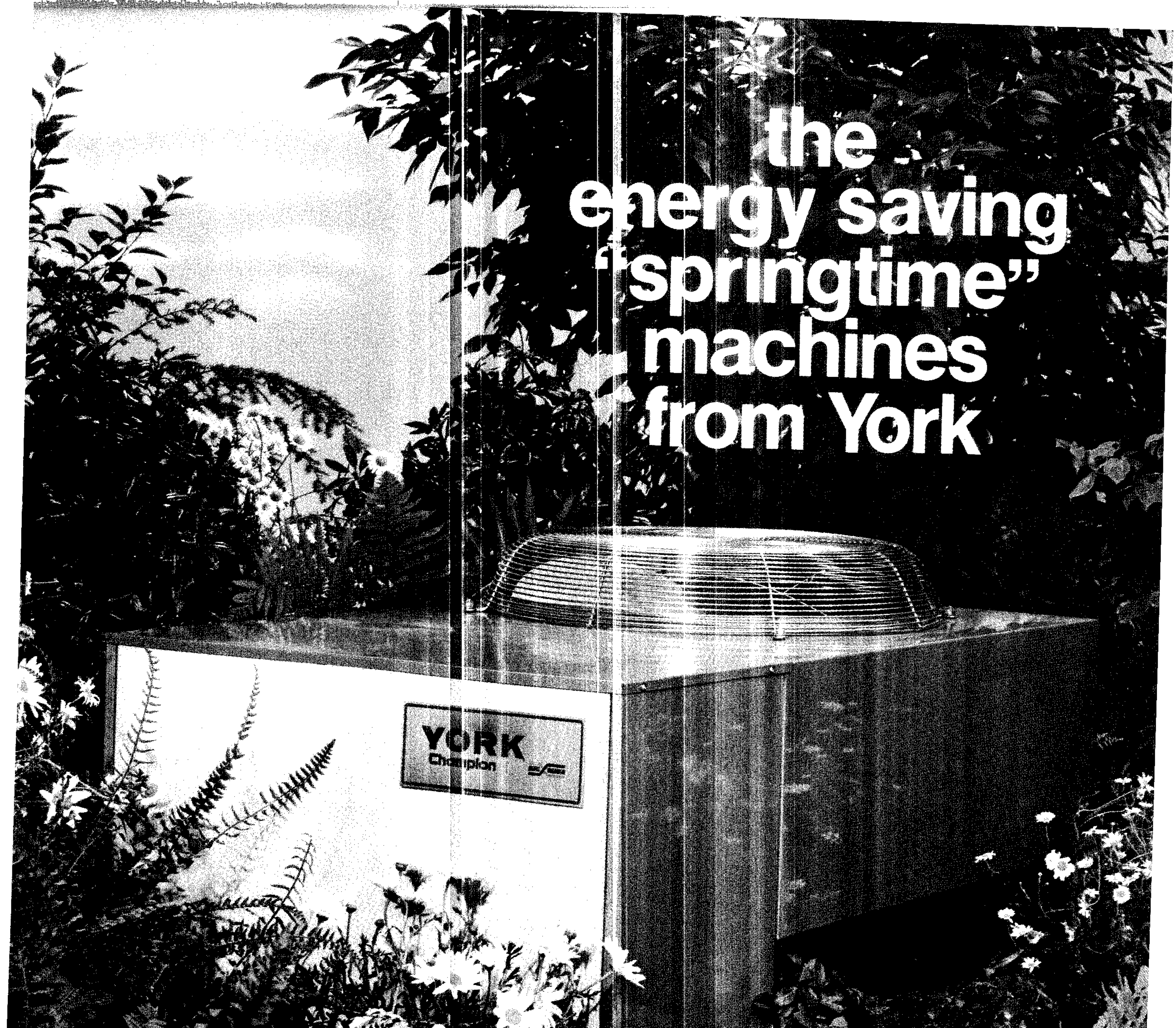

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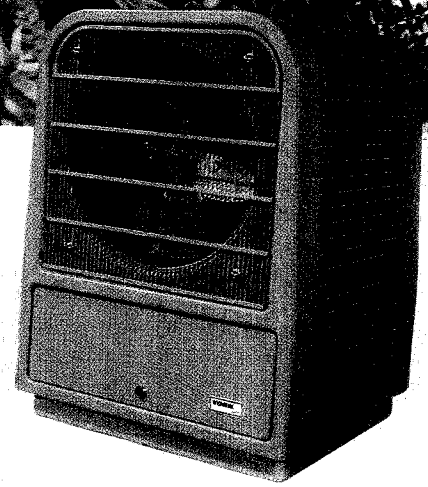

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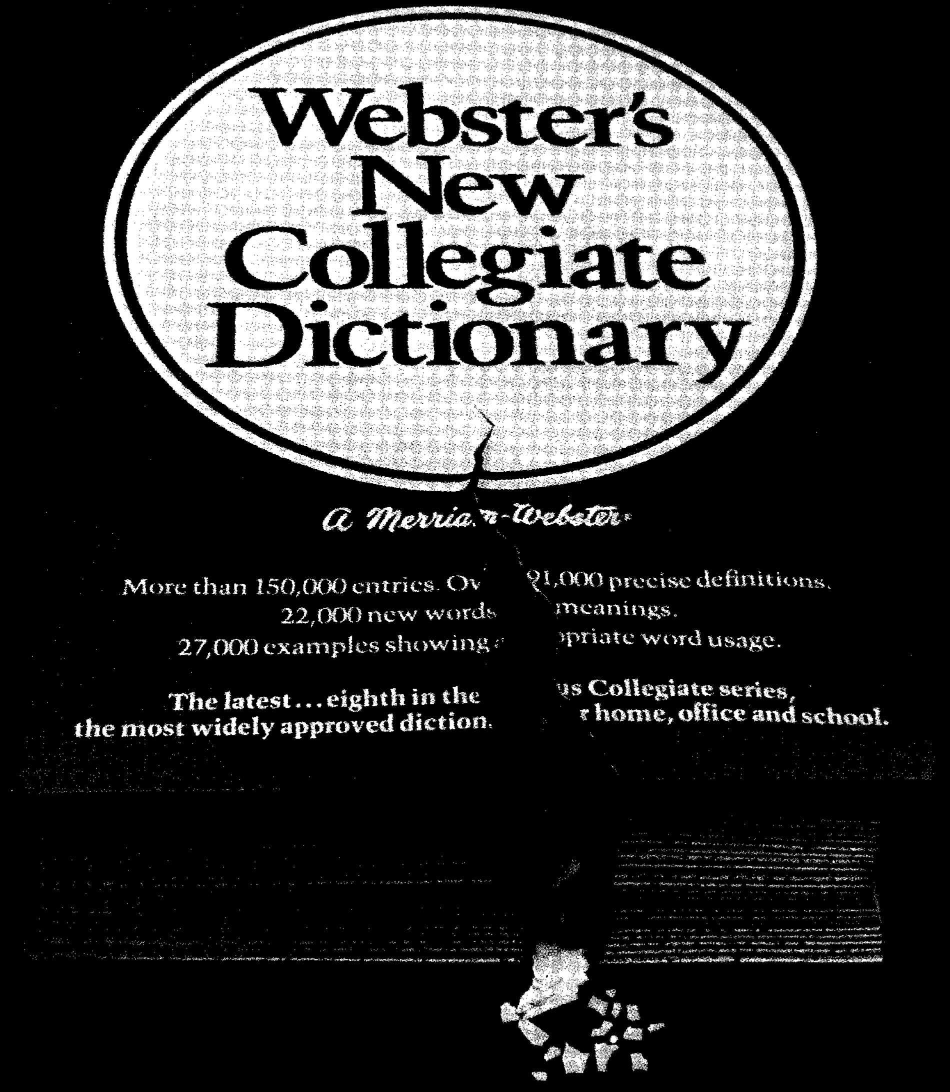
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von Karajan, with René Kollo, Christa Ludwig, and the Berlin Philharmonic (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 082; four sides). There are, of course, numerous rival recordings of this work; my favorite is still the one by the Vienna Philharmonic, under Bruno Walter, with Kathleen Ferrier and Julius Patzak (London A-4212; single), which was out of print for a while but has now been reissued, as R-23182. Both the Deutsche Grammophon album and the London reissue also contain Mahler's "Rückert Lieder."

MASSENET's "La Navarraise" seems to me possibly the most vulgar opera ever written, but in a new recording, with the London Symphony, under Henry Lewis (RCA ARL 1-1114; single), it is redeemed, to some extent, by an all-star cast—Placido Domingo, Marilyn Horne, Sherrill Milnes, Nicola Zaccaria, Gabriel Bacquier, Ryland Davies, and Leslie Fyson. They at least make the most of it.

Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide" is a very different matter—a great classic from the eighteenth century, containing moving drama and simple, unadorned musical lines. It has been issued, in what is apparently its only available version, by RCA (ARL 2-1104; four sides). The singers are Anna Moffo, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Trudeliese Schmidt, Ludovic Spiess, Thomas Stewart, Arleen Auger, and Bernd Weikl. The orchestra is that of the Munich Radio, conducted by Kurt Eichhorn.

Purcell's opera "The Fairy Queen," a seventeenth-century English masterpiece, is given a painstaking and faithful performance, with the original instrumentation, by the Deller Consort and the Stour Music Festival Chorus and Orchestra, Alfred Deller conducting (Everyman Classics SRV 311/2 SD; four sides). Honor Sheppard, Jean Knibbs, Christina Clarke, Alfred Deller himself, Mark Deller, John Buttrey, Neil Jenkins, Maurice Bevan, and Norman Platt are the vocal soloists. This melodious and florid work is based very loosely on Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and is considered by many to be Britain's greatest opera.

Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobio Salvatore Cherubini was an Italian composer who was active in Paris in the early nineteenth century. He was much celebrated during his lifetime and all but forgotten later; only his opera "Médée" remained well known. His other works, including numerous operas, are now being rediscovered. He was a master of counterpoint, and a

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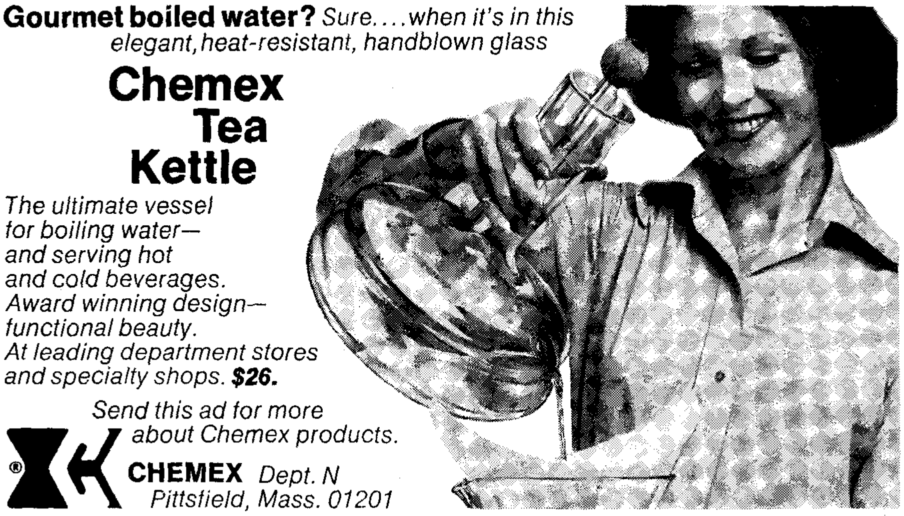
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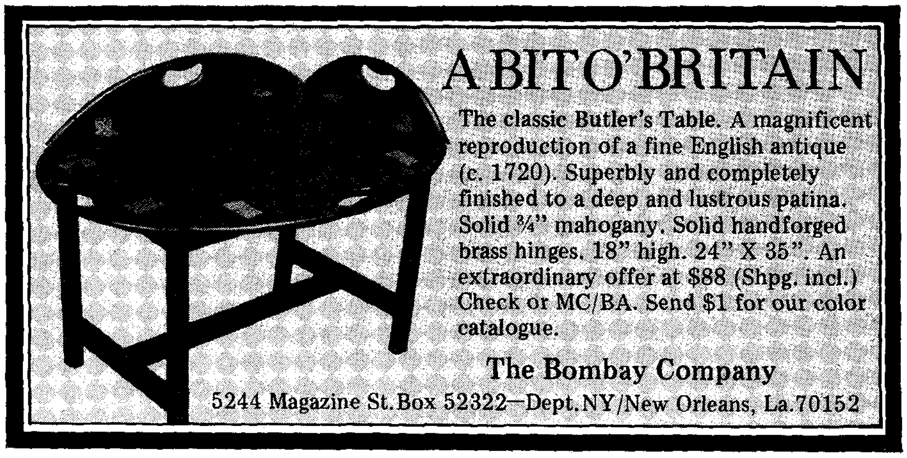
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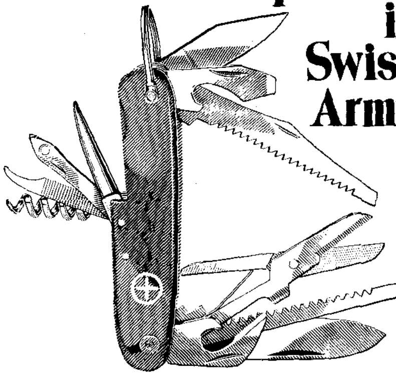

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conservative composer for his time. Angel has recently released his Requiem in D Minor for Male Chorus and Orchestra, sung by the Ambrosian Singers with the New Philharmonia Orchestra, under Riccardo Muti (S-37096; single). A noble work.

The Tilburg (Holland) Byzantine Choir has recorded Chants from the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom (Philips 6830.194; single). This is an a-cappella affair from the Russian Church service, sung by a group of expatriate Russians. The conductor is Frater Frederico van Dongen. The performance is interesting and at times moving.

Michael Tippett, the contemporary British composer, has produced a distinguished and enthralling oratorio called "A Child of Our Time." A recording of it enlists the singers Jessye Norman, Janet Baker, Richard Cassilly, and John Shirley-Quirk, along with the BBC Singers, the BBC Choral Society, and the BBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Colin Davis (Philips 6500.985; single). Tippett is one of those few composers who give us hope that music is not, after all, on a downward slope. This memorable work is an essay on intolerance and the loneliness of the individual in an increasingly totalitarian world. A number of Negro spirituals are woven into its fabric with great skill, sometimes in altered form. The style is powerful, utterly sincere, and devoid of formalistic tricks. I don't often recommend contemporary works. I do this one. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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Houston is sometimes called the murder capital of the country . . . but the difference here is that murders are not sinister . . . they are the result of exuberance.—*From a publication of the Texas City-La Marque Chamber of Commerce.*

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The United States of America adopted an official slogan which appears on all units of currency and in certain legal documents. In Latin it reads E Pluribus Unum . . . and in English it reads, "In God We Trust."—*Bob Proctor in the Adrian (Mich.) Daily Telegram.*

Let's have it in French.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Fullerton (Calif.) News Tribune*]

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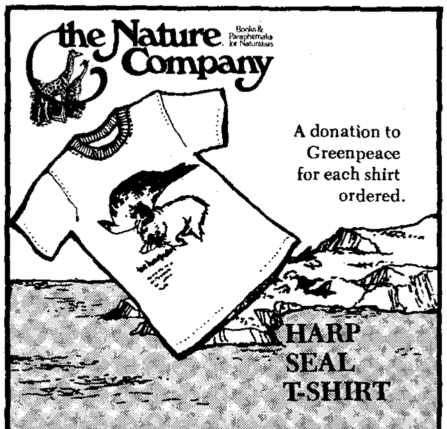

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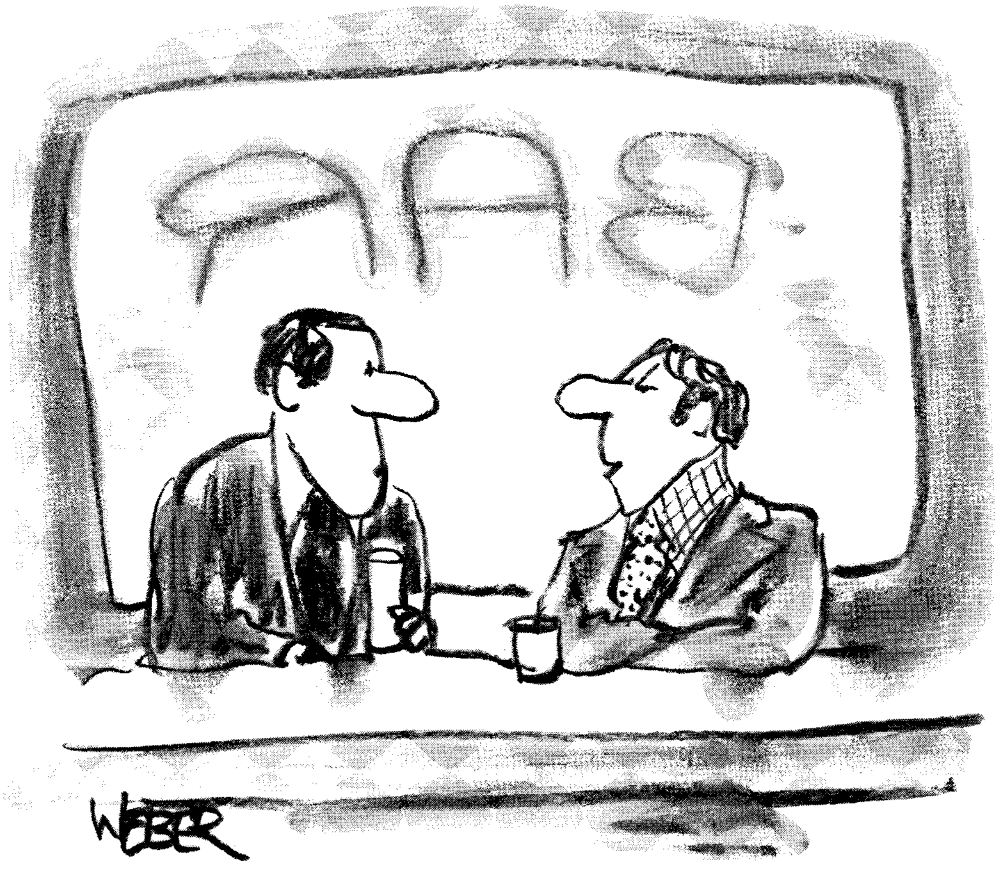
BOOKS

Card Tricks

IN the effort to keep fiction magical, modern authors have resorted to alchemically elaborate trickery: Joyce in "Ulysses" paralleled the "Odyssey" episode by episode while simultaneously satisfying a number of allegorical schemata; Queneau in "The Bark Tree" set forth episodes of Parisian low life in chapters obedient to both the classical unities and an absurdly rigorous mathematics; Nabokov in "Pale Fire" wrote a poem in nine hundred and ninety-nine lines that told one story while a detailed commentary by a crazy man told quite another; Walter Abish in "Alphabetical Africa" confined his first chapter to words beginning with "A," his second to words beginning with "A" or "B," and so on, to "Z" and back, through twice twenty-six chapters. Italo Calvino, than whom no living author is more ingenious, tells the mingled tales of "The Castle of Crossed Destinies" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; translated from the Italian by William Weaver) by means of tarot cards. The frame device is simple: travellers meet in a castle—or, in the second section, a tavern—where their powers of speech are magically taken from them, and a tarot deck is placed at their disposal. The first narrator, a young man resembling the Knight of Cups, establishes the method and sets the tone:

> The handsome youth made a gesture, as if to demand our full attention, and then began his silent tale, arranging three cards in a row on the table: the *King of Coins*, the *Ten of Coins*, and the *Nine of Clubs*. The mournful expression with which he set down the first of these cards, and the joyous look with which he showed the next one, seemed to want to tell us that, his father having died—the *King of Coins* represented a slightly older personage than the others, with a mature and prosperous appearance—he had come into possession of a considerable fortune and had immediately set forth on his travels. This last notion we deduced from his arm's movement in throwing down the *Nine of Clubs*, which—with the tangle of boughs extended over a sparse growth of leaves and little wild flowers—reminded us of the forest through which we had recently passed.

The cards are depicted in the margin as they are laid down, so the act of narration is double and cunningly merges, in the voiced uncertainties and multiple possibilities of interpretation, with the act of listening, of understanding. "Invisible Cities," Calvino's previous work (his books can no longer be called novels; they are displays of mental elegance, bound illuminations), contained the idea of wordless speech. Marco Polo, unable to speak Tatar, manipulated objects in order to communicate with the emperor, and told him, "It is not the voice that commands the story: it is the ear." The cardplay of Calvino's present exercise all but dissolves the reality of the tale itself. The writer reads as he writes; we read with him; the plane of narrative becomes a beaded curtain through which reader and writer loom to each other as one giant character seen in a speckled mirror. The price paid for this illusion is a certain tedium, short as "The Castle of Crossed Destinies" is. The chimerical "invisible cities" were, though fantastical, oddly solid and fascinatingly inventive. The personal histories related by tarot symbols—and the rules of the game call for many—flicker into sameness, blurred reshufflings of old romances and medieval themes, and eventually show themselves as the mere stories, thin and worn, of Parsifal and Faust, Hamlet and Oedipus, Lear and Lady Macbeth. "The world does not exist," Calvino imagines Faust to be saying through the cards. "There is a finite number of elements whose combinations are multiplied to billions of billions, and only a few of these find a form and a meaning and make their presence felt amid a meaningless, shapeless dust cloud; like the seventy-eight cards of the tarot deck in whose juxtapositions sequences of stories appear and are then immediately undone." So much for the magic of fiction. The tale-teller's prestidigitation and significance-seeking swirl around an empty center; the "bald circumference of the *Ace of Coins*" is read to mean that "every journey through forests, battles, treasures, banquets, bedchambers, brings us back here, to the center of an empty horizon." Calvino contemplates the death not of that notorious old moribund the Novel but of the Story, of the hopeful impulse that makes beginnings and seeks outcomes and imagines adventures in the middle. A collection of stories may not be the best means of illustrating this theme. For all his inventiveness and affectionate regard for the traditional fables he transmutes, they (with some exceptions; the tales told by women take on life) seem in the telling scantly sketched, too quick for the eye, too re-



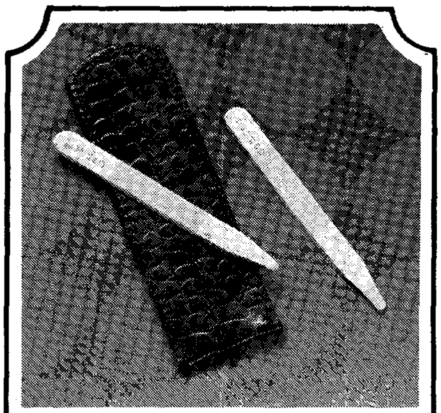
"See this shirt? Thirty-five dollars. See this tie? Twenty-five dollars. See this haircut? Fifteen dollars. I'm crazy, no?"

mote for the heart, professedly arbitrary.

Calvino has set himself a technical challenge whose technicalities deserve consideration. The tarot deck, used not only by fortune-tellers but for a card game, or a family of games, called *Tarok* in Germany and *tarocchi* in Italy, has four suits—Cups, Coins, Clubs, Swords—each containing the numeral cards Ace through Ten and four face cards: King, Queen, Knight, and Page. In addition, there are twenty-one esoteric picture cards, susceptible to many interpretations, called the tarots, or Major Arcana, plus the Fool, the joker. Calvino, his attention seized by a beautiful deck painted by Bonifacio Bembo for the Dukes of Milan in the fifteenth century—a deck now divided between Bergamo and New York and missing several cards—began to play with its narrative possibilities. His afterword tells us:

> I began by trying to line up tarots at random, to see if I could read a story in them. "The Waverer's Tale" emerged; I started writing it down; I looked for other combinations of the same cards; I realized the tarots were a machine for constructing stories; I thought of a book, and I imagined its frame: the mute narrators, the forest, the inn; I was tempted by the diabolical idea of conjuring up all the stories that could be contained in a tarot deck.

There are two decks used, and two sections: the "Castle" of the overall title and a second, not quite symmetrical half, entitled "The Tavern of Crossed Destinies." The castle sequence is more rigorously organized than the tavern sequence. After a banquet enjoyed "in a muteness which the sounds of chewing and the smacking of lips gulping wine did not make more pleasant," the guests lay down their stories in double rows of sixteen or so cards; some proceed horizontally and others vertically, but all use, like crossword players, the cards already in the path of their narrative, though assigning different meanings to them. When six such stories have exhausted the deck and covered the table, six more stories unfold from the backward reading of the same cards! The design is completed with some embarrassed frenzy—"What is left me," Calvino tells us, "is only the manic determination to complete, to conclude, to make the sums work out"—but in fact the very last tale, told by the castle's hostess, is one of the more vivid, though scarcely a page long; and even where the stories seem jerky and dim we can admire the passionate ingenuity of their interlock. The cards most ingeniously bent to



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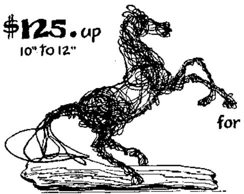

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serve narrative purposes are, of course, the many number cards; in passages quoted earlier the Nine of Clubs comes to represent a forest and the Ace of Coins the universal nullity. A Two of Clubs means in different places a crossroads or a pair of levers; Cups can signify a banquet or a sexual consummation. Not only do Coins introduce riches into a plot but two of them can represent an exchange and a multitude of them evoke "the gleaming domes of golden skyscrapers" or "the first golden light . . . of morning." The cards depicting human figures and, in the Arcana, dramatic, if enigmatic, little scenes give Calvino his best opportunities to spin and advance a tale. He bends low and perceives facial expressions on the cards: the Queen of Swords has her "turtle-dove countenance, pert dimples, little tilted nose" noted in one reading and in another is seen proffering "the elusive smile of a sensual game." The so-called Visconti cards are miniature paintings that bring entire landscapes to the eye; but the barer, cruder woodcuts of the deck consulted in "The Tavern of Crossed Destinies"—the popular Ancien Tarot de Marseille, printed by the firm of Grimaud since the eighteenth century—conjure up worlds for the by now highly suggestible interpreter-author. One card, called the Star, on first glance represents this:

> A naked goddess takes two jugs containing who knows what juices kept cool for the thirsty (all around there are the yellow dunes of a sun-baked desert), and empties them to water the pebbled shore: and at that instant a growth of saxifrage springs up in the midst of the desert, and among the succulent leaves a blackbird sings; life is the waste of material thrown away, the sea's cauldron merely repeats what happens within constellations that for billions of years go on pounding atoms in the mortars of their explosions, obvious here even in the milk-colored sky.

The same card returns in other tales as a woman giving birth by a stream, as an armed warrior undressing beside a stream and revealing herself to be a woman, as a nun undressing, as Parsifal's mother rearing him in the wilderness, as Cordelia drinking water from a ditch, as Lady Macbeth washing her hands of blood, as Ophelia about to drown herself. Similarly well-thumbed are the mystical cards named, in the French of their manufacture, *la Lune, la Roue de Fortune, le Jugement, la Maison Dieu*. But as we wander, in the unmannerly inn of this second section, through tale after tale, we feel something is wrong. The same cards recur too often; the apocalyptic and erotic notes are struck too effort-

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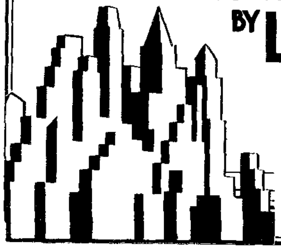

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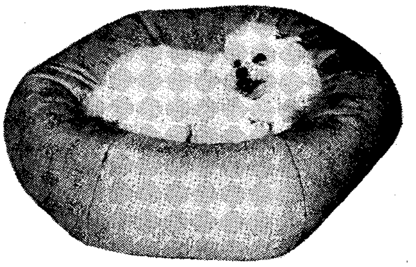

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lessly, chiming with Calvino's usual cosmic and metropolitan preoccupations; there is an unchecked fluency. The nub of the problem can be located by those who, like this assiduous reviewer, trouble to trace with colored crayons a few specimen narrative sequences on the full spread of cards reproduced on page 98: *the cards have been used in no special order*. Calvino in his afterword confesses his breakdown of procedure:

I thought of constructing a kind of crossword puzzle made of tarots instead of letters... I succeeded with the Visconti tarots because I first constructed the stories of Roland and Astolpho, and for the other stories I was content to put them together as they came, with the cards laid down. I could have followed the same method with the Marseilles tarots, but I was unwilling to sacrifice any of the narrative possibilities I was offered by these cards, so crude and mysterious. The Marseilles tarots continued giving me ideas, and every tale tended to attract all the cards to itself.

Now, this most amiable of avant-gardists cannot resist a tour de force. Having written a novel about a viscount who, being cut in half, doubly thrives, he must follow it with one about a baron who lives a long, full life entirely in trees, and that with one about a knight who is, behind his armor, nonexistent. Within his absurd premises he remains rigorous. Here, having played the cards one way, he picks them up again but, instead of overtopping his previous trick, finds himself overwhelmed. The effect is disturbing, like a sonnet in which the poet fails to rhyme the sestet, having perfectly rhymed the octave. Why, if the cards are to be used so freely, use cards at all? If the first set of tales seemed at intervals mechanical, this second set feels a touch copious and pompous; the narrative sprouts historical and philosophical asides and self-conscious declamations: "But will I not have been too pontifical? I reread. Shall I tear it all up? Let us see." The afterword less gnomically describes Calvino's struggles with the second section, the maddening complications he conceived and discarded, his awaking in the night "to note a decisive correction," his abandonment of the project for a year, his decision to abandon "ironclad rules," break out of "this maniacal obsession," and "publish this book to be free of it."

The magician has been bewitched. The cards, his tools, have rebelled. Our aesthetic unease goes deeper than the analogy with rhyme suggests. "The Waste Land," its couplets so cavalierly slashed by Pound, and "Prufrock" before it, showed the effectiveness of

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rhyme that comes and goes, like a ghost behind the arras, as Eliot said of metre, "to advance menacingly as we doze, and withdraw as we rouse." Formal correctness has so long ceased to be required of poets that those who adhere to it are viewed as eccentrics—who for a time published their own magazine, *Counter/Measures*. But cards possess a more ancient and intimate connection with order and disorder than poetic prosody. A deck of cards is a type of machine not easy to construct, a machine for producing random order. As such it admits, in its suspension of material causality, the possibility of divine pronouncement. It is the essence of cards, once shuffled and dealt, to constitute a given, whether the given is a bridge hand or a human fortune. As long as Calvino, having made his initial arrangement, took it as a given and read stories into it every which way, the infinite plasticity of the narrative art was demonstrated, and the infinite pluralism and final empty monotony of human experience were forcefully implied. But when, in the second set, he reads the cards selectively, the presiding narrator suffers a sharp demotion in magical capacity, and nothing is proved, however much is asserted in the style of "we have seen these greasy pieces of cardboard become a museum of old masters, a theatre of tragedy, a library of poems and novels." Calvino's array of medieval legend, Shakespearean melodrama, and twentieth-century woolgathering seems messily synoptic, a gaudy mulch. The book is published "to be free of it," in disarray. By breaking the rules of his own game, and breaking faith with his own splendid cleverness, Calvino has lost the definitive fatalism of the cards.

He leads us up to, but not through, the riddle of art and accident. Acceptance of the accidental is a mark of artistic confidence. I know a painter who, having placed his easel, declines all further options of selectivity and renders onto canvas every detail before him. I know a writer who finds it difficult to conceive of situations, incidents, or even names different from those which actually cohered in a nexus of facts that momentarily generated the electricity and resonance of the "fictional." Every moment is, in a sense, a dealt hand. The combinations that the human mind invents are relatively facile and unmagical compared to reality's tumbling richness. Behind the artist's transformative sorcery lurks, like a sheepish apprentice, an irrational willingness to view the accidents of the actual as purposeful and the given as

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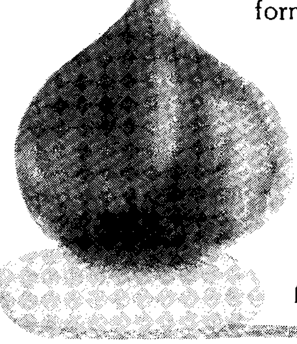

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sacred. We are all artists insofar as we take the inexorable and quite unchosen data of our own circumstances and philosophically internalize them, give them a significance to match their awful centrality, and thus lend our lives a "meaning."

My niggling dissatisfaction with Italo Calvino's benign, witty, and admirably radical book extends to its physical production. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich has constructed a volume that appears elegant; yet the cards, when reproduced smaller than a postage stamp, are hard to see, and the effect of interwoven word and image leaches away in the ample margins. The fault is not one of uncaring, as a comparison with the Italian edition by Giulio Einaudi shows. The American publisher has spaced the English translation to coincide page for page with the Italian text, and thus has been able to use the black-and-white tarot rectangles in the exact format presumably designed, or at least approved, by the author. Indeed, the cards are slightly larger, and in spots more legible, than in the Einaudi edition. But the Italian paper is whiter, and the type is larger, and the book is smaller and lighter and pleasanter to hold, and the cards in the narrower margins sit tighter to the text: the effect, in sum, is significantly more natural and less posh. Confronted with a kind of chapbook, the American publisher has felt a tug toward the coffee table; Harcourt's oversize, unhandy volume includes eight color plates of the Visconti tarots, adding to the print and woodcuts a gratuitous third texture. Texture, that almost uncontrollable quality, is crucial in a pictographic work, and perhaps the sleazy genius of offset printing is to blame for what we miss here. Twenty years ago, in the obsolete days of letterpress, zinc "cuts" of these cards would have bitten sharply into the paper, and expressed themselves as another alphabet, different in type but not in kind from the Roman. As is, the page lacks the memory of metallic impact and its warmth; the ostensible beauty of the American edition of "The Castle of Crossed Destinies" has the unintended effect of emphasizing its preciosity, enlarging its imperfections, and preventing the reader from feeling as friendly, holding it, as he should. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

POSSESSION, by Nicholas Delbanco (Morrow). One day in the life of Judah P. Sherbrooke, a rich, ec-

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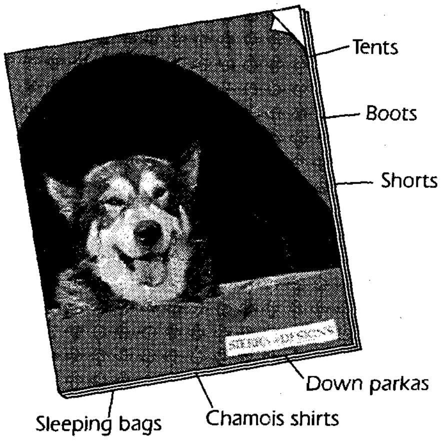

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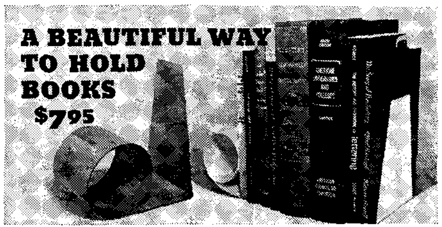

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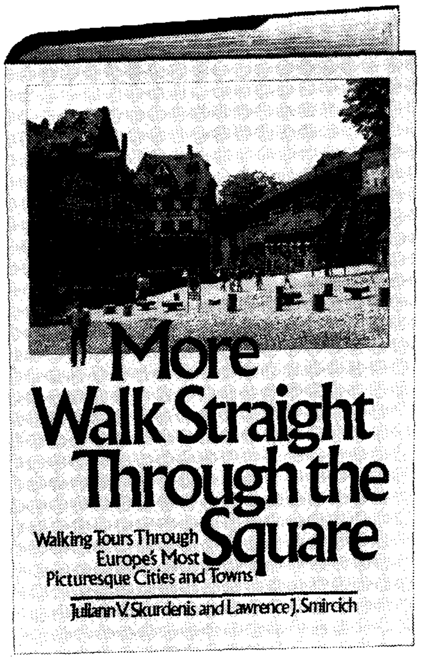
centric seventy-six-year-old Vermont farmer who lives with his eighty-one-year-old sister, Hattie, and who recently has decided to rewrite the dénouement of his life. Seven years earlier, Judah's beautiful, charismatic, unfaithful wife left him, taking with her their only son. Now he has lured her back, and most of the book is about what happens when she arrives and about his recollections of the life they lived together. This is the boldest and most fully realized book Mr. Delbanco has written thus far. Both Judah and his sister, with her sweet tooth, her taciturn language, and her thin, proud life, are Grant Wood figures with speech, motion, and memories. Their tense conversations seem to have been carved from Vermont marble, and their feelings from some still harder substance. Decrepitude is overtaking them, but not without their putting up an admirable, touching struggle. Mr. Delbanco portrays the battle between spirit and flesh extremely well. As is always the case in his novels, however, there is a good deal of intrusive "poetic" writing ("She sang to him and her voice was gentle, he said, and he fed on the melody's feast"), distracting writing (in this case, a nineteenth-century ancestor's directions for building the very grand house that the sister and brother share is woven into the narrative, though it adds nothing to the story), and just plain silly writing ("So he glided on past her and mocked the world's turning, playing his desire's dervish and a top with a slack string").

OLIVER'S STORY, by Erich Segal (Harper & Row). As our story opens, Oliver is still in deep mourning for his dead wife, Jenny. Will he ever recover? Will Phil, Jenny's wisecracking father, ever be able to convince Oliver that he should rejoin the world and remarry? Will Marcie Nash, a beautiful, athletic business whiz who owns a chain of chic department stores, ever be able to take Jenny's place? And will millions of readers once again overlook the clichés, the sentimentality, and the sophomoric language ("bod" for "body," "preg" for "pregnant") and send this sequel to "Love Story" to the top of the best-seller list? You bet your screenplay they will.

NOTE: "Yellow Roses," a collection of short stories by Elizabeth Cullinan, has been published by Viking, and "In the Miro District," a collection of short stories by Peter Taylor, has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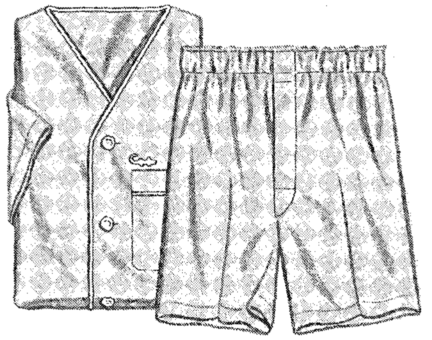

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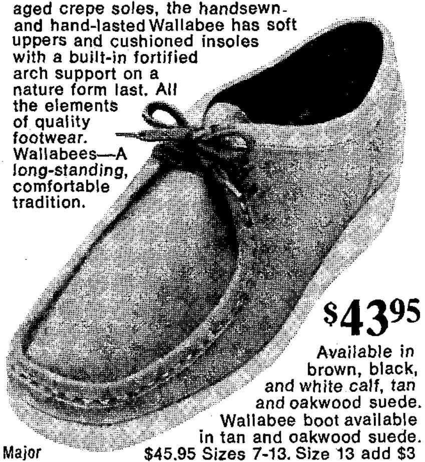

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been published by Knopf. Much of the contents of both books originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

ZARATHUSTRA'S SISTER: THE CASE OF ELISABETH AND FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, by H.F. Peters (Crown). When Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche died in 1935, at the age of eighty-nine, the Third Reich gave her what amounted to a state funeral. This woman, Nietzsche's beloved sister Lieschen, who had nursed him through the last ten insane years of his life, had been custodian of the Nietzsche Archives in Weimar and, since the philosopher's death in 1900, had been the ardent keeper of the Nietzsche flame and the editor of his collected works. She was also, as is now well known, his betrayer, for by forgery, suppressions, misinterpretations, and other manipulations of the writings and unpublished manuscripts she had so twisted and vulgarized his ideal of an aristocracy of the élite that he could be hailed by the Nazis as their greatest prophet. This book, by a German scholar long in America, relates the tortured love/hate story of Nietzsche and his sister. The story, however, is not entirely a matter of black and white: Nietzsche's doctrines are too ambiguous, self-contradictory, and often obscure for that, and one cannot altogether blame simple but dishonest souls like Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche for taking them literally.

NORTHUMBRIA IN THE DAYS OF BEDE, by Peter Hunter Blair (St. Martin's). Mr. Blair, a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, is a leading authority on Anglo-Saxon history, and in this book, written for a wider audience than his usual academic circle, he assembles and evaluates the tantalizingly meagre evidence that forms our knowledge of the early English kingdom (roughly, modern Yorkshire) whose most renowned citizen was the theologian and chronicler known as the Venerable Bede. Northumbria emerged around the seventh century from the barbarism that succeeded the Roman occupation, and was reduced again to barbarism by the Viking raiders of the ninth century. "In this remote corner of a remote island, seeming so bleak until the Romantic poets with comfortable homes and plenty of wine taught us to see it otherwise," Mr. Blair writes, "there was born out of barbarism a civilization which, for a

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brief century or so, itself gave the lead to others in the struggle to create something new upon the ruins of the old." This civilization encompassed the blessings of a relative peace, the recovery of Christianity, and the rediscovery of knowledge (the nature of tides, the shape of the earth, the reckoning of time, and, of immense technological value, the lost art of making mortar), and the glimpse that Mr. Blair gives us is a fascinating one—all the more fascinating, perhaps, for being only a glimpse. Illustrated with photographs, drawings, and a map.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM AND HIS WORLD, by Frederic Raphael (Scribners). A compact critical biography, amply illustrated with snapshots, movie stills, and other such memorabilia, but, oddly, set in a Lilliputian type that the most dedicated reader can barely make out. The small type is doubly unfortunate, because Mr. Raphael's text is a shrewd and graceful one, which strives to be fair to Maugham's achievement and judicial toward his cruelties. Maugham was trained as a doctor, and his writing has a clinical astringency: "His medical training, no less than his temperament, had taught him that one cannot diagnose accurately through a haze of sentiment and that the best analysis of a condition is achieved by those who have the nerve to swab aside the blood and look calmly at the wound." Yet Mr. Raphael accepts in part the criticism of those who, like Edmund Wilson, have found Maugham to be something less than great: "Edmund Wilson's charge abides, however one may seek to turn it aside: Maugham never understood how artists use English. He lived a life in translation; he did it brilliantly, but that is what he did."

THE RESTLESS JOURNEY OF JAMES AGEE, by Geneviève Moreau, translated from the French by Miriam Kleiger and Morty Schiff (Morrow). This is the first attempt at a critical biography of the writer James Agee (1909-55)—an attempt not wholly achieved. Agee, who might be called an important American writer *manqué*, left no appreciable body of work—a few poems, a very few short stories, a journalistic account of the Depression South, a novel that had to be put in final shape by other hands, and a medley of book and movie reviews, topical essays, *Time* and *Fortune* pieces, film scripts. The au-

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thor, a French scholar who specializes in American writing, admires Agee's talent but does not know what to make of him as a man, and her difficulty is understandable. Agee was the loner in a crowd—a charmer on occasion, but for the most part a misanthrope, who became companionable only when drinking. He was at war with society and with himself; he was also an artist to his toes. Miss Moreau tries to thread her way through Agee's messy life, but she often gets bogged down in irrelevancies.

FAREWELL HAPPY FIELDS, by Kathleen Raine (Braziller). This childhood memoir by the noted English poet is—no other word will do—insidious. The book at first appears ornamental, but in no time at all it becomes passionate, and the reader is caught up in a loving duel between the two sides of the author's family—her Methodist schoolteacher father's commitment to moral betterment and her mother's almost pagan imagination. The scene changes from a minute Northumbrian village, which the child never wanted to leave, to a middle-class London suburb, where she never wanted to live, but the conflict continues, becoming ever more acute as Kathleen realizes how deeply she loves her father yet how incurably she is the child of her mother. Toward the end, we get the story of the author's first love, a high-minded adolescent romance that is very funny because it was so very serious.

•

MILAN—Riot policemen fought running battles last night with hundreds of leftist extremists armed with fire bombs trying to disrupt the opening of the season at La Scala opera house. The extremists had warned they planned to mar La Scala's performance of Verdi's "O Hello" on the grounds it was a costly performance and only an opportunity for the rich to show off.—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

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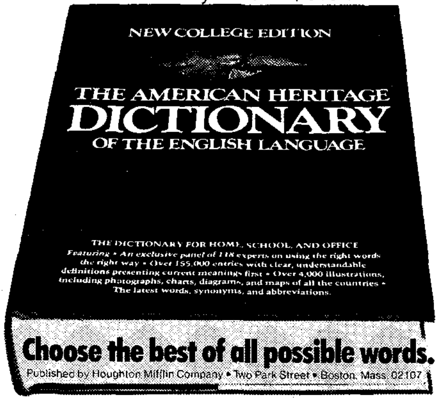

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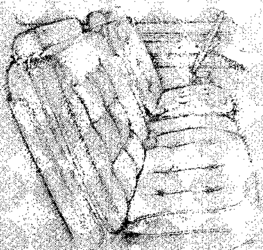

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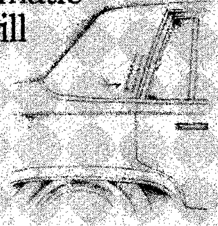

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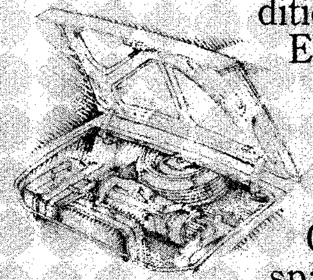

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